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# ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

## XXIV

UP the James rode Erskine, hiding in the woods by day and slipping cautiously along the sandy road by night, circling about Tarleton's camp-fires, or dashing at full speed past some careless sentinel. Often he was fired at, often chased, but with a clear road in front of him he had no fear of capture. On the third morning he came upon a ragged sentinel—an American. Ten minutes later he got his first glimpse of Lafayette, and then he was hailed joyfully by none other than Dave Yandell, Captain Dave Yandell, shorn of his woodsman's dress and panoplied in the trappings of war.

Cornwallis was coming on. The boy, he wrote, cannot escape me. But the boy —Lafayette—did, and in time pursued and forced the Englishman into a *cul-de-sac*. "I have given his lordship the disgrace of a retreat," said Lafayette. And so—Yorktown!

Late in August came the message that put Washington's great "soul in arms." Rochambeau had landed six thousand soldiers in Connecticut, and now Count de Grasse and a French fleet had sailed for the Chesapeake. General Washington at once resorted to camouflage. He laid out camps ostentatiously opposite New York and in plain sight of the enemy. He made a feigned attack on their posts. Rochambeau moved south and reached the Delaware before the British grasped the Yankee trick. Then it was too late. The windows of Philadelphia were filled with ladies waving handkerchiefs and crying bravoes when the tattered Continentals, their clothes thick with dust but hats plumed with sprigs of green, marched through amid their torn battle-flags and rumbling cannon. Behind followed the French in "gay white uniforms faced with green," and martial music throbbed the air. Not since poor André had devised the "Mischiana" festival had Philadelphia seen such a pageant. Down the Chesapeake they went in transports and were concentrated at Williamsburg before the close of September. Cornwallis had erected works against the boy, for he knew nothing of Washington and Count de Grasse, nor Mad Anthony and General Nelson, who were south of the James to prevent escape into North Carolina.

"To your goodness," the boy wrote to Washington, "I am owning the most beautiful prospect I may ever behold."

Then came de Grasse, who drove off the British fleet, and the mouth of the net was closed.

Cornwallis heard the cannon and sent Clinton to appeal for help, but the answer was Washington himself at the head of his army. And then the joyous march.

"'Tis our first campaign!" cried the French gayly, and the Continentals joyfully answered:

"'Tis our last!"

At Williamsburg the allies gathered, and with Washington's army came Colonel Dale, now a general, and young Cap-

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tain Harry Dale, who had brought news from Philadelphia that was of great interest to Erskine Dale. In that town Dane Grey had been a close intimate of André, and that intimacy had been the cause of much speculation since. He had told Dave of his mother and Early Morn, and Dave had told him gravely that he must go get them after the campaign was over and bring them to the fort in Kentucky. If Early Morn still refused to come, then he must bring his mother, and he reckoned grimly that no mouth would open in a word that could offend her. Erskine also told of Red Oaks and Dane Grey, but Dave must tell nothing to the Dales—not yet, if ever.

In mid-September Washington came, and General Dale had but one chance to visit Barbara. General Dale was still weak from a wound and Barbara tried unavailingly to keep him at home. Erskine's plea that he was too busy to go with them aroused Harry's suspicions, that were confirmed by Barbara's manner and reticence, and he went bluntly to the point:

"What is the trouble, cousin, between you and Barbara?"

"Trouble?"

"Yes. You wouldn't go to Red Oaks and Barbara did not seem surprised. Is Dane Grey concerned?"

"Yes."

Harry looked searchingly at his cousin:

"I pray to God that I may soon meet him face to face."

"And I," said Erskine quietly, "pray to God that you do not—not until after I have met him first." Barbara had not told, he thought, nor should he—not yet. And Harry, after a searching look at his cousin, turned away.

They marched next morning at daybreak. At sunset of the second day they bivouacked within two miles of Yorktown and the siege began. The allied line was a crescent, with each tip resting on the water—Lafayette commanding the Americans on the right, the French on the left under Rochambeau. De Grasse, with his fleet, was in the bay to cut off approach by water. Washington himself put the match to the first gun, and the mutual cannonade of three or four days began. The scene was "sublime and stupendous." Bombshells were seen "crossing each other's path in the air, and were visible in the form of a black ball by day, but in the night they appeared like a fiery meteor, with a blazing tail most beautifully brilliant. They ascended majestically from the mortar to a certain altitude and gradually descended to the spot where they were destined to execute their work of destruction. When a shell fell it wheeled around, burrowed, and excavated the earth to a considerable extent and, bursting, made dreadful havoc around. When they fell in the river they threw up columns of water like spouting monsters of the deep. Two British men-of-war lying in the river were struck with hot shot and set on fire, and the result was full of terrible grandeur. The sails caught and the flames ran to the tops of the masts, resembling immense torches. One fled like a mountain of fire toward the bay and was burned to the water's edge."

General Nelson, observing that the gunners were not shooting at Nelson House because it was his own, got off his horse and directed a gun at it with his own hand. And at Washington's headquarters appeared the venerable Secretary Nelson, who had left the town with the permission of Cornwallis and now "related with a serene visage what had been the effect of our batteries." It was nearly the middle of October that the two redoubts projecting beyond the British lines and enfilading the American intrenchments were taken by storm. One redoubt was left to Lafayette and his Americans, the other to Baron de Viomenil, who claimed that his grenadiers were the men for the matter in hand. Lafayette stoutly argued the superiority of his Americans, who, led by Hamilton, carried their redoubt first with the bayonet, and sent the Frenchman an offer of help. The answer was:

"I will be in mine in five minutes." And he was, Washington watching the attack anxiously:

"The work is done and well done."

And then the surrender:

The day was the nineteenth of October. The victors were drawn up in two lines a mile long on the right and left of a road that ran through the autumn fields south of Yorktown. Washington stood at the

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*From a drawing by F. C. Yohn.*

"Make no noise—and don't move."—Page 5.



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head of his army on the right, Rochambeau at the head of the French on the left. Behind on both sides was a great crowd of people to watch the ceremony. Slowly out of Yorktown marched the British colors, cased drums beating a significant English air:

"The world turned topsyturvy."

Lord Cornwallis was sick. General O'Hara bore my lord's sword. As he approached, Washington saluted and pointed to General Lincoln, who had been treated with indignity at Charleston. O'Hara handed the sword to Lincoln. Lincoln at once handed it back and the surrender was over. Between the lines the British marched on and stacked arms in a near-by field. Some of them threw their muskets on the ground, and a British colonel bit the hilt of his sword from rage.

As Tarleton's legion went by, three pairs of eyes watched eagerly for one face, but neither Harry nor Captain Dave Yandell saw Dane Grey—nor did Erskine Dale.

## XXV

To Harry and Dave, Dane Grey's absence was merely a mystery—to Erskine it brought foreboding and sickening fear. General Dale's wound having opened afresh, made travelling impossible, and Harry had a slight bayonet thrust in the shoulder. Erskine determined to save them all the worry possible and to act now as the head of the family himself. He announced that he must go straight back at once to Kentucky and Colonel Clarke. Harry stormed unavailingly and General Dale pleaded with him to stay, but gave reluctant leave. To Dave he told his fears and Dave vehemently declared he, too, would go along, but Erskine would not hear of it and set forth alone.

Slowly enough he started, but with every mile suspicion and fear grew the faster and he quickened Firefly's pace. The distance to Williamsburg was soon covered, and skirting the town, he went on swiftly for Red Oaks. Suppose he were too late, but even if he were not too late, what should he do, what could he do? Firefly was sweeping into a little hollow now, and above the beating of her hoofs in the sandy road, a clink of metal reached his ears beyond the low hill ahead, and Erskine swerved aside into the bushes. Some one was coming, and apparently out of the red ball of the sun hanging over that hill sprang a horseman at a dead run—black Ephraim on the horse he had saved from Tarleton's men. Erskine pushed quickly out into the road.

"Stop!" he cried, but the negro came thundering blindly on, as though he meant to ride down anything in his way. Firefly swerved aside, and Ephraim shot by, pulling in with both hands and shouting:

"Marse Erskine! Yassuh, yassuh! Thank Gawd you'se come." When he wheeled he came back at a gallop—nor did he stop.

"Come on, Marse Erskine!" he cried. "No time to waste. Come on, suh!"

With a few leaps Firefly was abreast, and neck and neck they ran, while the darky's every word confirmed the instinct and reason that had led Erskine where he was.

"Yassuh, Miss Barbary gwine to run away wid dat mean white man. Yassuh, dis very night."

"When did he get here?"

"Dis mawnin'. He been pesterin' her an' pleadin' wid her all day an' she been cryin' her heart out, but Mammy say she's gwine wid him. 'Pears like she can't he'p herse'f."

"Is he alone?"

"No, suh, he got an orficer an' four sojers wid him."

"How did they get away?"

"He say as how dey was on a scoutin' party an' 'scaped."

"Does he know that Cornwallis has surrendered?"

"Oh, yassuh, he tol' Miss Barbary dat. Dat's why he says he got to git away right now an' she got to go wid him right now."

"Did he say anything about General Dale and Mr. Harry?"

"Yassuh, he say dat dey's all right an' dat dey an' you will be hot on his tracks. Dat's why Mammy tol' me to ride like de debbil an' hurry you on, suh." And Ephraim had ridden like the devil, for his horse was lathered with foam and both were riding that way now, for the negro was no mean horseman and the horse he had saved was a thoroughbred.

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"Dis arternoon," the negro went on, "he went ovah to dat cabin I tol' you 'bout an' got dat American uniform. He gwine to tell folks on de way dat dem udders is his prisoners an' he takin' dem to Richmond. Den dey gwine to sep'rate an' he an' Miss Barbary gwine to git married somewhur on de way an' dey goin' on an' sail fer England, fer he say if he git captured folks'll won't let him be prisoner o' war—dey'll jes up an' shoot him. An' dat skeer Miss Barbary mos' to death an' he'p make her go wid him. Mammy heah'd ever' word dey say."

Erskine's brain was working fast, but no plan would come. They would be six against him, but no matter—he urged Firefly on. The red ball from which Ephraim had leaped had gone down now. The chill autumn darkness was settling, but the moon was rising full and glorious over the black expanse of trees when the lights of Red Oaks first twinkled ahead. Erskine pulled in.

"Ephraim!"

"Yassuh. You lemme go ahead. You jest wait in dat thicket next to de corner o' de big gyarden. I'll ride aroun' through de fields an' come into the barnyard by de back gate. Dey won't know I been gone. Den I'll come to de thicket an' tell you de whole lay o' de land."

Erskine nodded.

"Hurry!"

"Yassuh."

The negro turned from the road through a gate, and Erskine heard the thud of his horse's hoofs across the meadow turf. He rode on slowly, hitched Firefly as close to the edge of the road as was safe, and crept to the edge of the garden, where he could peer through the hedge. The hall-door was open and the hallway lighted; so was the dining-room; and there were lights in Barbara's room. There were no noises, not even of animal life, and no figures moving about or in the house. What could he do? One thing at least, no matter what happened to him—he could number Dane Grey's days and make this night his last on earth. It would probably be his own last night, too. Impatiently he crawled back to the edge of the road. More quickly than he expected, he saw Ephraim's figure slipping through the shadows toward him.

"Dey's jus' through supper," he reported. "Miss Barbary didn't eat wid 'em. She's up in her room. Dat udder orficer been stormin' at Mars Grey an' hurryin' him up. Mammy been holdin' de little Missus back all she can. She say she got to make like she heppin' her pack. De sojers down dar by de wharf playin' cards an' drinkin'. Dat udder man been drinkin' hard. He got his head on de table now an' look like he gone to sleep."

"Ephraim," said Erskine quickly, "go tell Mr. Grey that one of his men wants to see him right away at the sun-dial. Tell him the man wouldn't come to the house because he didn't want the others to know—that he has something important to tell him. When he starts down the path you run around the hedge and be on hand in the bushes."

"Yassuh," and the boy showed his teeth in a comprehending smile. It was not long before he saw Grey's tall figure easily emerge from the hall-door and stop full in the light. He saw Ephraim slip around the corner and Grey move to the end of the porch, doubtless in answer to the black boy's whispered summons. For a moment the two figures were motionless and then Erskine began to tingle acutely from head to foot. Grey came swiftly down the great path, which was radiant with moonlight. As Grey neared the dial Erskine moved toward him, keeping in a dark shadow, but Grey saw him and called in a low tone but sharply:

"Well, what is it?" With two paces more Erskine stepped out into the moonlight with his cocked pistol at Grey's breast.

"This," he said quietly. "Make no noise—and don't move." Grey was startled, but he caught his control instantly and without fear.

"You are a brave man, Mr. Grey, and so, for that matter, is—Benedict Arnold."

"Captain Grey," corrected Grey insolently.

"I do not recognize your rank. To me you are merely Traitor Grey."

"You are entitled to unusual freedom of speech—under the circumstances."

"I shall grant you the same freedom," Erskine replied quickly—"in a moment. You are my prisoner, Mr. Grey. I could lead you to your proper place at the end

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of a rope, but I have in mind another fate for you which perhaps will be preferable to you and maybe one or two others. Mr. Grey, I tried once to stab you—I knew no better and have been sorry ever since. You once tried to murder me in the duel and you did know better. Doubtless you have been sorry ever since—that you didn't succeed. Twice you have said that you would fight me with anything, any time, any place." Grey bowed slightly. "I shall ask you to make those words good and I shall accordingly choose the weapons." Grey bowed again. "Ephraim!" The boy stepped from the thicket.

"Ah," breathed Grey, "that black devil!"

"Ain' you gwine to shoot him, Marse Erskine?"

"Ephraim!" said Erskine, "slip into the hall very quietly and bring me the two rapiers on the wall." Grey's face lighted up.

"And, Ephraim," he called, "slip into the dining-room and fill Captain Kilburn's glass." He turned with a wicked smile.

"Another glass and he will be less likely to interrupt. Believe me, Captain Dale, I shall take even more care now than you that we shall not be disturbed. I am delighted." And now Erskine bowed.

"I know more of your career than you think, Grey. You have been a spy as well as a traitor. And now you are crowning your infamy by weaving some spell over my cousin and trying to carry her away in the absence of her father and brother, to what unhappiness God only can know. I can hardly hope that you appreciate the honor I am doing you."

"Not as much as I appreciate your courage and the risk you are taking."

Erskine smiled.

"The risk is perhaps less than you think."

"You have not been idle?"

"I have learned more of my father's swords than I knew when we used them last."

"I am glad—it will be more interesting." Erskine looked toward the house and moved impatiently.

"My brother officer has dined too well," noted Grey placidly, "and the rest of my—er—retinue are gambling. We are quite secure."

"Ah!" Erskine breathed—he had seen the black boy run down the steps with something under one arm and presently Ephraim was in the shadow of the thicket:

"Give one to Mr. Grey, Ephraim, and the other to me. I believe you said on that other occasion that there was no choice of blades?"

"Quite right," Grey answered, skilfully testing his bit of steel.

"Keep well out of the way, Ephraim," warned Erskine, "and take this pistol. You may need it, if I am worsted, to protect yourself."

"Indeed, yes," returned Grey, "and kindly instruct him not to use it to protect *you*." For answer Erskine sprang from the shadow—discarding formal courtesies.

"*En garde!*" he called sternly.

The two shining blades clashed lightly and quivered against each other in the moonlight like running drops of quicksilver.

Grey was cautious at first, trying out his opponent's increase in skill:

"You have made marked improvement."

"Thank you," smiled Erskine.

"Your wrist is much stronger."

"Naturally." Grey leaped backward and parried just in time a vicious thrust that was like a dart of lightning.

"Ah! A Frenchman taught you that."

"A Frenchman taught me all the little I know."

"I wonder if he taught you how to meet this."

"He did," answered Erskine, parrying easily and with an answering thrust that turned Grey suddenly anxious. Constantly Grey manœuvred to keep his back to the moon, and just as constantly Erskine easily kept him where the light shone fairly on both. Grey began to breathe heavily.

"I think, too," said Erskine, "that my wind is a little better than yours—would you like a short resting-spell?"

From the shadow Ephraim chuckled, and Grey snapped:

"Make that black devil——"

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"Keep quiet, Ephraim!" broke in Erskine sternly. Again Grey manœuvred for the moon, to no avail, and Erskine gave warning:

"Try that again and I will put that moon in your eyes and keep it there." Grey was getting angry now and was beginning to pant.

"Your wind *is* short," said Erskine with mock compassion. "I will give you a little breathing-spell presently."

Grey was not wasting his precious breath now and he made no answer.

"Now!" said Erskine sharply, and Grey's blade flew from his hand and lay like a streak of silver on the dewy grass. Grey rushed for it.

"Damn you!" he raged, and wheeled furiously—patience, humor, and caution quite gone—and they fought now in deadly silence. Ephraim saw the British officer appear in the hall and walk unsteadily down the steps as though he were coming down the path, but he dared not open his lips. There was the sound of voices, and it was evident that the game had ended in a quarrel and the players were coming up the river-bank toward them. Erskine heard, but if Grey did he at first gave no sign—he was too much concerned with the death that faced him. Suddenly Erskine knew that Grey had heard, for the fear in his face gave way to a diabolic grin of triumph and he lashed suddenly into defense—if he could protect himself only a little longer! Erskine had delayed the finishing-stroke too long and he must make it now. Grey gave way step by step—parrying only. The blades flashed like tiny bits of lightning. Erskine's face, grim and inexorable, brought the sick fear back into Grey's, and Erskine saw his enemy's lips open. He lunged then, his blade went true, sank to the hilt, and Grey's warped soul started on its way with a craven cry for help. Erskine sprang back into the shadows and snatched his pistol from Ephraim's hand:

"Get out of the way now. Tell them I did it."

Once he looked back. He saw Barbara at the hall-door with old Mammy behind her. With a running leap he vaulted the hedge, and, hidden in the bushes, Ephraim heard Firefly's hoofs beating ever more faintly the sandy road.

## XXVI

YORKTOWN broke the British heart, and General Dale, still weak from wounds, went home to Red Oaks. It was not long before, with gentle inquiry, he had pieced out the full story of Barbara and Erskine and Dane Grey, and wisely he waited his chance with each phase of the situation. Frankly he told her first of Grey's dark treachery, and the girl listened with horrified silence, for she would as soon have distrusted that beloved father as the heavenly Father in her prayers. She left him when he finished the story and he let her go without another word. All day she was in her room and at sunset she gave him her answer, for she came to him dressed in white, knelt by his chair, and put her head in his lap. And there was a rose in her hair.

"I have never understood about myself and—and that man," she said, "and I never will."

"I do," said the general gently, "and I understand you through my sister who was so like you. Erskine's father was as indignant as Harry is now, and I am trying to act toward you as my father did toward her." The girl pressed her lips to one of his hands.

"I think I'd better tell you the whole story now," said General Dale, and he told of Erskine's father, his wildness and his wanderings, his marriage, and the capture of his wife and the little son by the Indians, all of which she knew, and the girl wondered why he should be telling her again. The general paused:

"You know Erskine's mother was not killed. He found her." The girl looked up amazed and incredulous.

"Yes," he went on, "the white woman whom he found in the Indian village was his mother."

"Father!" She lifted her head quickly, leaned back with hands caught tight in front of her, looked up into his face—her own crimsoning and paling as she took in the full meaning of it all. Her eyes dropped.

"Then," she said slowly, "that Indian girl—Early Morn—is his half-sister. Oh, oh!" A great pity flooded her heart and eyes. "Why didn't Erskine take them away from the Indians?"

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"His mother wouldn't leave them." And Barbara understood.

"Poor thing—poor thing!"

"I think Erskine is going to try now."

"Did you tell him to bring them here?" The general put his hand on her head.

"I hoped you would say that. I did, but he shook his head."

"Poor Erskine!" she whispered, and her tears came. Her father leaned back and for a moment closed his eyes.

"There is more," he said finally. "Erskine's father was the eldest brother—and Red Oaks——"

The girl sprang to her feet, startled, agonized, shamed: "Belongs to Erskine," she finished with her face in her hands. "God pity me," she whispered, "I drove him from his own home."

"No," said the old general with a gentle smile. He was driving the barb deep, but sooner or later it had to be done.

"Look here!" He pulled an old piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to her. Her wide eyes fell upon a rude boyish scrawl and a rude drawing of a buffalo pierced by an arrow:

"It make me laugh. I have no use. I give hole dam plantashun Barbara."

"Oh!" gasped the girl and then—"where is he?"

"Waiting at Williamsburg to get his discharge." She rushed swiftly down the steps, calling:

"Ephraim! Ephraim!"

And ten minutes later the happy, grinning Ephraim, mounted on the thoroughbred, was speeding ahead of a whirlwind of dust with a little scented note in his battered slouch hat:

"You said you would come whenever I wanted you. I want you to come now.

"BARBARA."

The girl would not go to bed, and the old general from his window saw her like some white spirit of the night motionless on the porch. And there through the long hours she sat. Once she rose and started down the great path toward the sun-dial, moving slowly through the flowers and moonlight until she was opposite a giant magnolia. Where the shadow of it touched the light on the grass, she had last seen Grey's white face and scarlet breast. With a shudder she turned back. The night whitened. A catbird started the morning chorus. The dawn came and with it Ephraim. The girl waited where she was. Ephraim took off his battered hat.

"Marse Erskine done gone, Miss Barbary," he said brokenly. "He done gone two days."

The girl said nothing, and there the old general found her still motionless—the torn bits of her own note and the torn bits of Erskine's scrawling deed scattered about her feet.

## XXVII

ON the summit of Cumberland Gap Erskine Dale faced Firefly to the east and looked his last on the forests that swept unbroken back to the River James. It was all over for him back there and he turned to the wilder depths, those endless leagues of shadowy woodlands, that he would never leave again. Before him was one vast forest. The trees ran from mountain-crest to river-bed, they filled valley and rolling plain, and swept on in sombre and melancholy wastes to the Mississippi. Around him were birches, pines, hemlocks, and balsam firs. He dropped down into solemn, mysterious depths filled with oaks, chestnuts, hickories, maples, beeches, walnuts, and gigantic poplars. The sun could not penetrate the leafy-roofed archway of that desolate world. The tops of the mighty trees merged overhead in a mass of tent-like foliage and the spaces between the trunks were choked with underbrush. And he rode on and on through the gray aisles of the forest in a dim light that was like twilight at high noon.

At Boonesborough he learned from the old ferryman that, while the war might be coming to an end in Virginia, it was raging worse than ever in Kentucky. There had been bloody Indian forays, bloody white reprisals, fierce private wars, and even then the whole border was in a flame. Forts had been pushed westward even beyond Lexington, and 1782 had been Kentucky's year of blood. Erskine pushed on, and ever grew his hopelessness. The British had drawn all the savages of the Northwest into the war. As soon as

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*From a drawing by F. C. Yohn.*

To his bewilderment, he found Barbara at his mother's bedside.—Page 11.



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the snow was off the ground the forays had begun. Horses were stolen, cabins burned, and women and children were carried off captive. The pioneers had been confined to their stockaded forts, and only small bands of riflemen sallied out to patrol the country. Old Jerome Sanders's fort was deserted. Old Jerome had been killed. Twenty-three widows were at Harrodsburg filing the claims of dead husbands, and among them were Polly Conrad and Honor Sanders. The people were expecting an attack in great force from the Indians led by the British. At the Blue Licks there had been a successful ambush by the Indians and the whites had lost half their number, among them many brave men and natural leaders of the settlements. Colonel Clarke was at the mouth of Licking River and about to set out on an expedition and needed men.

Erskine, sure of a welcome, joined him and again rode forth with Clarke through the northern wilderness, and this time a thousand mounted riflemen followed them. Clarke had been stirred at last from his lethargy by the tragedy of the Blue Licks and this expedition was one of reprisal and revenge; and it was to be the last. The time was autumn and the corn was ripe. The triumphant savages rested in their villages unsuspecting and unafraid, and Clarke fell upon them like a whirlwind. Taken by surprise, and startled and dismayed by such evidence of the quick rebirth of power in the beaten whites, the Indians of every village fled at their approach, and Clarke put the torch not only to cabin and wigwam but to the fields of standing corn. As winter was coming on, this would be a sad blow, as Clarke intended, to the savages.

Erskine had told the big chief of his mother, and every man knew the story and was on guard that she should come to no harm. A captured Shawnee told them that the Shawnees had got word that the whites were coming, and their women and old men had fled or were fleeing, all, except in a village he had just left—he paused and pointed toward the east where a few wisps of smoke were rising. Erskine turned: "Do you know Kahtoo?"

"He is in that village."

Erskine hesitated: "And the white woman—Gray Dove?"

"She, too, is there."

"And Early Morn?"

"Yes," grunted the savage.

"What does he say?" asked Clarke.

"There is a white woman and her daughter in a village, there," said Erskine, pointing in the direction of the smoke.

Clarke's voice was announcing the fact to his men. Hastily he selected twenty. "See that no harm comes to them," he cried, and dashed forward. Erskine in advance saw Black Wolf and a few bucks covering the retreat of some fleeing women. They made a feeble resistance of a volley and they too turned to flee. A white woman emerged from a tent and with great dignity stood, peering with dim eyes. To Clarke's amazement Erskine rushed forward and took her in his arms. A moment later Erskine cried:

"My sister, where is she?"

The white woman's trembling lips opened, but before she could answer, a harsh, angry voice broke in haughtily, and Erskine turned to see Black Wolf stalking in, a prisoner between two stalwart woodsmen.

"Early Morn is Black Wolf's squaw. She is gone—" He waved one hand toward the forest.

The insolence of the savage angered Clarke, and not understanding what he said, he asked angrily:

"Who is this fellow?"

"He is the husband of my half-sister," answered Erskine gravely.

Clarke looked dazed and uncomprehending:

"And that woman?"

"My mother," said Erskine gently.

"Good God!" breathed Clarke. He turned quickly and waved the open-mouthed woodsmen away, and Erskine and his mother were left alone. A feeble voice called from a tent near by.

"Old Kahtoo!" said Erskine's mother. "He is dying and he talks of nothing but you—go to him!" And Erskine went. The old man lay trembling with palsy on a buffalo-robe, but the incredible spirit in his wasted body was still burning in his eyes.

"My son," said he, "I knew your voice. I said I should not die until I had seen you again. It is well . . . it is well," he repeated, and wearily his eyes closed. And thus Erskine knew it would be.

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## XXVIII

THAT winter Erskine made his clearing on the land that Dave Yandell had picked out for him, and in the centre of it threw up a rude log hut in which to house his mother, for his remembrance of her made him believe that she would prefer to live alone. He told his plans to none.

In the early spring, when he brought his mother home, she said that Black Wolf had escaped and gone farther into the wilderness—that Early Morn had gone with him. His mother seemed ill and unhappy. Erskine, not knowing that Barbara was on her way to find him, started on a hunting-trip. In a few days Barbara arrived and found his mother unable to leave her bed, and Lydia Noe sitting beside her. Harry had just been there to say good-by before going to Virginia.

Barbara was dismayed by Erskine's absence and his mother's look of suffering and extreme weakness, and the touch of her cold fingers. There was no way of reaching her son, she said—he did not know of her illness. Barbara told her of Erskine's giving her his inheritance, and that she had come to return it. Meanwhile Erskine, haunted by his mother's sad face, had turned homeward. To his bewilderment, he found Barbara at his mother's bedside. A glance at their faces told him that death was near. His mother held out her hand to him while still holding Barbara's. As in a dream, he bent over to kiss her, and with a last effort she joined their hands, clasping both. A great peace transformed her face as she slowly looked at Barbara and then up at Erskine. With a sigh her head sank lower, and her lovely dimming eyes passed into the final dark.

Two days later they were married. The woodsmen, old friends of Erskine's, were awed by Barbara's daintiness, and there were none of the rude jests they usually flung back and forth. With hearty handshakes they said good-by and disappeared into the mighty forest. In the silence that fell, Erskine spoke of the life before them, of its hardships and dangers, and then of the safety and comfort of Virginia. Barbara smiled:

"You choose the wilderness, and your choice is mine. We will leave the same choice . . ." She flushed suddenly and bent her head.

"To those who come after us," finished Erskine.

THE END.

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# MASTERPIECES OF WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY

By William T. Hornaday

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IT was a notable event in the history of the wild life of our country when the first big-game hunter hung up his rifle and took to the woods with a camera.

Ever since the first photographer went afield with a sportsman, the camera man has been the best exponent and advertiser of the prowess of the man with a gun. During the days of the slow and cumbersome wet plate, and long exposures, the alert and sudden wild animal was about as unattainable pictorially as the canals of Mars.

The dry plate opened up great possibilities in the photographing of dead game in its haunts. From 1884 onward American hunters of big game joyously welcomed the startling pictures made by Laton A. Huffman, of Miles City, Montana. Mr. Huffman was a true sportsman, a fine shot, and as a photographer of hunting-scenes he long stood without a

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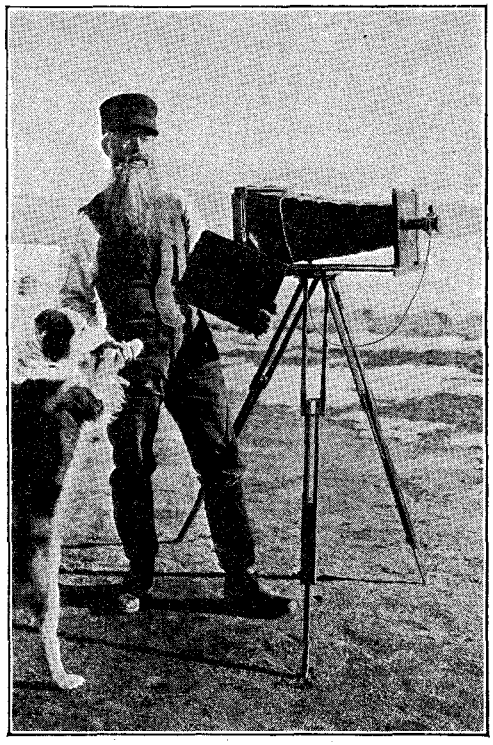
rival. Never will I forget the thrills that I received in his little old log-cabin studio in "Milestown" when he showed me his stereoscopic views of "elk and dead grizzlies: glory enough for one day," a mountain-sheep ram on the brink of a precipice, many buffalo-killing pictures, and antelope and deer galore. I think that Mr. Huffman—who still lives and



A. G. Wallihan, pioneer in wild animal photography.
From a photograph by Mrs. Wallihan.

photographs—enjoys the distinction of having had more photographs stolen for publication without credit than any other camera man on earth; and that I know is a large order.

American sportsmen hailed with joy the birth of the light, ever-ready, universal-focus kodak. It was the opening of a new and delightful field of Christian endeavor. It presented a highway of escape from the flood of game-slaughter photographs that had been sweeping over the continent like a deluge.

About 1905 the long-continued slaughter of American big game had begun to produce on the public mind certain strong effects. The deadly efficiency of high-power repeating rifles and automatic shotguns was seen to be exterminating the game of America, great and small. This grossly unfair and to a great extent unsportsmanlike slaughter presently began to have a sickening effect. Thousands of sportsmen became so disgusted with game slaughter, and with endless pictures of dead game, that they hung up their guns forever. To this group, embracing many alert and vigorous young men who were keen to achieve new conquests in new fields, the possibilities of hunting with the camera instead of the gun instantly appealed. Hundreds of sportsmen definitely dropped the gun and took up the camera for the photographing of living game in its haunts.

Forthwith the world of outdoor lovers took off its hat to them and bade them good-speed. It was realized that any duffer with a good check-book, a professional guide, and a high-power repeating rifle can kill big game, but it takes good woodcraft, skill and endurance of a high order, to enable man or woman to secure a really fine photograph of a fine wild animal in its unfenced haunts.

Now, this supreme difficulty was precisely the incentive that was needed to place wild animal photography in a niche of its own, well above most wild animal shooting. Sometimes the dangers involved are a hundredfold greater than those encountered by a well-armed man in hunting. We know that Mr. Dugmore took great risks with African lions at six feet, and that Mr. Phillips accepted hazards in getting his goat pictures in British Columbia that were almost criminal. I have seen him in precipice diversions with his camera, and there is no room for doubt.

It was a good omen for the game of North America when sportsmen began to view it in the finders of the cameras instead of through the sights of rifles. No man can measure with any degree of accuracy the potency of the influence of the camera in the preservation of the wild life of North America. Did any one ever see a real devotee of the wild life camera who

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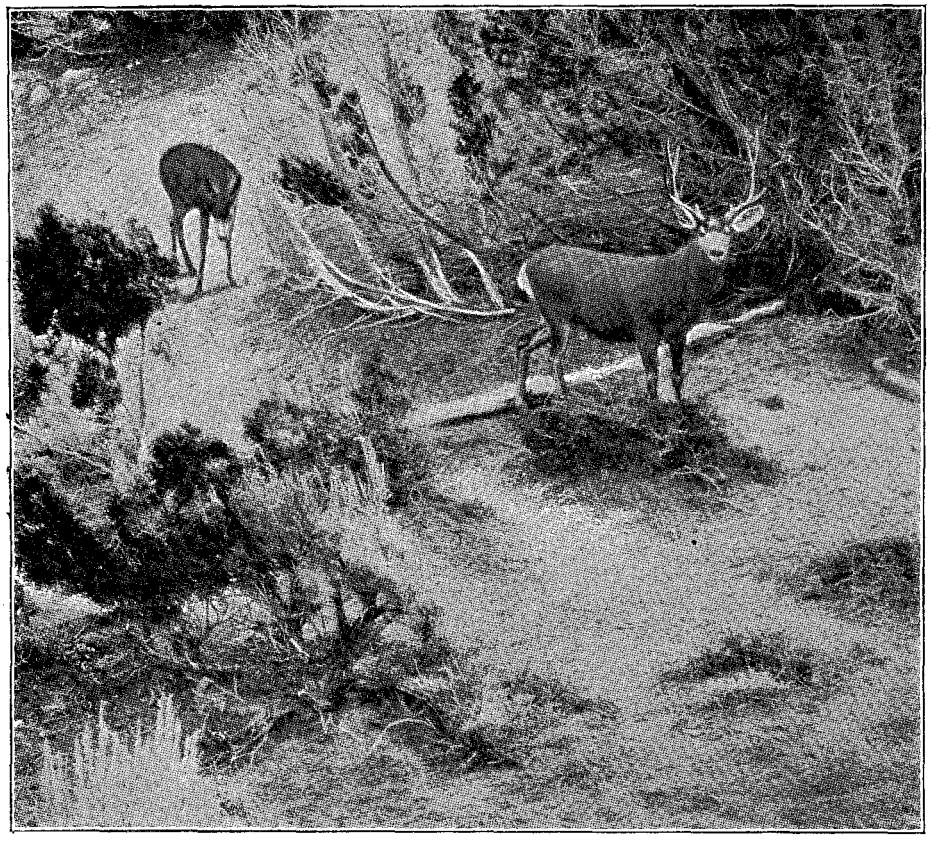

First scent of danger.
From a copyrighted photograph by A. G. Wallihan.

was also a slaughterer of game up to the full-bag limit? I trow not. About 100 per cent of the ardent camera men whom I know are pronounced and active protectionists. Moreover, if a close-up camera acquaintance with wild birds and beasts will not transform a destroyer into a preserver of wild life, nothing ever will —not even the chastening and refining influences of old age.

The photographing of wild game on the hoof, free in its own haunts, received its first great impulse in America from the indefatigable work and the fine success of A. G. Wallihan, of the town of Lay, Colorado, Lay being situated in the once-favorite haunts of the mule-deer and prong-horned antelope.

Now, *cherchez la femme*, say the French. In other words—search for the woman!

Being a man, I hate to admit it; but Mr. Wallihan states most positively that the idea of photographing wild game on the hoof originated with Mrs. Wallihan. One day while crouched in the sage-brush studying a colony of ants at work she looked up to find herself closely surrounded by a herd of mule-deer. That gave her the idea of a blind, a fixed camera, and a Wallihan; and afterward she gallantly aided in the practical development of the idea.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan made their first negatives in October, 1890, in the westerly end of the Elkhead Range, northwestern Colorado; and they were of wild mule-deer. To start with, Mr. Wallihan was a professional photographer. He began with heavy tripod cameras, set up beside game trails and patiently tended. At times he used 8 x 10 plates. Up to 1894 he used Carbutt's cut films, but



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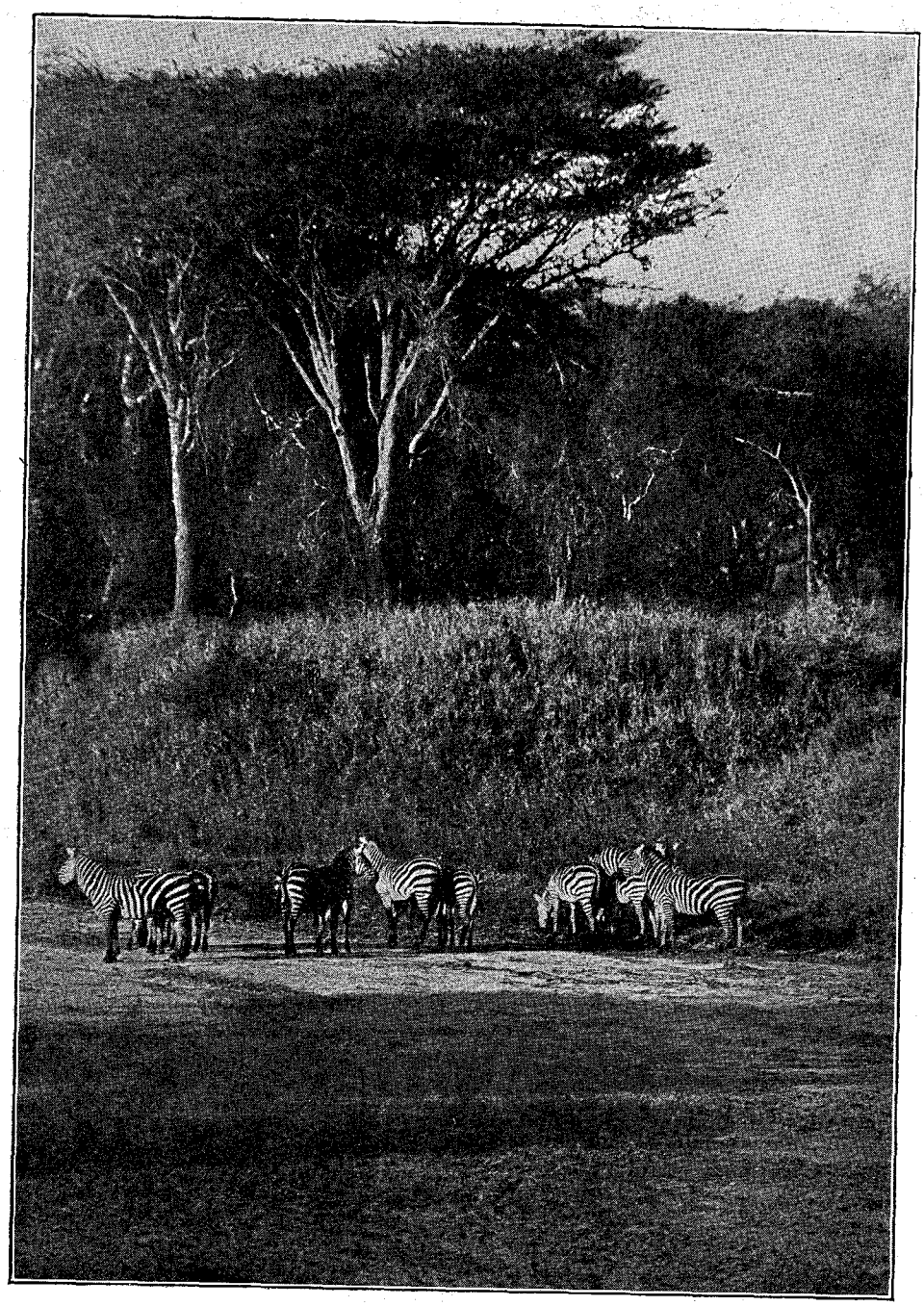

Herd of zebras, Olgerei River.
From a copyrighted photograph by Major A. R. Dugmore.

changed to Cramer's Crown plates because they were more speedy. For several years he used a Gundlach rectigraphic lens. In 1894 he took up a Zeiss lens Series *II*; but the telephoto lens that he acquired in 1895 proved too slow for rapid work.

In the annals of wild animal photog-



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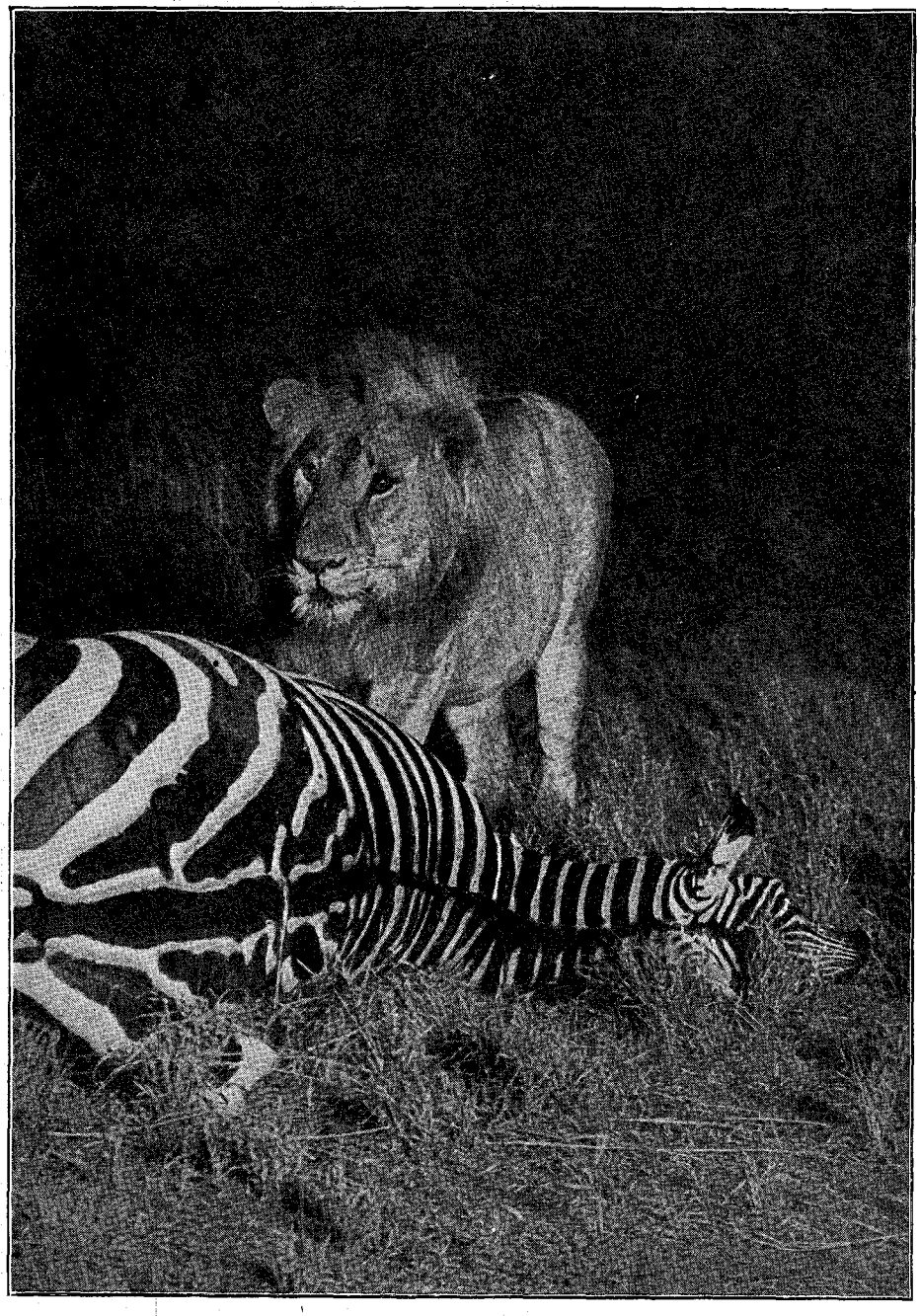

Lion coming to a zebra feast (flash-light).
From a copyrighted photograph by Major A. R. Dugmore.

raphy Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan earned a permanent place. They camped and cooked, they packed and trailed, and fought wind and weather for ten busy years to produce the pictures that were handsomely published in 1901 by Doubleday, Page & Co., in a volume entitled "Camera Shots at Big Game."



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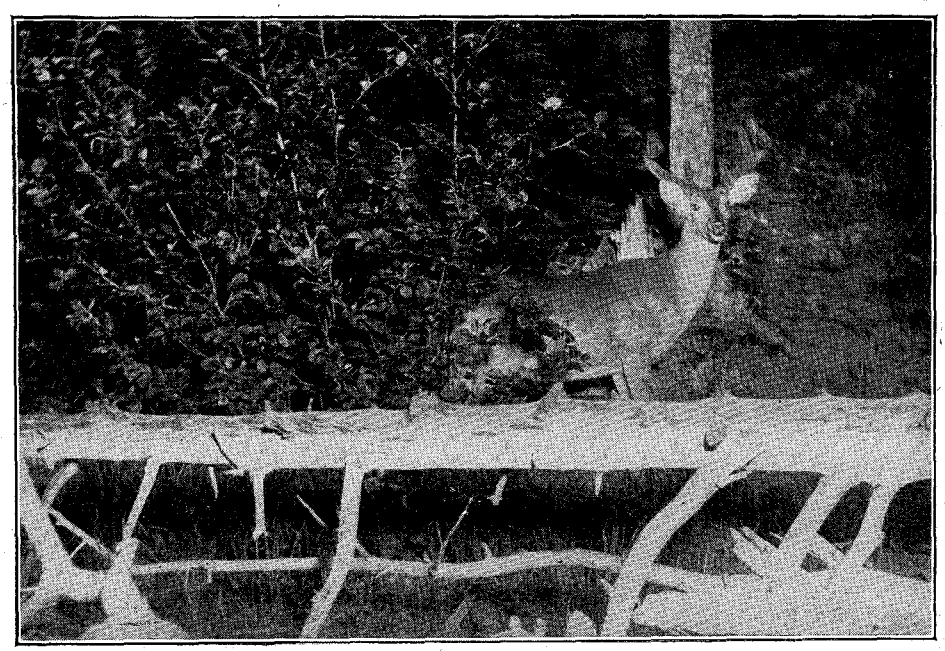
Mr. Wallihan made the first good pictures (so far as I know) ever made of the wild and free mule deer, prong-horned antelope, and elk. He made the first pictures of mountain lions and lynxes at bay in tree-tops. Of each of these five species he secured admirable results, and by zoologists and artists they were highly prized records of the true forms of those animals. They came as water to thirsty men in a desert and the only sad part of it is that the Wallihans never received one-tenth of the returns in cash that their labors fairly earned.

The old admirers of Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan will be glad to know that both are yet living, at Lay, in good health, and with the currents of their lives flowing very much as they did when they photographed the game that since that time has vanished from Lay.

Among the American photographers of wild animals, Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore occupies a conspicuous and enviable place. I install him as an exhibit alongside our American knights of the camera-in-the-wilds, because he has spent in America so many years of keen activity, and also because his career with that field-piece began here.

Major Dugmore's work as a wild animal photographer splendidly culminated on the open plains and in the scrubby forests of British East Africa. In 1909 he fraternized with James L. Clark, the New York taxidermist, and went to British East Africa. Those two dauntless youngsters set out from Nairobi without a guide or manager of any kind, and from first to last they managed their own safari, and guided themselves.

It is good to be young and fit to venture like that, and both those reckless boys made good. They hunted, shot, and photographed as no one of my acquaintance ever had done up to that time. On some occasions Major Dugmore wielded a formidable telephoto camera that as field-artillery was enough to frighten the boldest lion into the tallest timber. In the long-distance fighting the telephoto gloriously made good. There was an elaborate and very responsive flash-light battery, and it also got in its deadly work. Dugmore and Clark returned with a lay-out of negatives that swept New York off



White-tailed buck by flash-light.
From a photograph by George Shiras, 3d.

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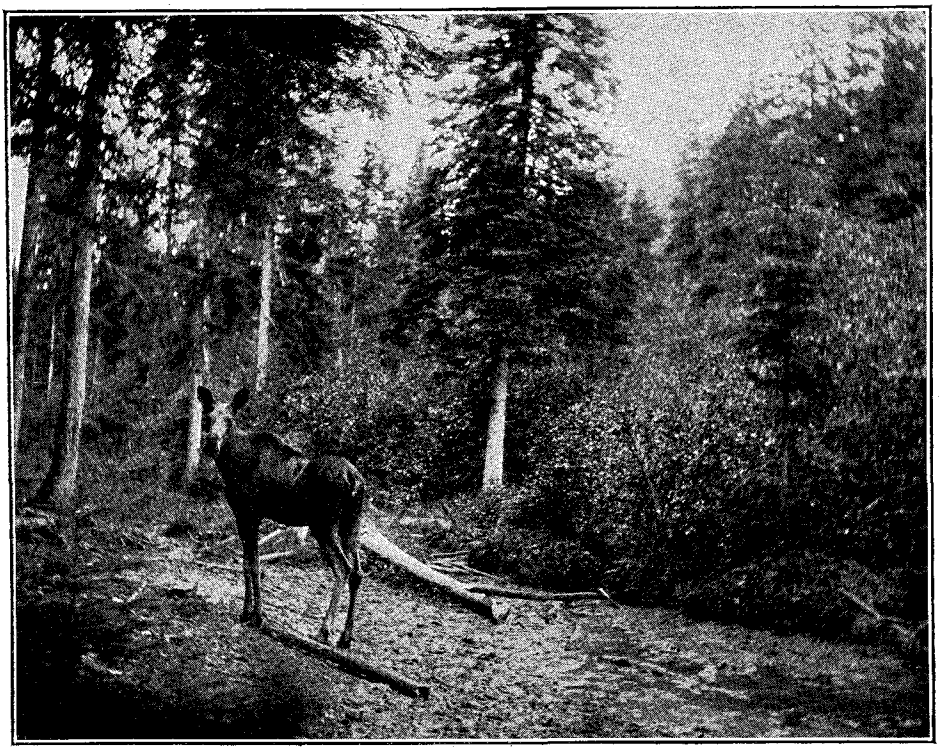

Young lady moose.
From a photograph by George Shiras, 3d.

its feet with a wave of admiration. The best chances at the biggest game were not ruined by over or under exposures. The finest negatives were not lost overboard. In fact, the rarest chances seemed to produce the best negatives.

The full list of subjects, as samples thereof are set forth in Major Dugmore's book, "With Rifle and Camera in African Wilds," reveals lions, leopards, hyenas, elephants, buffaloes, zebras, kongonis, giraffes, elands, water-bucks, gazelles of sorts, wart-hogs, hippos, and many other large species.

In essaying to select from all this wealth of material only one picture to offer as *the* masterpiece of Major Dugmore, we are torn by conflicting emotions. To ignore the fine lion taken at six feet by flash-light while Clark stood sole sponsor for the life of the operating photographer, would be an outrage on the verities. And yet, while the picture of the lion is 100 per cent perfect, and a real masterpiece if there ever was one, it is a close-up, there is no stage setting of high value, and no studied "composition." At all hazards, however, this picture must be shown.

A good portion of appreciation must be bestowed upon Clark, the intrepid hunter, who at all times backed up and protected Dugmore the artist; and the splendid series of African pictures brought back by those two venturesome spirits deserves to be inscribed to the credit of both.

In 1909, when the Roosevelt Expedition went to Africa on the greatest of all safaris, by the dropping out of the professional photographer, Kermit Roosevelt suddenly was thrust into the position of official photographer to the expedition. I viewed this arrangement with many misgivings—because it was a task for maturity and long experience—but the young man made good. He made good 100 per cent, not only with the big-game rifle, but in wild animal photography as well.

Captain Kermit's masterpiece is his best picture of a whole herd of elephants in a



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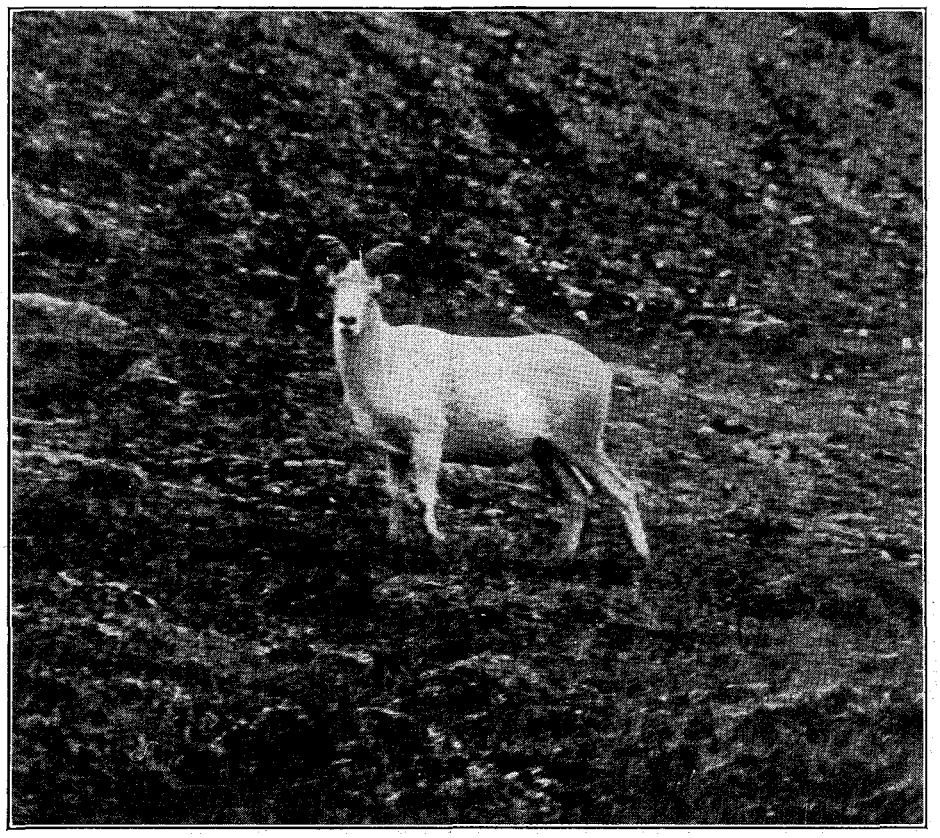
high but rather open forest. The light was none too good, but fortunately it was good enough. This real achievement was scored from a perch on a low limb of a tree, conveniently placed to drop the intervening brush out of view. Five tuskers appear in the front line, and the elephants are massed together in the composition as neatly and perfectly as if the hand of man had grouped them to get all the flankers into the picture.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was very proud of this picture, and so were the editors of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE and the "African Game Trail" book. Many men —and some beasts, also—have shot African elephants, but we know of no one else who has scored like that with the camera on Africa's grandest game.

The wild animal photography of Mr. George H. Shiras, 3d, of Washington, has challenged the admiration of millions of Americans. Fortunately it has been given good "publicity." Starting in with flash-light photography as his favorite diversion—partly because of its very great difficulties—Mr. Shiras thoroughly conquered that field before he turned to another. His wonderfully successful and artistic flash-light pictures of white-tailed deer, porcupines, rabbits, raccoons, and bears quickly made him famous. Any man who can catch with his night camera an *albino* porcupine, as Mr. Shiras has done, certainly deserves to wear laurels.

Success with the flash-light camera calls for high-class woodcraft, correct knowledge of "animal behavior," judgment of a high order, and infinite indus-



White mountain-sheep.
From a photograph by George Shiras, 3d.

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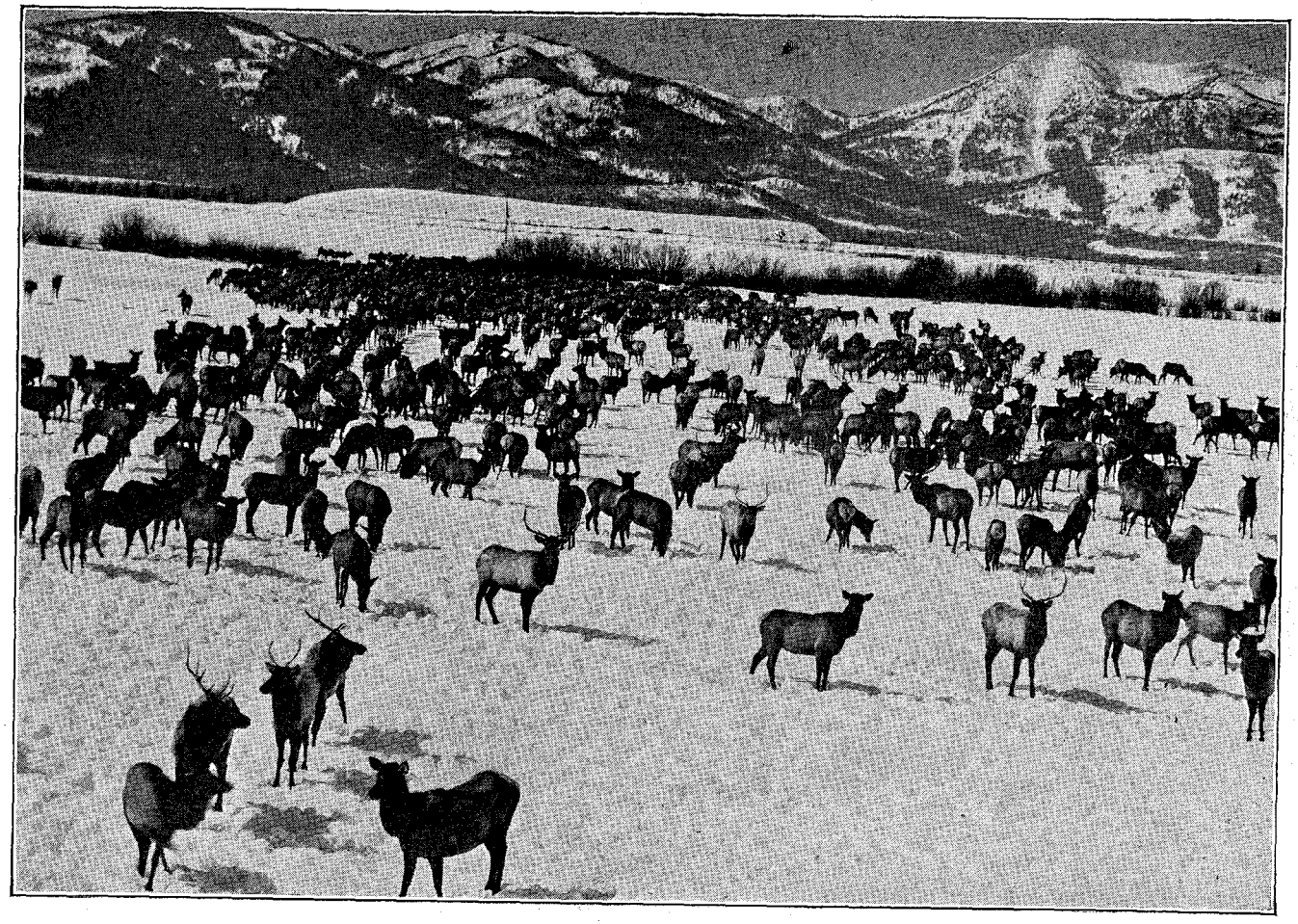

A bunch of hungry elk.
From a photograph by Stephen N. Leek.

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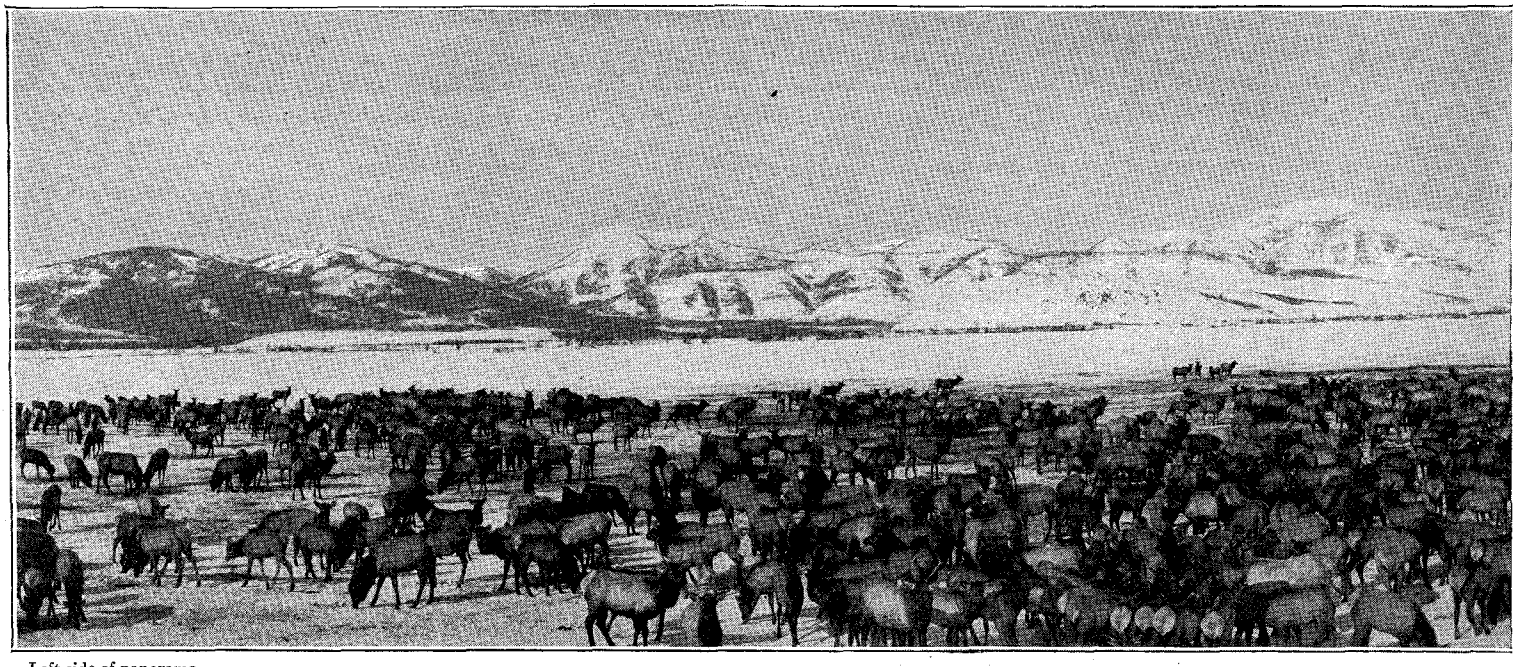

Left side of panorama.

Grand panorama of elk in Jackson Hole.
From a photograph by Stephen N. Leek.

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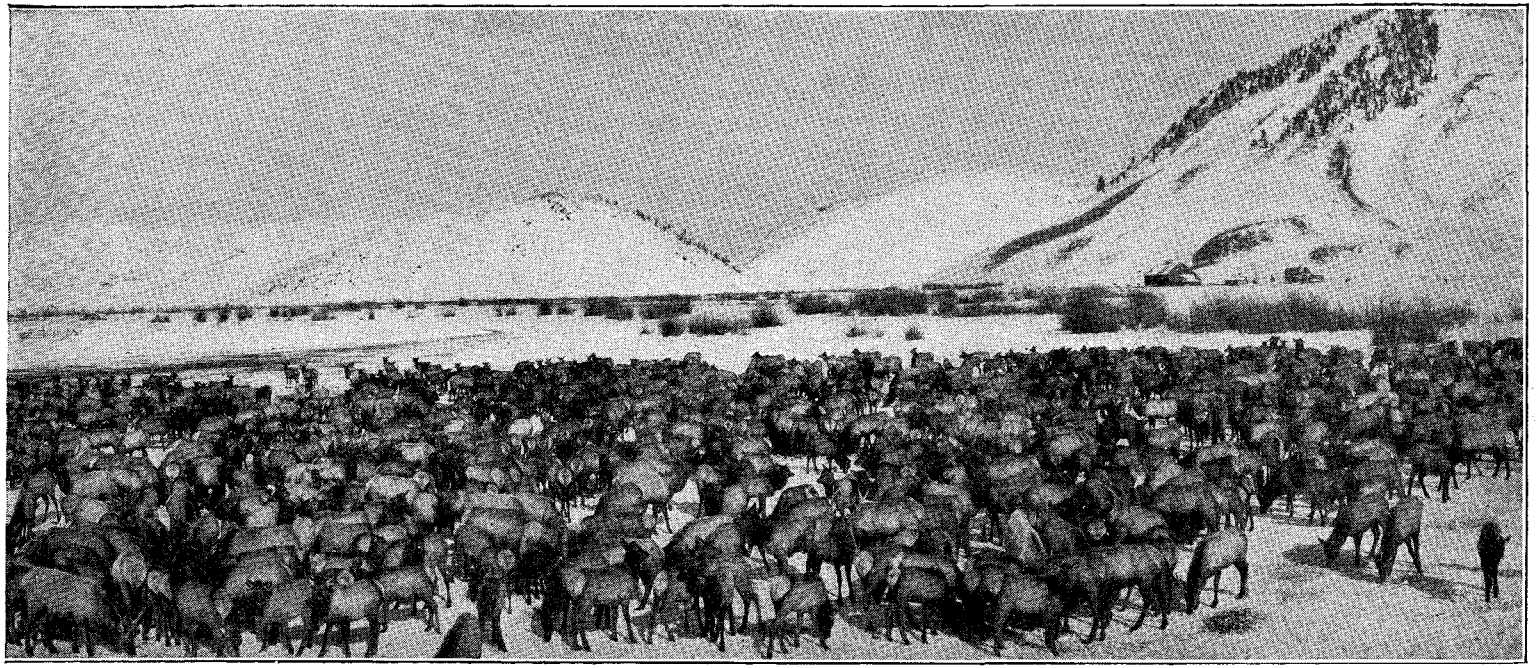

Right side of panorama.

Grand panorama of elk in Jackson Hole.
From a photograph by Stephen N. Leek.



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try and patience. If any debonair amateur thinks this is an easy road to success, let him pursue it a short distance. More things can happen to a set camera and a string in thick darkness than are dreamed of in our philosophy. But the discerning ones appreciate the difficulties to be overcome, and applaud success accordingly.

Of the beautiful and bewildering Shiras flash-light pictures, most arbitrarily we present the one that in our opinion has the best right to rank as *the* masterpiece. It is unnecessary to point out its fine and commanding qualities. The composition was by no means accidental. Of course, the artist composed his picture before he set up his camera, and the result is his by deliberate design. This deer picture represents absolute perfection in flash-lighting; but it is a pity that space is not available for the scared albino porcupine who so clearly registers "surprise."

But Mr. Shiras at last sighed for other worlds to conquer than those illumined by flash-lights, and forthwith he became a day worker. Finally, it required five numbers of the *National Geographic Magazine* to contain the collections of pictures that were selected adequately to represent the various phases of his work. We present here one daylight picture that seems to us masterful, and paramount in excellence. The great pictorial wealth of Mr. Shiras's work fairly demands that a volume be devoted to it, to place it in permanent and accessible form.

By force of circumstances and by virtue of sheer necessity Stephen N. Leek, of Jackson Hole, Wyoming, became the great photographer and champion of the American elk. Years ago he settled in the Jackson Valley as a prosperous ranchman, and took root there. His ranch became the central rallying-point of the 20,000 elk (more or less) that for years annually have been driven down out of the Yellowstone Park by the early rigors of winter, and forced to seek winter grass through the less deep snows of the Jackson Hole country, and on the high mountain ridges that girt it in.

To Mr. Leek the call to photograph those elks, both individually and *en masse*, was irresistible, and he girded himself up accordingly. He learned outdoor photography, from the ground up to its topmost branches; and if his camera can prevent the extinction of the Jackson Hole elk herds, that end will be accomplished. He has lectured upon and illustrated the elk and its vital need for human help, all the way from Jackson Hole to St. Paul and New York.

Mr. Leek has made so many stunning elk pictures that it is difficult to choose *the* masterpiece. However, full deliberation finally settled down to the final conviction that a certain picture of massed elk, looking across the level floor of Jackson Valley, with the Gros Ventres Mountains as a background, is the choice. It is not only a perfect composition perfectly executed, but it is stamped with the well-known and well-beloved personality of our own "Steve Leek."

Without at all assuming to be a photographer of living wild animals, Mr. John M. Phillips, sportsman and State Game Commissioner, of Pittsburgh, scored a brilliant hit in 1905, when the writer had the good fortune to be among those present. It was on a Rocky Mountain goat in British Columbia, and the case was notably picturesque.

For twenty years Mr. Phillips has been a keen and successful outdoor photographer. His specialty has been picturesque hunting-grounds, dead game, camps, guides, and "outfits on the trail." His cameras have exploited British Columbia, New Brunswick, Colorado, Wyoming, Arizona, Sonora, and Tampico. His repertoire of big game, living and dead, includes all the big-game species of North America except the Alaskan bears, the sheep and caribou of the North, and the musk-ox. I have stereoscopic views from hundreds of his best negatives of game, camp, and trail, and really it gives me a pang of regret every time I think of the beautiful subjects that are stored away in John's cabinet, perhaps never to be seen by the public, because their owner never lifts a finger to push one of his pictures into public notice. In "Camp-Fires in the Canadian Rockies" and "On Desert and Lava" (the Scribner Press) we have some fine examples of the output.

Mr. Phillips's favorite camera is the Hawkeye Stereo No. 1, and I must say that, so far as I can observe, its only real rival is the big 8 x 10 on a fixed tripod. The instrument is light, transportable anywhere that a man can go with a gun,

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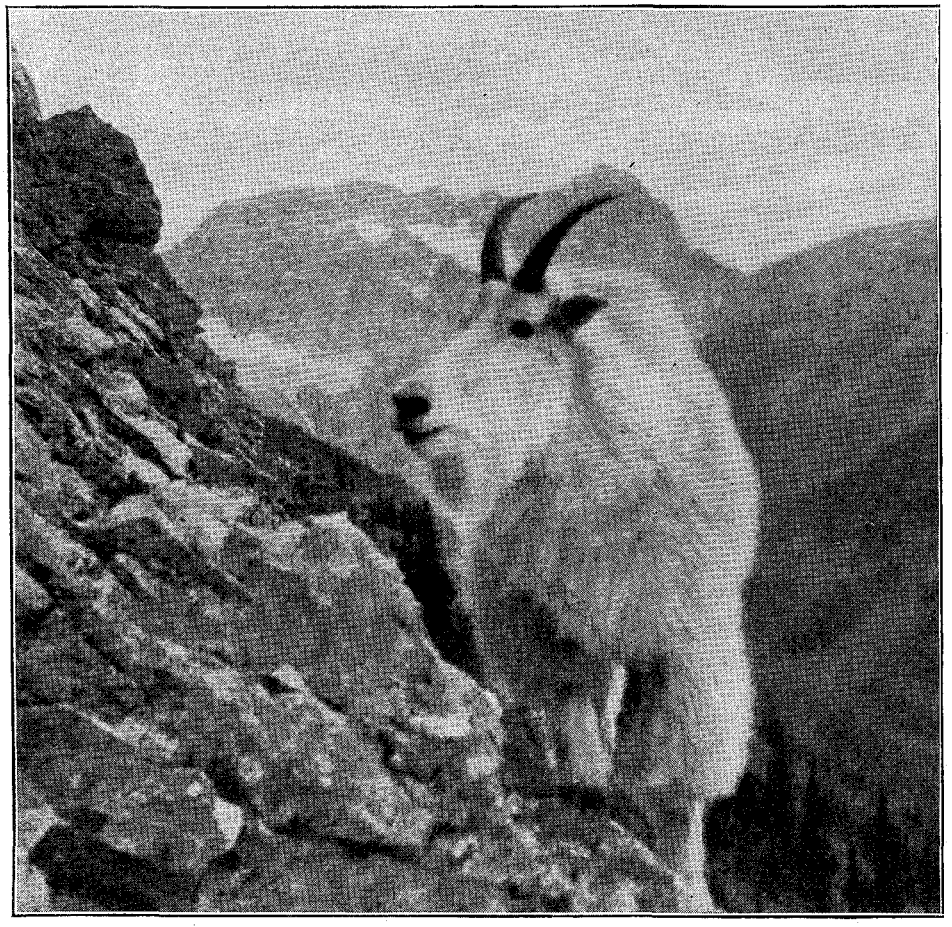
and the sharpness with which it digs out and records details is wonderful. Mr. Ernest F. Keller can take a Phillips stereo film 4¼ x 4¼ and enlarge it to 8 x 8 on glossy paper with such magnificent sharpness and richness of tone that the result looks like a contact print from a powerful 8 x 8 plate.



Rocky Mountain goat, close up.
From a copyrighted photograph by John M. Phillips.

Had the camera in the case been large enough to be cumbersome, or one requiring both hands in its operation, Mr. Phillips could not have carried it to the face of that precipice on Avalanche Creek in the Elk River Mountains of British Columbia, and he never would have accomplished that magnificent series of goat pictures that has sent thrills through all American sportsmen and lovers of wild life. At that time he was a bachelor, he had given no hostages to fortune, and he felt perfectly free to risk his neck on as many precipices as he chose. Mr. Phillips, Mack Norboe, and Dog Kaiser, by reckless climbing and skilful manœuvring, cornered a big male white mountain goat on a knife-edge of rock, and kept him there until he was thoroughly photographed. Mr. Phillips held on to the rocky face of the wall with one hand and foot, the camera was poised on the flexed knee of the free leg, and worked with the one free hand.

The goat courageously and sensibly stood his rocks, too wise to get nervous or hysterical and leap off into space—as any deer or wild sheep would have done.

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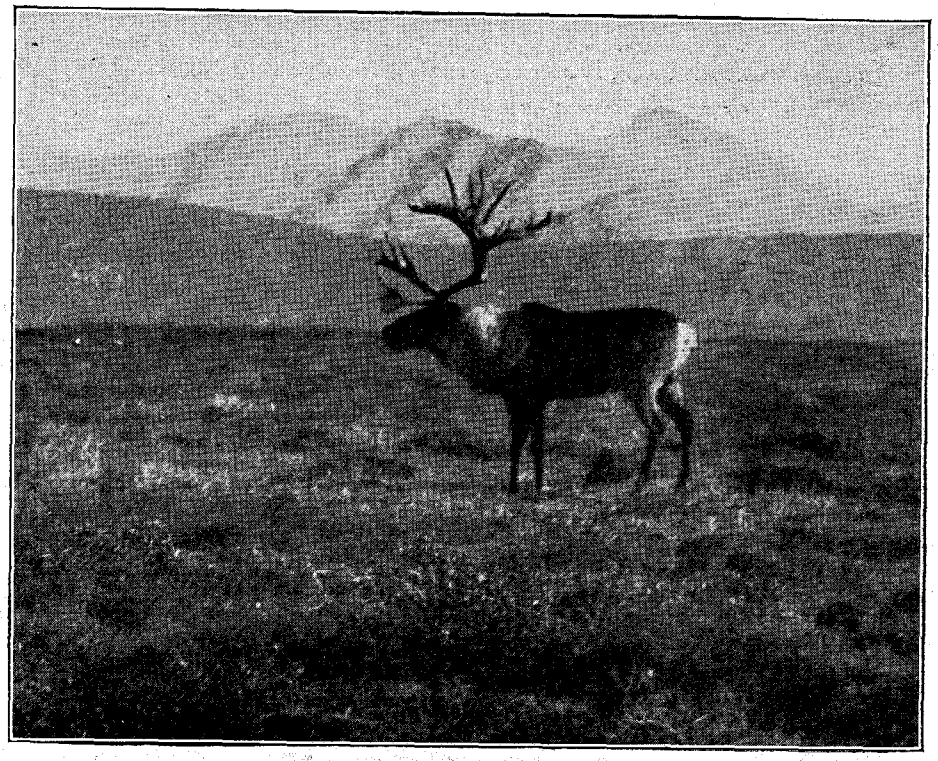

Osborn caribou, western Yukon territory.
From a photograph by F. C. Havemeyer.

Now and then he stamped an angry foot, snorted, and stood pat. Once he decided to charge the photographer and knock him off the wall; and had he carried out that intention no power on earth could have saved Mr. Phillips. The distance was only eight feet, and when the goat threateningly advanced three feet of that, the truculent Billy spoiled the photograph by coming inside the focus!

Of the half-dozen fine camera shots made by Mr. Phillips, three are perfect and one is magnificent. The one shown herewith has all the composition of a fine oil painting, and the goat details are perfect. Taking into consideration the zoological value, general composition, sharpness, rarity of the subject and danger in execution, I feel bound to accord this picture first place among all the masterpieces of wild animal photography that I have seen. Fortunately for the result, this portrait was made on September 15, 1905, when the pelage was at its highest perfection and before it had grown so long and shaggy as to mask the face and form of the animal. It is easy for the excessively long mid-winter pelage of a northern animal to spoil it both for the camera and the painter. The Zoological Society's Alaskan moose, by Rungius, was painted in its September coat for the above reason, and the big-horn sheep painting is of the vintage of October.

Out of a great number of photographs of wild moose—all save a very few showing water-logged and homely females and calves in the summer coat—we choose as a live moose masterpiece the truly fine picture by George D. Pratt, New York State Conservation Commissioner. The moose is a very large and well-fed bull, with grand antlers, and his forest and marsh surroundings are indeed everything that they ought to be for such an animal. This is not a "close-up" portrait. It is what Carl Rungius calls "a picture," and as such it is entitled to a high place.

One of the most beautiful wild animal pictures that I ever have seen from the far North was made by Mr. F. C. Havemeyer, in the White River country of western Yukon Territory. Posing in a landscape composed of a wide, treeless



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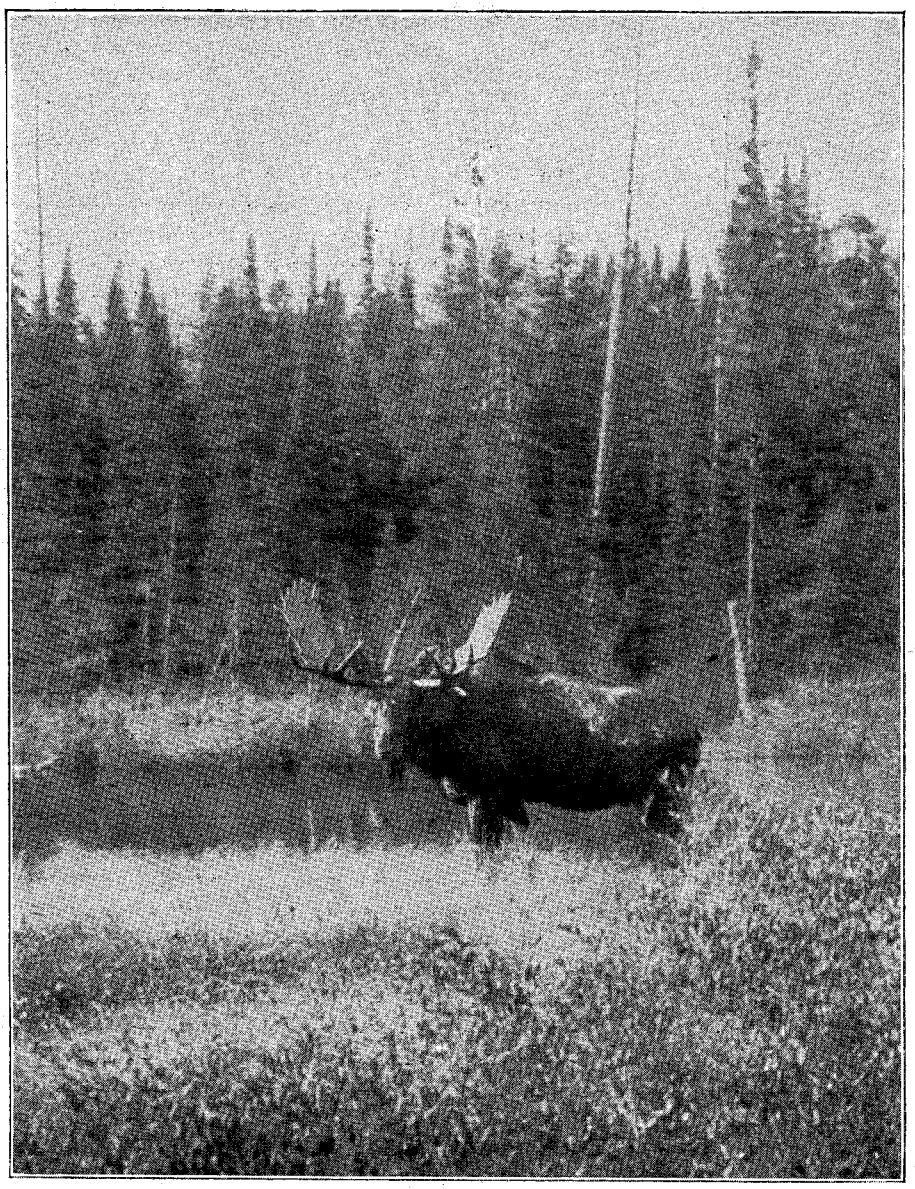

Bull moose in the open season.
From a photograph by George D. Pratt.

valley with a picturesque mountain background stands a lordly bull caribou of the *Rangifer osborni* species. It is the largest of all the caribou species of North America.

A picture like this represents one chance out of many. Many men work all their lives without its equal. The camera man is the toad beneath the harrow who knows "exactly where each tooth-point goes." A failure may be due to any one of a dozen causes, such as a running animal; natural obstruction; too great distance; bad light; a sun in the wrong place; an ugly background or sordid surroundings. But in this fine picture all the factors were at their best—and for a wonder the camera was ready. Now, which is of the highest value to the world: the mounted head of the bull, or this fine picture of him? Perhaps fifty persons per year can enjoy the former, for a number of years; but we know that



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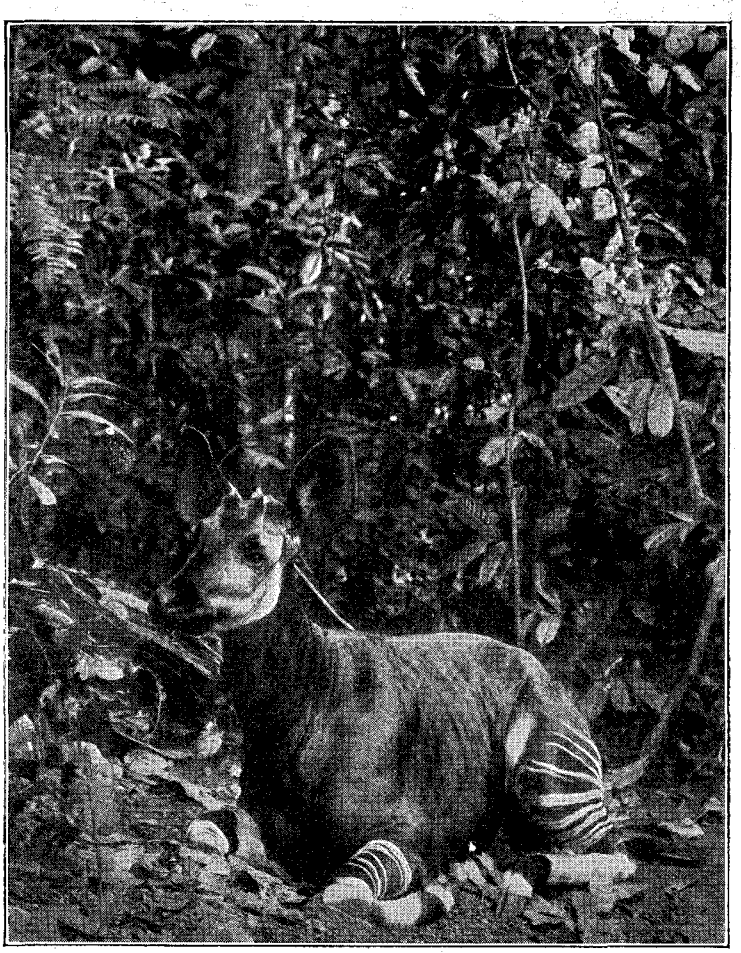
this year about 1,000,000 persons will find pleasure in this picture.

The record-breaking African jungle work of Herbert Lang and James P. Chapin for the American Museum of Natural History produced a bewildering array of rich and rare results. Along with the thousands of zoological specimens collected, *and safely transported to New York*, the photographs made by Mr. Lang are entitled to a prominent place. In the dense tangle of tropical jungles like those of the rain belt of equatorial Africa and the Far East, the photographing of living wild animals becomes a wild impossibility; and this fact brings us up against a new condition, and a new question.

Shall we admit to the company of masterpieces in wild animal photography any pictures of wounded or dead animals? Let us remember that sometimes we have to deal with such animals as the rare and wildly elusive okapi—an animal never yet stalked and shot by a white man.

I put this question seriously to several men whose judgment I value, and invariably the final answer has been: "Decidedly, yes!" Inasmuch as my own view coincides with theirs, Mr. Lang's finest photograph of a living but captive okapi bull, in its own almost inaccessible haunts, is presented herewith, in the belief that it will be welcome.

Any man who can offer to the world an artistically perfect photograph of a wild okapi, a particolored bear (*Eluropus*), a takin, a giant armadillo, a maned wolf, a bongo, a white rhinoceros, or a giant



Okapi bull, Ituri forest, Upper Congo.
From a photograph by Herbert Lang.

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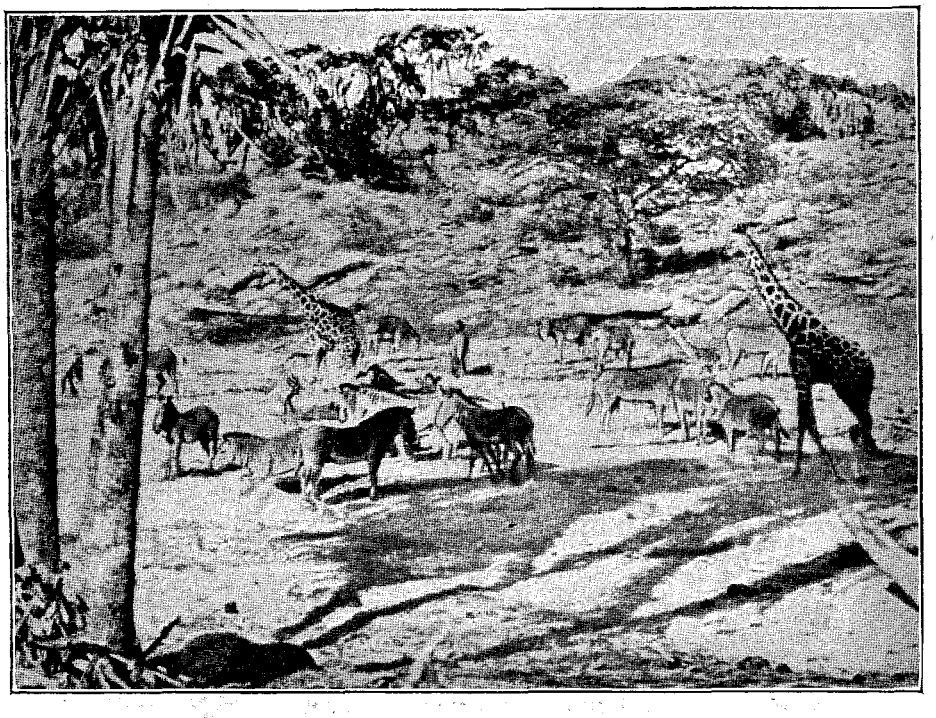

Giraffes and zebras.
From a photograph by Cherry Kearton and Major James Barnes.

gorilla is entitled to a place for it among the world's masterpieces of wild animal photography. I think this should hold for fine adult specimens of those species, even when they are wounded or dead.

The limitations of space forbid more than a brief reference to the wonderful work of Mr. Lang in the remote and almost impossible okapi country of Central Africa. Those who would read his story and see a series of his finest pictures can obtain it and them, for twenty paltry copper cents, from the New York Zoological Society in its *Bulletin* for May, 1918. I have only to add that, so far as heard from, the wild animal lover to whom Mr. Lang's okapi pictures do not appeal has not yet been born; and if the picture shown herewith is not a genuine masterpiece, then I never saw one.

The photographic work in Africa of Mr. Cherry Kearton, Englishman, was ably supported throughout by our own Major James Barnes. The movies that resulted from their joint efforts have been seen and applauded by millions of Americans. While the various water-hole pictures are of course the most spectacular and thrilling, there are a multitude of close-up zoological studies that are of great interest and artistic value. Unfortunately for our purpose, the original films are far away and beyond reach, and the materials now available for a sample picture fall far short of doing justice to Mr. Kearton's genius and work. For all that, however, the annexed water-hole picture, showing giraffes, zebras, antelopes, and baboons, all taken—and well taken—at one shot, is sufficient to show the artistic and zoological value of the water-hole series.

It was the moving water-hole pictures of Mr. Paul Rainey's photographer that first revealed to the world of animal-lovers the terrible state of fear in which the wild beasts of Africa's open country live from moment to moment, and strive to eat, drink, and sleep without being pounced upon by enemies and killed. The humanitarians who think that all wild animals are "happy" and all zoo animals are unhappy should (if their minds are open) look at these moving pictures taken by Kearton and Barnes at the water-hole, and then look—any day or hour—at the



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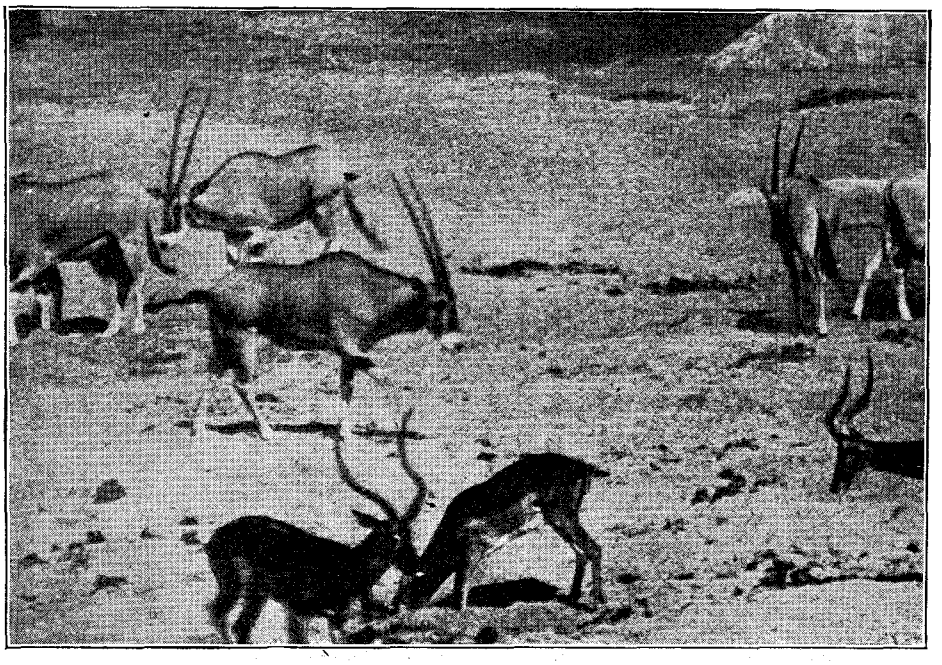
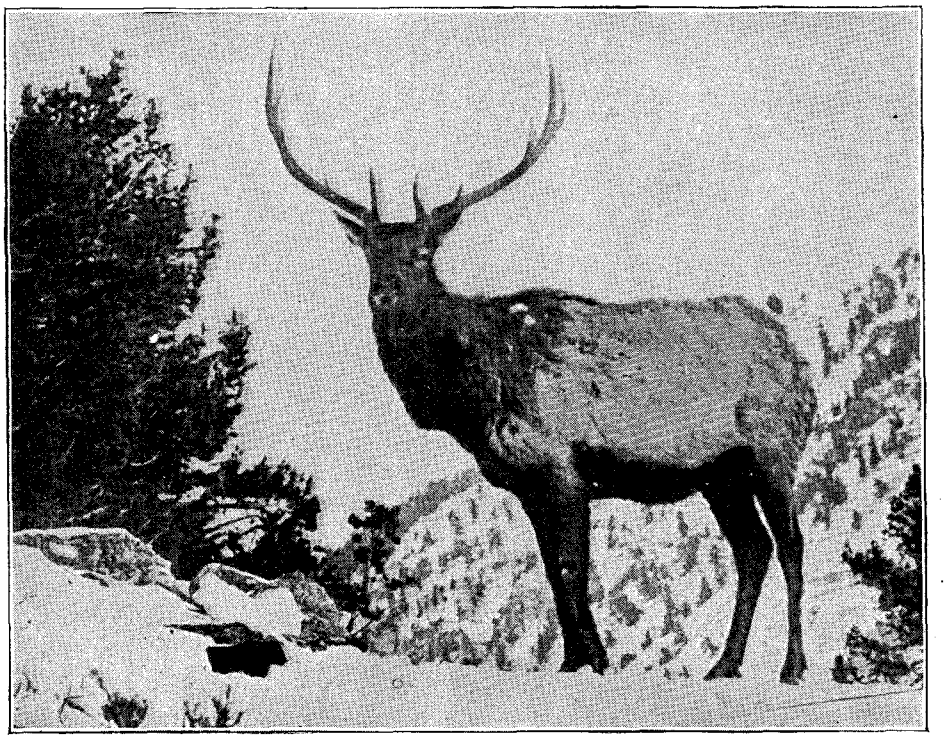


Oryx and impalas at a water-hole.
From a photograph by Cherry Kearton and Major James Barnes.



A wild bull elk, posing.
From a photograph by Norman McClintock.



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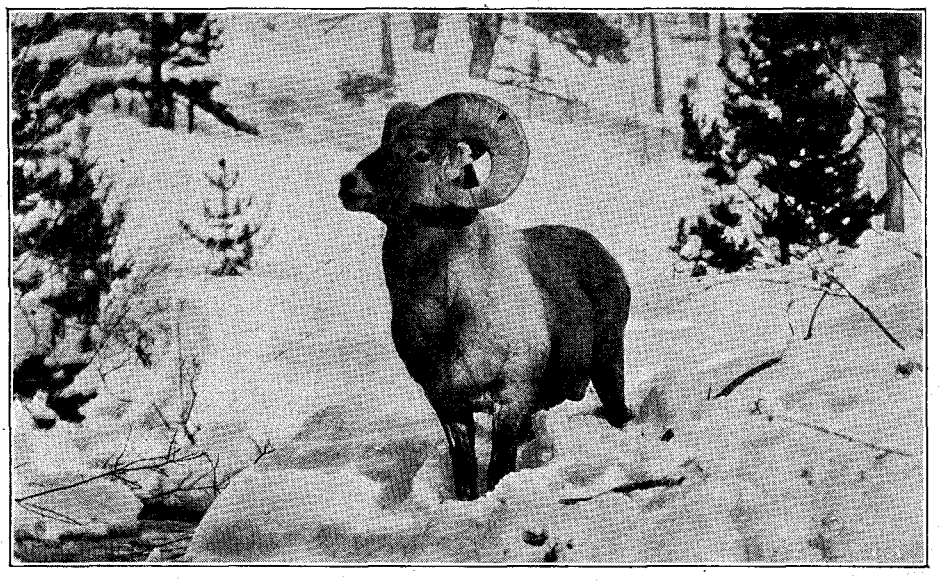
twenty-four captive bears in the New York Zoological Park.

"The 'free, wild life' is a round of strife,
And of ceaseless hunger and fear.
The life in the wild of the animal child
Is not all skittles and beer."

It is the natural and regular thing for a wild animal photographer to choose for himself the most difficult tasks in sight—



Mountain-sheep ram near Long's Peak.
From a photograph by Enos A. Mills.

for the obvious reason that there is small merit in the accomplishment of the commonplace. Mr. William L. Finley, Ornithologist of the State of Oregon, first attacked the sea lions and sea birds of the rocky and picturesque coast of Oregon, and achieved from wild life and foaming breakers about every form of success that the heart of a photographer could desire. Of all Mr. Finley's many wild-life pictures, those are (to our mind) the crowning achievement. The combination of massed wild life in vigorous motion, heaving billows and leaping and foaming breakers made a series fit to stir the blood of a mummy.

And then, abruptly turning from that well-worked field, Mr. Finley packed his kit and with the bird artist, R. Bruce Horsfall, as a companion, hiked away into the lava and sage-brush desert of Lake County, southeastern Oregon, to catch with his camera the wary and vanishing antelope and the harassed sage-grouse. And right there the moving-picture camera discovered things about the big and spectacular sage-grouse, and caught things, that so far as we can discover had up to that hour remained a sealed book to all the bird men of America. I will not anticipate now, nor in any manner spoil, Mr. Finley's great story of his success; but I do advise every person who is interested in birds to keep his ear to the ground for the rumble of its first appearance in print.

Mr. Norman McClintock, of Pittsburgh, is one of the latest of our wild animal photographers who has conspicuously made good with the motion-picture camera.

His real work began in the Rocky Mountains, both within and without the Yellowstone Park. In the great national playground, oldest of national parks, the game falls into two categories—that which is aloof and really wild and that which is half tame, or even four-fifths tame, pestering around tourists' camps, the hotels, and in the military post of Fort Yellowstone. The latter is in the class of preserve-tame wild game, and

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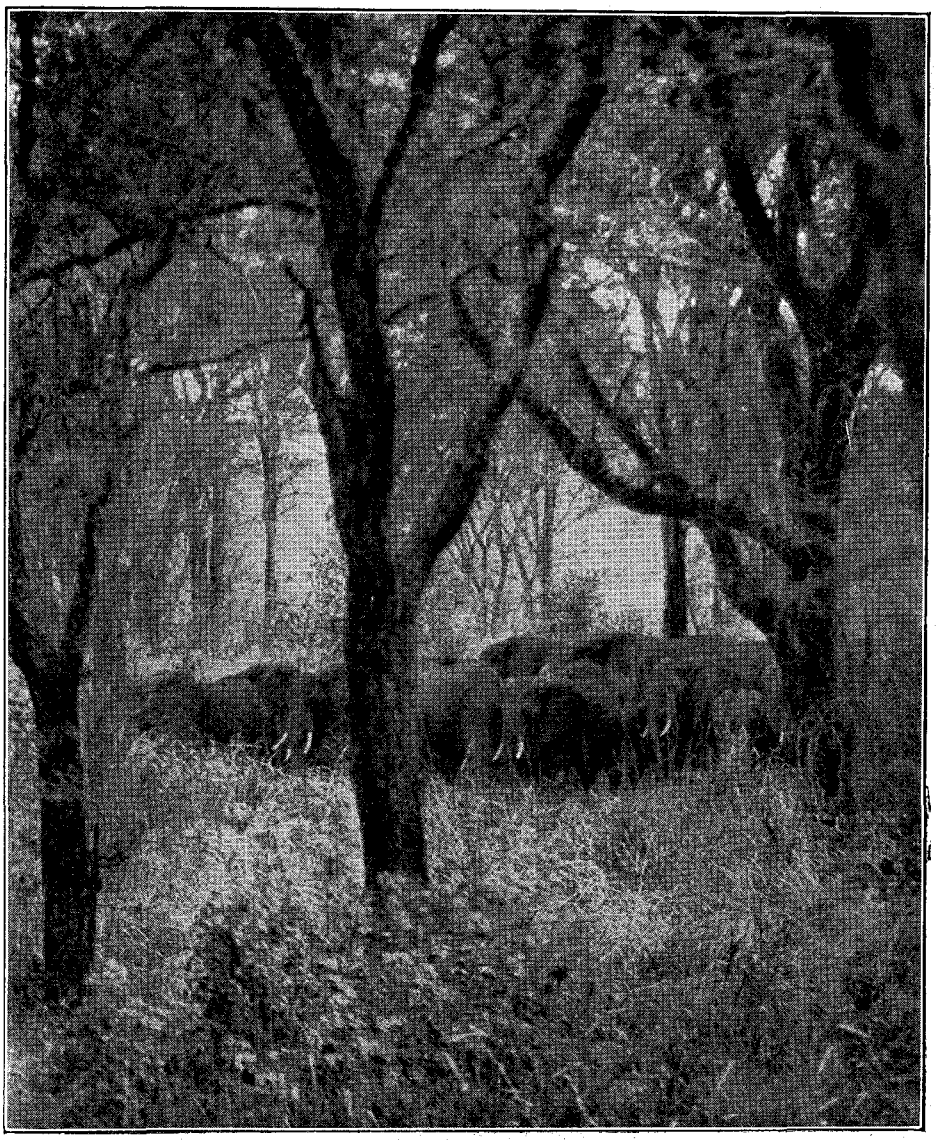

A herd of African elephants in an open forest.
From a copyrighted photograph by Captain Kermit Roosevelt.

thereby is outside the scope of this article. For all that, however, Mr. McClintock's pictures of intimate mule-deer, mountain-sheep, bison, and antelope are most interesting, instructive, and at times picturesque. For example, a wild mule-deer being enticed up the steps of an army officer's house, and actually into the family kitchen, makes a movie of fascinating interest.

To my mind Mr. McClintock's masterpiece is the result of a long and diligent effort to get a really wild bull elk herd-leader in his mountain fastness, and while on his travels. It was figured out that on a certain day, and somewhere near a certain hour, the bull would cross a valley, and at a certain spot would climb to the snow-clad summit of the westerly ridge. Taking a gambler's chance, the camera was placed and focussed on the line of least resistance for a travelling elk.

The bull elk came, and saw, and was conquered. He climbed up the ridge into



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the field of the lens, and he paused and stood precisely on the spot that the camera expected. For the motion camera the climax was quite ideal, and Mr. McClintock obtained a picture that has all the composition and detail of an ideal Rungius painting.

Mr. Enos A. Mills, of Long's Peak, Colorado, is a denizen of the summits of the American Rockies. His natural habitat is timber-line, and his normal surroundings are six feet of snow in a howling blizzard. His neighbors are the Rocky Mountain sheep, grizzly bear, pika, Clark's crow, and the magpie.

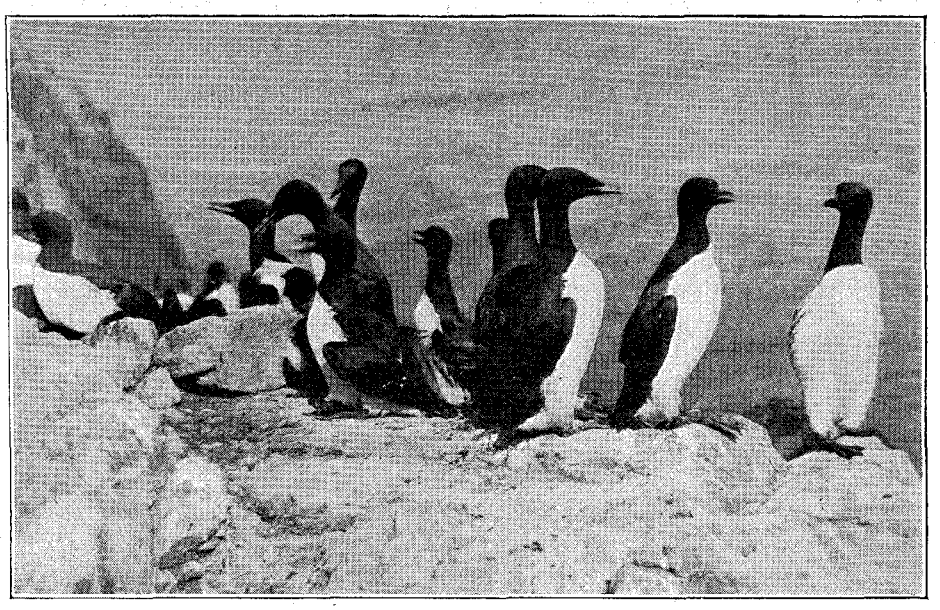
Life on the summits is a busy occupation, as well as hazardous, and Mr. Mills has not gone deep into wild animal photography. But there are exceptions. When he encountered a fine big-horn ram wallowing through two feet of snow, the Mills camera was ready and a masterpiece was the result.

In the old days, before the State of Colorado wisely and forehandedly enacted a law perpetually protecting all her mountain-sheep, it would have been the natural course for some meat-hunter to have "seen him first" and killed that snow-logged ram without mercy. But the world is not wholly bad, even yet.

Considering the brief time that has elapsed since Wallihan began to photograph wild animals in the wilds, great things have been accomplished. The work and the workers cited herein represent only a small fraction of the total output of this new and extremely fascinating pastime.

In this article we only scratch the surface of our subject. Truly, the wild animal world has by no means been wholly conquered by the camera, either still or moving. More and more will the camera replace the gun—with a great uplift to sport with wild life! Killing has become too easy to be sport, and easy sport is too sordid to suit real sportsmen.

Thus far we have only touched the moving-picture field. Great things have been accomplished by some of the moving-picture sportsmen, but their results do not readily lend themselves to display in magazines or books. Their only adequate show-place is on the screen. But in this field also only a good beginning has been made. The next quarter century will witness great achievements with the wheels and reels. But, we now say to the knights of the crank: *Hurry up, or you will be too late to get the finest big game anywhere outside of the game preserves.*



California murres, Three Arch Rocks.
From a photograph by William L. Finley.

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# ABRAHAM LINCOLN

## PERSONAL MEMORIES OF THE MAN

By Robert Brewster Stanton

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) FROM PHOTOGRAPH

IT is proper at the start to make clear how I, a comparatively young boy at the time, could know anything personally and intimately of so great a man as Abraham Lincoln.

My father, the Reverend Robert Livingston Stanton, D.D., a Connecticut Yankee, whose New England family dates back to 1635 and 1620, after his graduation from the College of Lane Seminary*—having spent six years under the tutelage of Doctor Lyman Beecher and with Henry Ward Beecher as a classmate, and going through that period of wild anti-slavery agitation there which nearly broke up the seminary and finally led to the splitting of the Presbyterian Church into its North and South branches—took up his first pastoral work, in 1839, in the little church of Pine Ridge, Adams County, Miss., and in 1841 removed to Woodville, Miss.—at which place I was born, in 1846, my mother being also from the North—and he lived in Woodville as pastor there and in New Orleans, and as president of Oakland College, Miss., until 1853.

During all my father's life in the South he was a true abolitionist. He knew the institution of slavery from the inside. He condemned the position of the South, particularly the position of the Southern church on slavery,† but he knew the Southern people and he loved them too. He devoted all his efforts to furthering the aims of the American Colonization Society, of which he was an officer, and in which he earnestly labored up to the time when war finally swept away all possibility of its success.

When the dark days of '61 came my father recognized that perhaps God, in his inscrutable knowledge, knew a better way, and he became a war parson and was one of the foremost in his calling to hold up the hands of the war President, and, unlike some other abolitionists of that day, he stayed by him to the end.

It has always been my belief that the reason why Abraham Lincoln and my father became such warm friends was because he brought to the President a certain inside knowledge of the South and its people, from an earnest and loyal follower, and Mr. Lincoln welcomed such direct information when they discussed together the perplexing problems of those days, as they so often did.

Thus it came about that I, even so young, going with my father, came to know Mr. Lincoln personally, and was able to sit with him for hours at a time, in his private office at the White House, and listen to those talks and discussions and observe him at close range, and study his every word and action at times when there was nothing to disturb, and when only one or two others were in the room.

The first time I saw Mr. Lincoln was in February, 1861, a few days before his inauguration, when, as President-elect, he was stopping at Willard's Hotel in Washington. A crowd was passing through his reception-room in a continual stream, so that I had only a few minutes to observe him, but I lingered as long as I could. At that time his countenance seemed to betray anxiety, or was it weariness from those continued handshakings? I could not determine which it was in the first and few moments of seeing his face. But as some friend would accompany the grasp of his hand with a word of cheer, or

* At that time Lane Seminary, at Cincinnati, Ohio, was a real college, with a theological department attached. Later the college proper was abandoned, and it became a theological seminary pure and simple. My father graduated from the college, but only spent two years there in his theological studies.

† "The Church and the Rebellion," by Robert L. Stanton, D.D., New York, 1864.



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a "God bless you," the warm grasp was returned, the hearty "Thank you" accompanied with that sweet, gentle smile of his; and at other times, when some one seemed to strike a tender chord by what was said, his eye became moist by what appeared to be a starting tear.

The first time I heard Mr. Lincoln speak was at his first inauguration. I was then fifteen years of age, but I stood near to him and drank in every word he said. My mind had been prepared by the discussion of possible events since the election of the previous November, and startled by the President-elect coming to Washington in disguise (though against his wish) to save him from threatening enemies, so that I was in a frame of mind full of excitement and expectation as I stood listening to those gentle, yet firm and earnest, utterances in that first inaugural, surrounded as I was, so close to the platform on which he stood, by that band of determined Northern and Western men who, known to but a few and unrecognizable to the crowd, were armed to the teeth to protect him and repel the threatened attack upon his person.

At this late day, I cannot recall a single sentence of that first address, nor shall I attempt to refresh my memory by reading it at this time. What impressed me then, and remains as clear to-day as ever, was the man and his character as they came to me not so much in what he said, but in the manner in which he spoke: gentle, loving, yet earnest, unafraid, determined, ready to take up any burden or any task and carry it through, as God gave him the strength.

Four years later, I stood on the same spot and listened to the President's second inaugural address.

During those four long, weary, suffering years, what burdens had he not borne? Burdens from the tragedies of the war itself, from the bickerings and slanders of those who should have been his stanchest friends, some almost within his own household, and from that deepest of personal sorrows when his beloved little son William died.

From the first time I met him, I saw gathering on his face, month by month, that sad, anxious, far-away expression that has so often been referred to and frequently been so exaggerated. Therefore, at that second inauguration, I think I was well fitted to understand the depth, the earnestness, and the sincerity of those immortal words: "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

But how came I, a boy so young, to understand at all the man of whom I speak, and the questions of those trying days?

The winter before, I had sat in the gallery of the Senate and the gallery of the House and heard those ominous, foreboding speeches, from both sides of the chambers; and later I listened to the orations of the great leaders, Charles Sumner in the Senate and Thaddeus Stevens in the House, as well as many others; besides the vindictive utterances of the "fire-eaters" from the South. I saw delegation after delegation withdraw from the Congress as their several States seceded from the Union, and heard the defiant yet sorrowful and tearful farewells of those Southern men who really loved their country well, but loved their States and their beliefs better.

With this education in national affairs in those stirring times, and my father's instructive talks at home—we were chums during all of his life—together with my reading of the newspapers of the day, I felt that I was somewhat posted on the problems of the hour, and I longed to hear something of those same problems from the lips of the great man who was leading, and was destined to lead, the nation through the darkest and bitterest experiences of its life.

My opportunity came at last. My father took me to see the President when he called to discuss with him some of those problems of the country and the war. My father was his personal friend and I did not wonder at his reception. But is it possible that I ever can forget the way Abraham Lincoln received me—a mere lad? His cordial manner, the warm grasp of that large, kind, gentle hand, the fascinating though almost evasive smile, and the simple word or two of welcome, were so earnest and sincere that I thought he intended me to understand—and so I felt—that he received me not as a boy, but as a man, though very young. That first warm hand-clasp (though later I had many more) from



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that good and great man is one of the most cherished memories of my life.

Of course, I did not enter into the conversation. I simply listened in admiration, drinking in every word he said with reverence, for I was not one of those who ever doubted him for a moment. My unbounded, youthful admiration had not lessened, but had expanded, from the first day I heard him speak—March 4, 1861.

At that very first meeting I heard Mr. Lincoln discuss and explain some of his perplexing problems and how he solved them. One in particular. It will be recalled that all through the war of the Rebellion, certain critical friends, as well as enemies, charged that in many of his acts the President went beyond his Constitutional and legal rights and exercised a power almost dictatorial.

On that, to me, memorable evening he discussed with my father this very phase of his administration of national and State affairs, for undoubtedly he had overstepped State rights. He freely acknowledged that some things he had done, and decisions he had made, were possibly beyond his constitutional right to do. Yet he knew the necessity, and with his bold, unafraid determination, and his clear and marvellous insight into the true nature of things, he, in those emergencies, did what he felt to be right, as God gave him the vision to see the right.

How did he explain his actions? In these few simple, and even humorous, words: "I am like the Irishman, I have to do some things 'unbeknownst to myself.'"

He never sought nor desired the opportunity to exercise his power, as is so clearly shown by his long, patient, yet sorrowful consideration before he performed his greatest act. This, also, he at other times discussed with my father. The one object he always kept in view was to save the Union of the States, and not simply to abolish slavery. And he continued unmoved by the howls of all abolitiondom and the arguments of those who thought they knew better than he; patiently waiting for the proper time to do the right thing. And when he found it, and not before, then it was that he used his power and put his name to the Emancipation Proclamation.

I had seen Mr. Lincoln many times before I first met him, but this was the first time that I had had the privilege and honor of sitting close to him and studying him at leisure.

Through the whole of the campaign of 1860, while recognizing his ability, he had been characterized as "Old Abe," the long, lank, gawky rail-splitter. On coming to Washington he had been ridiculed for the manner in which he had entered the city, and spoken of as that rough, uncouth Westerner from the prairies of Illinois who had dared to come among the exclusive, high-born, generally Southern people of the capital. I, as a boy, knew many of the families of those old, exclusive, pre-war Washingtonians, for I had lived there with my grandmother on my mother's side, an English woman who went to Washington about 1800, and I had heard, more particularly from the dames of society, those bitter, cutting remarks about Mr. Lincoln's uncouth mannerisms and uncivilized behavior.

What was my surprise, then, when I saw him and heard him at that first inauguration! There I saw a tall, square-shouldered man with long arms and legs, but, as he came down the east steps of the Capitol and onto the platform from which he spoke, he walked with such a dignified carriage and seeming perfect ease, that there was dispelled forever from my mind the idea that he was in any way uncouth or at a loss to know the proper thing to do or how to do it.

When he began to speak I was again surprised, on account of what I had heard of him. He spoke so naturally, without any attempted oratorical effect, but with such an earnest simplicity and firmness, that he seemed to me to have but one desire as shown in his manner of speaking—to draw that crowd close to him and talk to them as man to man.

His manner was that of perfect self-possession. He seemed to me to fully appreciate his new and unexpected surroundings, to understand perfectly the enormous responsibilities he was undertaking, but at the same time to have perfect confidence in himself that, with

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God's help, which he always invoked, he could and would carry them through to a successful conclusion.

As Colonel Henry Watterson has so clearly expressed his own impressions on hearing the same inaugural, "He delivered that inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life."

It was, however, when sitting close to him in his office, listening to those animated and earnest discussions, as well as on other occasions, that I learned to know him and understand, as I thought, his almost every movement.

When sitting in his chair in quiet repose, leaning back listening to others; when he was preparing to reply, as he straightened up and even leaned forward; or while pacing the floor listening or speaking, I never saw him once when, as was so often said, he seemed in the least at a loss to know what to do with his hands or how to carry his large feet. His every movement, his every gesture, seemed so natural, so simple, so unconscious, and yet so suited to the matter in hand and the circumstances at the time, that they impressed me as singularly graceful. Graceful may seem to some a rather strong word to use.

It is true that his figure was tall, lean, possibly lank, and in a sense "ungainly." Yet with all this he had that dignity of bearing, that purposeful, self-possessed, and natural pose which, to me, not only demanded admiration but inspired reverence on almost every occasion. In intimate association, the movements of his body and the gestures of his arms and hands were so pleasing that all impressions of ungainliness were swept away. So I say, Mr. Lincoln was singularly graceful.

Is it any wonder then that when some years ago I stood before that statue of some imagined Lincoln which Barnard had brought forth, and patiently studied it, the result was to produce in me a feeling of profound sorrow that such a grotesque caricature should ever have been made of the man whom I knew personally and loved so well?

Mr. Lincoln's hands and feet were large, but not unduly so in proportion to the size of his body. And many large things, even though not symmetrically beautiful in themselves, can be graceful both in repose and in the delicate curves and the sensitiveness of their movements.

Mr. Lincoln's walk, whether while quietly moving about his office, on the street, or on more stately occasions, was most dignified, easy, natural, and pleasing. His head was usually bent a trifle forward but not bowed, except on special occasions. There was, to me at least, no evidence of loose joints, jerky movement, or clumsiness. At one time I saw him under circumstances which, if any could bring out those reputed defects in his carriage, should have done so. It was at a meeting of the Houses of Congress, gathered in the House of Representatives to celebrate some victory of the war. The chamber was packed, and the galleries overflowed with men and women. I sat in a front-row seat. The door opened on the opposite side, and as the Marine Band played "Hail to the Chief," Mr. Lincoln entered. The whole audience rose and cheered. He glanced up at the throng and there appeared on his countenance a bright, beautiful, but gentle smile of thanks, nothing more. In a moment this was gone, and holding himself perfectly erect, with an expression of unconcern and self-possession, he walked across the hall up to the speaker's desk with a simple grandeur and profound dignity that would be difficult for any one to surpass.

At another time I saw what at first surprised me greatly. It was at the great review of General McClellan's Army of the Potomac, that army that had been getting ready so long. Seventy-five thousand men of all arms were gathered on the Virginia plain, and a throng had come out from the capital to see them. In a little carriage my father, mother, and I were among the spectators. We were placed within twenty feet of where the President's carriage stood. The military spectacle was of course inspiring, but what interested me more was observing Mr. Lincoln's part in the grand review.

Only lately I was asked, here in New York, whether it was true that Mr. Lincoln went to that review dressed in an old, yellowish linen suit. It was not. He was dressed in his accustomed black

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broadcloth, long frock coat, and usual high silk hat, this time a new one.

I was close enough to him to clearly note his every movement and see the expression of his face. As the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States rode down that long line, mounted on a magnificent charger, followed by the general and his staff, he sat and rode his horse as if it were the one thing in the world he knew how to do. He sat perfectly erect, not stiffly, but at perfect ease, and in all that throng of trained military men there was not a general who bore himself with more, no, not as much, dignity, and rode with more true military bearing than the President.

This was one time when I saw him, as he rode down the line, when his face seemed never to change. His eyes then were not listless, his whole countenance beamed with one expression—that of pride in the thoroughly organized army that he believed would bring victory.

After the review was over the single road leading from where we were was filled with carriages bound for Washington. My father whipped his horse in line immediately behind the carriage of the President. It has always been a wonder to me that after that military pageant the commander-in-chief of the army was not provided with a cavalry escort to clear the way and protect him from possible accident. His carriage was merely one in a long line of similar carriages hurrying home as best they could. John Hay sat on the back seat with the President. As the procession ahead slowed up or halted, Mr. Hay turned round and raised his hand in warning to us not to run over them.

I have said that Mr. Lincoln's movements were graceful. What is it that compels me to declare that his face, to me at least, was beautiful? Again, beautiful may be a strong word to use, but I do not mean "pretty." No! not anything so common.

I know his cheekbones were too prominent, his cheeks somewhat sunken, his mouth large and at times "ungainly," his chin, especially with the whiskers he wore, appeared too far out from his mouth, his whole face furrowed (but not nearly so deep as generally supposed), and his eyes "half listless." This latter, however, not always so even when inactive, but only on special occasions.

I saw him when he was cheerful, gay, convulsed in hilarious laughter; saw him when he was being twitted by a friend, when he was humorously acknowledging the justice of that twitting; saw him when he was sad and sorrowful, sad from his own sorrows, sad for the sorrows of others, sad and at the same time cheerful for his sick and wounded boys in blue, sad and worried over the suffering of his country. I saw all these moods at various times; and each and every feature of his face exactly as it was, but there was a something that came out from behind them, and spoke not in words, but shone and spoke through them by means of them, and turned them all into real beauty. And in all these moods, first or last, that spirit of beauty which I saw spread over his whole countenance and drew one to him as by the power of magic.

It was when sitting perfectly quiet, listening to some important statement or argument, studying some complex problem, that those features which have been called ungainly showed more plainly. At such times the furrows of his face seemed deeper, the eyes more listless, and the large mouth looked larger and more illy formed, but as he gathered the meaning of what was being said and seemed to be formulating his reply, the eyes began to open and you first saw the twinkle of stars, then the furrows in his cheeks almost disappeared, the mouth seemed to be completely re-formed, a light broke out, spreading all over his face. In important cases of discussion his eyes flashed veritable fire as he spoke, and, as has been said by another, there came from that mouth "flashes of genius and burning words, revelations as it were from the unknown." Then it was that the beauty which I saw was sublime.

If the matter in hand was of a lighter vein, the same awakening came, but the brighter light of his face turned into that charming smile, gentle, evasive, or sparkling and humorous, which always appeared to me so bewitching. So, whenever I happened to be near him and at first saw that sorrowful, depressed, far-away expression we have heard so much

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about and which under the burdens he was bearing did darken his face frequently, I had only to wait, sometimes only moments, until the real spirit of the man, his hopefulness, his trustfulness, his cheerfulness, returned and each feature regained its share of that real beauty of soul that shone through them, which held me and every one who knew him so firmly and drew me to him by some very natural yet magical power that swept away every impression and memory of his appearance except that of beauty.

I was once asked to examine a collection of more than one hundred original photographs of Mr. Lincoln and pick out the one I thought the best likeness of the man as I had known him. In many of them I could see a perfect picture of his face as I had seen him (*at times*), but none of these was my Lincoln nor was it the Lincoln as the other men of those days knew him.

The picture I was looking for was one that showed something of the spirit of the man as I have feebly attempted to describe it. At last I found it. It was the same one I had had in my collection—so unfortunately burned—and which I had cherished since 1861.

It is true that this photograph was taken before the burdens of the Civil War had pressed so heavily upon him, but all the earnestness of his character is there, some of the sadness, and much of the brightness and joyfulness of his spirit (although it does seem suppressed), and some little, also, of that light which I have spoken of as coming out through those rugged features. This picture comes nearer than any photograph of which I know in portraying something of that startling magical power which drew all men to him and held them enchanted when in his presence, even though the "beauty," which I saw, of sparkling eye and smile, may be lacking.

Every one remembers the account given of the night in November, 1864, when the returns were coming in from the election, and how it seemed to others, especially to the secretary of war, that Mr. Lincoln gave so little heed to the momentous occasion as he sat reading a humorous story. But that Mr. Lincoln from the very first was most deeply interested in the prospects and outcome of that second election, the following incident, in my father's intercourse with the President, will show.

Calling one day at the White House, in May, 1864, about eleven o'clock, he found the anteroom and passages filled. Men and women, well dressed and not so well, from all parts of the country, with not a few officials in civil stations and some with shoulder-straps and brass buttons, were among the eager multitude. Many had sent in their cards or letters, and others were sending them. This privilege was denied to no one, but it was not "First come, first served." The President received those whom he wished to see, regardless of who might be waiting, however exalted their positions may have been; so my father decided to try a little "strategy."

Each winter throughout the war, he had been living in Kentucky, associated with some of the political and ministerial leaders of that State. He knew that Mr. Lincoln was looking forward to a nomination for re-election, at the coming Baltimore Convention, and only a few days before my father had received in Washington a letter from a distinguished citizen of Kentucky giving his views on the prospects of the approaching political campaign there. The Kentucky State elections occurred in August. The writer of that letter was the Reverend Robert J. Breckinridge, D.D., who afterward became temporary chairman of the Baltimore Convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln for his second term. My father's little strategy was simply sending in his card, with this inscription: "*With a letter from Doctor R. J. Breckinridge on the political situation in Kentucky.*"

In a very few minutes the messenger returned and called aloud for "Doctor Stanton," and he was admitted at once. A delegation from Arkansas was just retiring. When they had gone, the President welcomed him in the most cordial manner. The position of Doctor Breckinridge, a Southern man, upon the war had become well known throughout the country by means of his vigorous articles appearing in the Danville *Quarterly Review* in favor of the Union cause. He

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differed from the President touching the policy of his Emancipation Proclamation and had published his dissenting views, but he remained his firm friend notwithstanding this difference, and was heartily in favor of his renomination at Baltimore. All this the President well knew and hence, apparently, his eagerness to see the letter which my father had. As he was more familiar with the handwriting and as the letter was addressed to him, he proposed to read it. "No," said the President, "let me take it; I have never seen a letter from the old Kentucky patriarch, and I wish to see how he writes." He read the letter with great earnestness. It called the President's attention to what the writer in several particulars deemed essential to the political welfare of Kentucky. The President conversed for some time with my father on his views of the same questions, and with great interest on the affairs of what he said he was proud to call his native State, declaring that its course had often embarrassed and sometimes puzzled him, and added: "Tell the old doctor that each of his suggestions shall be remembered and complied with as far as possible; and especially tell him that when he comes to the Convention he must call and see me." They had never met up to that time.

It thus seems that even Mr. Lincoln was politically human, and that he attended to the repair of his political fences while distinguished visitors waited, however impatiently, in the anteroom.

One small incident in the life of Mr. Lincoln has always been a great comfort to me. I was not present at the time it occurred, so I will give it in the words of my father, written soon after and found among his papers:

On one occasion the President gave me what he was pleased to call an account of his "progress in spelling." The incident reveals the remarkable simplicity of Mr. Lincoln, and the open-heartedness of the man. It shows, moreover, his freedom of intercourse with a private citizen, divested of that stateliness of which some of his predecessors who have held his high office might have found it more difficult to relieve themselves.

Having some business at the War Department, and knowing that my success depended on the President's favor, and not being personally acquainted with the Secretary of War [Edwin M. Stanton and Dr. Stanton were not relatives], I called on the President for his aid. At this interview no visitor was present but myself. After stating my case and finding the President favorably disposed, I asked him if he would speak to the Secretary in my behalf. "Certainly I will," said he. Pausing a moment, he added: "Or, what is better, I will write him a note. Sit down and I will write it now."

He went to his desk and began writing, and in a few moments turned to me, looking up over his spectacles, and without my having the least premonition of what was coming, said:

"Ob-sta-cle: is that the way you spell obstacle?"

I was so disconcerted at this sudden and unexpected question that for the instant I was silent. Noticing my confusion, he laid down his pen and turned his revolving chair so as to face me, when, having recovered myself, I said: "I believe that is right, Mr. President."

He then said: "When I write an official letter, I want to be sure it is correct, and I find I am sometimes puzzled to know how to spell the most common word."

On my stating that this was not an unusual experience with many persons, he said: "I found about twenty years ago, that I had been spelling one word wrong all my life up to that time."

"What word is that, Mr. President?" I inquired. "It is *very*," he said. "I used always to spell it with two r's—v-e-r-r-y. And then there was another word which I found I had been spelling wrong until I came here to the White House."

On my inquiry for the word, he said:

"It is *opportunity*. I had always spelled it op-per-tunity."

In relating each of these instances of his "progress in spelling," as he called it, the President laughed heartily, spoke of the importance of giving attention to orthography, and then finished his letter to the Secretary of War, and handed it to me with a warm expression of hope that my mission might be successful. It was.

The last time I met Mr. Lincoln in his private office at the White House, and spent some time with him, was in June, 1864, though I saw him and met him many times afterward.

We called in company with the Honorable Jesse L. Williams, of Indiana, a few days previous to the time of the meeting of the Baltimore Convention, at which Mr. Lincoln was nominated for a second term. Judge Williams was an old-time personal friend of the President. He had been a member of the Chicago Convention when Mr. Lincoln was first nominated, and was now earnestly working to the end that he might be the nominee at Baltimore. Judge Williams held the office, under Mr. Lincoln's appointment, of government director of the Union Pacific Railway. He was on the most intimate

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and familiar terms with the President, and their social intercourse was always of the most free and cordial character.

When he arrived at the White House we were admitted at once into the President's room. When we entered there were two other gentlemen present, one a Mr. Ferry of Illinois, a delegate to the Baltimore Convention. Who the other was I have forgotten, but they soon departed, leaving us alone with Mr. Lincoln.

This particular call by Judge Williams and my father was for the purpose of discussing two special features of the then political and military situation, of deep interest to them at that time: the coming Baltimore Convention, and certain matters connected with the military government of the border States, particularly Kentucky and Missouri, as to the acts and preaching of some ministers of the church in those States.

My father was a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, and at that time was professor of pastoral theology and church government in the Danville Theological Seminary, Kentucky, and was in the midst of, and directly connected with, much of the troubles and discussions in those border States. Judge Williams was an elder in the same church.

Again I, of course, did not enter into the conversation or discussions of the interview, but I sat within five feet of the President, and again had the opportunity to study at close range his manner, the expression of his face, and every movement of his body while sitting and also while pacing the floor. The whole scene was indelibly stamped on my memory, and I clearly remember not only everything directly connected with the President but also many of the details of the conversation. Besides this, I have other notes of my father's and the exact words quoted here from Mr. Lincoln are taken from those old notes.

On the way up from Willard's Hotel Judge Williams said to my father that he had no doubt of Mr. Lincoln's nomination at Baltimore, either by acclamation or on the first ballot, notwithstanding the alienation of some prominent Republicans in Congress and elsewhere. He said, however, he thought he would have a little amusement and "rally the President" on the subject.

As soon as we were seated he inquired of him as to his prospects before the coming convention. The President replied in his quiet, undisturbed manner that he was not at all anxious about the result; that he wanted the people to be satisfied, but as he "had his hand in," he should like to keep his place until the war was finished; and yet, if the people wished a change in the presidency, he had no complaint to make.

"But," said the judge, with a smile and a peculiar twinkle of his eye, "the Convention may be in doubt about your policy on some important matters as to conducting the war; and if so, what then?"

"What do you mean, judge?" said the President.

"Well, Mr. President, I will be frank with you," said the judge, in a half-serious tone: "I have just been attending a very dignified and earnest convention where your opinions on the conduct of the war have been somewhat canvassed, and I found the body seriously divided in sentiment as to your position on one important question."

"Indeed," said the President, "you surprise me. But out with it. Tell us all about it."

"I will. I have been attending the meeting of the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in Newark, New Jersey, which has just adjourned; and while there a very animated discussion took place about your views on a certain matter concerning the conduct of the war, and the body seemed unable to agree as to where you stood."

"That is strange! But how came they to concern themselves on the subject?"

"You know," said the judge, "you wrote a letter to General Curtis, when he was in command at St. Louis, in reply to his inquiry about how he should deal with certain disloyal preachers who were troubling Missouri."

Some time before, it will be remembered, Doctor McPheeters, a Presbyterian clergyman of St. Louis, had been ordered out of Missouri by General Curtis for alleged acts of disloyalty to the United States Government. The general

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then wrote to the President for instructions in similar cases. The letter of Mr. Lincoln in reply was the one in which he had used the phrase—which afterward became famous by its frequent quotation—that "the government could not afford to run the churches." The Presbytery of St. Louis had taken some action in regard to Doctor McPheeters and his case had gone up to the general assembly, which met in Newark in May, 1864. The President's letter to General Curtis was read there, on the trial of Doctor McPheeters, and this was the letter to which Judge Williams alluded.

"Yes, I remember that letter," said the President.

"Well," said the judge, "on the trial of Doctor McPheeters by the general assembly, your letter to General Curtis was read. But the curious part of the affair was this: One party read one portion of your letter and claimed that the President was on their side, and the other party read another portion of the same letter and claimed that the President was on their side. So it seems, Mr. President, that it is not so easy to tell where you stand."

At this Mr. Lincoln joined in a hearty laugh, not one of his vivid, comprehensive smiles, but a real outspoken hearty laugh, and then told the following story:

"That reminds me forcibly," he said, "of what occurred many years ago in Illinois. A farmer and his son were out in the woods one day, hunting a sow. At length, after a long and fruitless search, they came to what they call 'a branch' out there, where they found hog tracks and rootings-out for some distance on both sides of the branch. 'Now, John,' said the old man, 'you take up on this side of the branch and I'll go up t'other, for I believe the old critter is on both sides.'"

Of course, the rest of us laughed heartily, but Mr. Lincoln, as I distinctly recall it, only smiled. As his story was drawing to a close, his face lit up and a faint smile began to appear which increased at the end and broadened as the others laughed.

It has been said that Mr. Lincoln was so depressed by the actuality of the war that he never really laughed outright. That is a mistake. I saw him and heard him laugh heartily and loudly more than once during those darkest days. To me he had three distinct smiles. The first was when speaking he seemed to wish to impress you with the interest he had in you. This smile was very faint, but beautiful and bewitching. The second was much more open and broad, and when listening to another speak. The laughter came when that other turned a humorous point, and particularly when that point was turned against the President. Of the third smile I shall speak in a moment.

It was not my pleasure to know Mrs. Lincoln personally, but I saw her many times under varied circumstances. She was a much maligned and misunderstood woman.

For many months, during the war, I acted as a volunteer visiting day nurse in the hospitals in Washington and Georgetown. I assisted the regular nurses, and occasionally helped the surgeons, and did my little bit to cheer the sick and wounded. So that I saw some things that the public could not see. Many times I saw Mrs. Lincoln come to those hospitals, go through the wards distributing flowers, little gifts, kind words, smiles, and sympathy to the suffering heroes. And these little acts were done in a manner that, it would seem to me, they could not have been done except by one whose whole heart was in the cause and in the same way as that of her husband, and whose love and active help were given freely and sincerely to those suffering boys in blue.

It was on similar occasions that I was enabled to note that third smile on Mr. Lincoln's face, of which I have spoken. He also came to the hospitals frequently, sometimes with his wife, but usually alone, when I saw him.

As he alighted from his carriage and entered the building, particularly toward the end of the war, I was impressed by the sadness of his countenance. It seemed as though all the suffering in that hospital had come out to meet him and had entered into his face. As he went along the rows of cots, pausing here and there and leaning over some especially suffering lad to speak a kind word or two, the sadness of his face did not entirely dis-

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appear, but over it came a light and such a bright, cheering, though gentle smile that his whole countenance was illumined by something more than human interest, as sympathy and love came out to the boy, from his very soul. Those were some of the times when I felt that no one could see in that charming face anything except beauty.

On the night of April 14, 1865, I was nowhere near Ford's Theatre. We were living then in the old home on North B Street, Capitol Hill. Everything was so quiet there that we did not hear of the tragedy of the night until the next morning. As soon as possible I went down to the neighborhood of the theatre. What surprised me most was the smallness of the crowd gathered there at that time. I had no difficulty in moving about close to the steps of the house opposite, where the remains of the President still lay. I stood very close to those steps until finally there came out that little band of mourners and gently placed the body of the murdered President in the hearse.

What surprised me most, as I think of that day, was the small number of followers that accompanied that sad little procession. There were so few people that followed, I was able to walk close to the carriages and at times I was so near that I could have laid my hand on the wheel of the hearse. I followed all the way to the White House grounds. Nor did the crowd increase to any great proportions, as we neared the end.

At the east gate of the White House, there were soldiers and no one was admitted to the grounds. I had gone a little ahead and stood on the pavement close to the gate. This absence of a great crowd on such an occasion was not due to any want of interest or sympathy, but was rather caused, as it seemed to me, by the terrible shock that had passed over the city, and because every one was so depressed that but few had the desire to rush forward to form or join a crowd. Those on the sidewalks stopped and with bowed and uncovered heads stood still in silence and grief. That there were so few gathered at the gate of the White House grounds, this little incident will show.

I had pushed forward and taken my place on the sidewalk close to the carriageway, and turning to look at the little funeral cortège approaching, I saw an old negro woman, a typical Southern cook, her head wrapped in a red-and-yellow bandanna, and her large blue-and-white kitchen apron still on, come running across the street. She passed in front of the hearse and had no difficulty in taking her place beside me within two feet of where it would pass.

Even at that early hour the negroes of the capital had been stunned, then driven to almost frenzy, by the rumor that now Mr. Lincoln was dead they would all be put back into slavery.

As the little procession passed in, great tears rolled down the cheeks of that old negress, and she gathered her big apron over her face and sobbed aloud. Then there seemed to come to her soul a great light and a great courage. She dropped her apron and said in a firm though broken voice: "They needn't to crow yet. God ain't dead!"

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# EACH IN HIS GENERATION

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

Author of "John O'May," etc.

Illustration by Harry Townsend

EVERY afternoon at four o'clock, except when the weather was very bad—autumn, winter, and spring—old Mr. Henry McCain drove up to the small, discreet, polished front door, in the small, discreet, fashionable street in which lived fairly old Mrs. Thomas Denby; got out, went up the white marble steps, rang the bell, and was admitted into the narrow but charming hall—dim turquoise-blue velvet panelled into the walls, an etching or two: Whistler, Brangwyn—by a trim parlor-maid. Ten generations, at least, of trim parlor-maids had opened the door for Mr. McCain. They had seen the sparkling victoria change, not too quickly, to a plum-colored limousine; they had seen Mr. McCain become perhaps a trifle thinner, the color in his cheeks become a trifle more confined and fixed, his white hair grow somewhat sparser, but beyond that they had seen very little indeed, although, when they had left Mr. McCain in the drawing-room with the announcement that Mrs. Denby would be down immediately, and were once again seeking the back of the house, no doubt their eyebrows, blonde, brunette, or red, apexed to a questioning angle.

In the manner of youth the parlor-maids had come, worked, fallen in love and departed, but Mr. McCain, in the manner of increasing age, had if anything grown more faithful and exact to the moment. If he were late the fraction of five minutes, one suspected that he regretted it, that it came near to spoiling his entire afternoon. He was not articulate, but occasionally he expressed an idea and the most common was that he "liked his things as he liked them"; his eggs, in other words, boiled just so long, no more—after sixty years of inner debate on the subject he had apparently arrived at the conclusion that boiled eggs were the only kind of eggs permissible—his life punctual and serene. The smallest manifestation of unexpectedness disturbed him. Obviously that was one reason why, after a youth not altogether constant, he had become so utterly constant where Mrs. Denby was concerned. She had a quality of perenniality, charming and assuring, even to each strand of her delicate brown hair. Grayness should have been creeping upon her, but it was not. It was doubtful if Mr. McCain permitted himself, even secretly, to wonder why. Effects, fastidious and constant, were all he demanded from life.

This had been going on for twenty years—this afternoon call; this slow drive afterward in the park; this return by dusk to the shining small house in the shining small street; the good-by, reticently ardent, as if it were not fully Mr. McCain's intention to return again in the evening. Mr. McCain would kiss Mrs. Denby's hand—slim, lovely, with a single gorgeous sapphire upon the third finger. "Good-by, my dear," he would say, "you have given me the most delightful afternoon of my life." For a moment Mrs. Denby's hand would linger on the bowed head; then Mr. McCain would straighten up, smile, square his shoulders in their smart, young-looking coat, and depart to his club or the large, softly-lit house where he dwelt alone. At dinner he would drink two glasses of champagne. Before he drained the last sip of the second pouring he would hold the glass up to the fire, so that the bronze coruscations at the heart of the wine glowed like fireflies in a gold dusk. One imagined him saying to himself: "A perfect woman! A perfect woman—God bless her!" Saying "God bless" any one, mind you, with a distinct warming of the heart, but a thoroughly late-Victorian disbelief in any god to bless. . . . At least, you thought as much.

And, of course, one had not the slight-



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est notion whether he—old Mr. Henry McCain—was aware that this twenty years of devotion on his part to Mrs. Denby was the point upon which had come to focus the not inconsiderable contempt and hatred for him of his nephew Adrian.

It was an obvious convergence, this devotion of all the traits which composed, so Adrian imagined, the despicable soul that lay beneath his uncle's unangled exterior: undeviating self-indulgence; secrecy; utter selfishness—he was selfish even to the woman he was supposed to love; that is, if he was capable of loving any one but himself—a bland hypocrisy; an unthinking conformation to the dictates of an unthinking world. The list could be multiplied. But to sum it up, here was epitomized, beautifully, concretely, the main and minor vices of a generation for which Adrian found little pity in his heart; a generation brittle as ice; a generation of secret diplomacy; a generation that in its youth had covered a lack of bathing by a vast amount of perfume. That was it—! That expressed it perfectly! The just summation! Camellias, and double intentions in speech, and unnecessary reticences, and refusals to meet the truth, and a deliberate hiding of uglinesses!

Most of the time Adrian was too busy to think about his uncle at all—he was a very busy man with his writing: journalistic writing; essays, political reviews, propaganda—and because he was busy he was usually well-content, and not uncharitable, except professionally; but once a month it was his duty to dine with his uncle, and then, for the rest of the night, he was disturbed, and awoke the next morning with the dusty feeling in his head of a man who has been slightly drunk. Old wounds were recalled, old scars inflamed; a childhood in which his uncle's figure had represented to him the terrors of sarcasm and repression; a youth in which, as his guardian, his uncle had deprecated all first fine hot-bloodednesses and enthusiasms; a young manhood in which he had been told cynically that the ways of society were good ways, and that the object of life was material advancement; advice which had been followed by the stimulus of an utter refusal to assist financially except where absolutely necessary. There had been willingness, you understand, to provide a gentleman's education, but no willingness to provide beyond that any of a gentleman's perquisites. That much of his early success had been due to this heroic upbringing, Adrian was too honest not to admit, but then—by God, it had been hard! All the color of youth! No time to dream—except sorely! Some warping, some perversion! A gasping, heart-breaking knowledge that you could not possibly keep up with the people with whom, paradoxically enough, you were supposed to spend your leisure hours. Here was the making of a radical. And yet, despite all this, Adrian dined with his uncle once a month.

The mere fact that this was so, that it could be so, enraged him. It seemed a renunciation of all he affirmed; an implicit falsehood. He would have liked very much to have got to his feet, standing firmly on his two long, well-made legs, and have once and for all delivered himself of a final philippic. The philippic would have ended something like this:

"And this, sir, is the last time I sacrifice any of my good hours to you. Not because you are old, and therefore think you are wise, when you are not; not because you are blind and besotted and damned—a trunk of a tree filled with dry rot that presently a clean wind will blow away; not because your opinions, and the opinions of all like you, have long ago been proven the lies and idiocies that they are; not even because you haven't one single real right left to live—I haven't come to tell you these things, although they are true, for you are past hope and there is no use wasting words upon you; I have come to tell you that you bore me inexpressibly. (That would be the most dreadful revenge of all. He could see his uncle's face!) That you have a genius for taking the wrong side of every question, and I can no longer endure it. I dissipate my time. Good-night!"

He wouldn't have said it in quite so stately a way, possibly; the sentences would not have been quite so rounded, but the context would have been the same.

Glorious; but it wasn't said. Instead, once a month, he got into his dinner-jacket, brushed his hair very sleekly,

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walked six blocks, said good-evening to his uncle's butler, and went on back to the library, where, in a room rich with costly bindings, and smelling pleasantly of leather, and warmly yellow with the light of two shaded lamps, he would find his uncle reading before a crackling wood fire. What followed was almost a formula, an exquisite presentation of stately manners, an exquisite avoidance of any topic which might cause a real discussion. The dinner was invariably gentle, persuasive, a thoughtful gastronomic achievement. Heaven might become confused about its weather, and about wars, and things like that, but Mr. McCain never became confused about his menus. He had a habit of commending wine. "Try this claret, my dear fellow, I want your opinion. . . . A drop of this Napoleonic brandy won't hurt you a bit." He even sniffed the bouquet before each sip; passed, that is, the glass under his nose and then drank. But Adrian, with a preconceived image of the personality back of this, and the memory of too many offences busy in his mind, saw nothing quaint or amusing. His gorge rose. Damn his uncle's wines, and his mushrooms, and his soft-footed servants, and his house of nuances and evasions, and his white grapes, large and outwardly perfect, and inwardly sentimental as the generation whose especial fruit they were. As for himself, he had a recollection of ten years of poverty after leaving college; a recollection of sweat and indignities; he had also a recollection of some poor people whom he had known.

Afterward, when the dinner was over, Adrian would go home and awake his wife, Cecil, who, with the brutal honesty of an honest woman, also some of the ungenerosity, had early in her married life flatly refused any share in the ceremonies described. Cecil would lie in her small white bed, the white of her boudoir-cap losing itself in the white of the pillow, a little sleepy and a little angrily perplexed at the perpetual jesuitical philosophy of the male. "If you feel that way," she would ask, "why do you go there, then? Why don't you banish your uncle utterly?" She asked this not without malice, her long, violet, Slavic eyes widely open, and her red mouth, a trifle too large, perhaps, a trifle cruel, fascinatingly interrogative over her white teeth. She loved Adrian and had at times, therefore, the right and desire to torture him. She knew perfectly well why he went. He was his uncle's heir, and until such time as money and other anachronisms of the present social system were done away with, there was no use throwing a fortune into the gutter, even if by your own efforts you were making an income just sufficiently large to keep up with the increased cost of living.

Sooner or later Adrian's mind reverted to Mrs. Denby. This was usually after he had been in bed and had been thinking for a while in the darkness. He could not understand Mrs. Denby. She affronted his modern habit of thought.

"The whole thing is so silly and adventitious!"

"What thing?"

Adrian was aware that his wife knew exactly of what he was talking, but he had come to expect the question. "Mrs. Denby and my uncle." He would grow rather gently cross. "It has always reminded me of those present-day sword and-cloak romances fat business men used to write about ten years ago and sell so enormously—there's an atmosphere of unnecessary intrigue. What's it all about? Here's the point! Why, if she felt this way about things, didn't she divorce that gentle drunkard of a husband of hers years ago and marry my uncle outright and honestly? Or why, if she couldn't get a divorce—which she could—didn't she leave her hubsand and go with my uncle? Anything in the open! Make a break—have some courage of her opinions! Smash things; build them up again! Thank God nowadays, at least, we have come to believe in the cleanness of surgery rather than the concealing palliatives of medicine. We're no longer—we modern people—afraid of the world; and the world can never hurt for any length of time any one who will stand up to it and tell it courageously to go to hell. No! It comes back and licks hands.

"I'll tell you why. My uncle and Mrs. Denby are the typical moral cowards of their generation. There's selfishness, too. What a travesty of love! Of course there's scandal, a perpetual scandal; but

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it's a hidden, sniggering scandal they don't have to meet face to face; and that's all they ask of life, they, and people like them—never to have to meet anything face to face. So long as they can bury their heads like ostriches! . . . Faugh!" There would be a moment's silence; then Adrian would complete his thought. "In my uncle's case," he would grumble in the darkness, "one phase of the selfishness is obvious. He couldn't even get himself originally, I suppose, to face the inevitable matter-of-fact moments of marriage. It began when he was middle-aged, a bachelor—I suppose he wants the sort of Don Juan, eighteen-eighty, perpetual sort of romance that doesn't exist outside the brains of himself and his like. . . . Camellias!"

Usually he tried to stir up argument with his wife, who in these matters agreed with him utterly; even more than agreed with him, since she was the escaped daughter of rich and stodgy people, and had insisted upon earning her own living by portrait-painting. Theoretically, therefore, she was, of course, an anarchist. But at moments like the present her silent assent and the aura of slight weariness over an ancient subject which emanated from her in the dusk, affronted Adrian as much as positive opposition.

"Why don't you try to understand me?"

"I do, dearest!"—a pathetic attempt at eager agreement.

"Well, then, if you do, why is the tone of your voice like that? You know by now what I think. I'm not talking convention; I believe there are no laws higher than the love of a man for a woman. It should seek expression as a seed seeks sunlight. I'm talking about honesty; bravery; a willingness to accept the consequences of one's acts and come through; about the intention to sacrifice for love just what has to be sacrificed. What's the use of it otherwise? That's one real advance the modern mind has made, anyhow, despite all the rest of the welter and uncertainty."

"Of course, dearest."

He would go on. After a while Cecil would awake guiltily and inject a fresh, almost gay interest into her sleepy voice. She was not so unfettered as not to dread the wounded esteem of the unlistened-to male. She would lean over and kiss Adrian.

"Do go to sleep, darling! What's the sense? Pretty soon your uncle will be dead—wretched old man! Then you'll never have to think of him again." Being a childless woman, her red, a trifle cruel mouth, would twist itself in the darkness into a small, secretive, maternal smile.

But old Mr. Henry McCain didn't die; instead he seemed to be caught up in the condition of static good health which frequently companions entire selfishness and a careful interest in oneself. His butler died, which was very annoying. Mr. McCain seemed to consider it the breaking of a promise made fifteen or so years before. It was endlessly a trouble instructing a new man, and then, of course, there was Adlington's family to be looked after, and taxes had gone up, and Mrs. Adlington was a stout woman who, despite the fact that Adlington, while alive, had frequently interrupted Mr. McCain's breakfast newspaper reading by asserting that she was a person of no character, now insisted upon weeping noisily every time Mr. McCain granted her an interview. Also, and this was equally unexpected, since one rather thought he would go on living forever, like one of the damper sort of fungi, Mr. Denby came home from the club one rainy spring night with a slight cold and died, three days later, with extraordinary gentleness.

"My uncle," said Adrian, "is one by one losing his accessories. After a while it will be his teeth."

Cecil was perplexed. "I don't know exactly what to do," she complained. "I don't know whether to treat Mrs. Denby as a bereaved aunt, a non-existent family skeleton, or a released menace. I dare say now, pretty soon, she and your uncle will be married. Meanwhile, I suppose it is rather silly of me not to call and see if I can help her in any way. After all, we do know her intimately, whether we want to or not, don't we? We meet her about all the time, even if she wasn't motoring over to your uncle's place in the summer when we stop there."

So she went, being fundamentally kindly and fundamentally curious. She

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spoke of the expedition as "a descent upon Fair Rosamund's tower."

The small, yellow-panelled drawing-room, where she awaited Mrs. Denby's coming, was lit by a single silver vase-lamp under an orange shade and by a fire of thin logs, for the April evening was damp with a hesitant rain. On the table, near the lamp, was a silver vase with three yellow tulips in it, and Cecil, wandering about, came upon a double photograph frame, back of the vase, that made her gasp. She picked it up and stared at it. Between the alligator edgings, facing each other obliquely, but with the greatest amity, were Mr. Thomas Denby in the fashion of ten years before, very handsome, very well-groomed, with the startled expression which any definite withdrawal from his potational pursuits was likely to produce upon his countenance, and her uncle-in-law, Mr. Henry McCain, also in the fashion of ten years back. She was holding the photographs up to the light, her lips still apart, when she heard a sound behind her, and, putting the frame back guiltily, turned about. Mrs. Denby was advancing toward her. She seemed entirely unaware of Cecil's malfeasance; she was smiling faintly; her hand was cordial, grateful.

"You are very good," she murmured. "Sit here by the fire. We will have some tea directly."

Cecil could not but admit that she was very lovely; particularly lovely in the black of her mourning, with her slim neck, rising up from its string of pearls, to a head small and like a delicate white-and-gold flower. An extraordinarily well-bred woman, a sort of misty Du Maurier woman, of a type that had become almost non-existent, if ever it had existed in its perfection at all. And, curiously enough, a woman whose beauty seemed to have been sharpened by many fine-drawn renunciations. Now she looked at her hands as if expecting Cecil to say something.

"I think such calls as this are always very useless, but then——"

"Exactly—but then! They mean more than anything else in the world, don't they? When one reaches fifty-five one is not always used to kindness. . . . You are very kind. . . ." She raised her eyes.

Cecil experienced a sudden impulsive warmth. "After all, what did she or any one else know about other peoples' lives? Poor souls! What a base thing life often was!"

"I want you to understand that we are always so glad, both Adrian and myself. . . . Any time we can help in any way, you know——"

"Yes, I think you would. You—I have watched you both. You don't mind, do you? I think you're both rather great people—at least, my idea of greatness."

Cecil's eyes shone just a little; then she sat back and drew together her eager, rather childish mouth. This wouldn't do! She had not come here to encourage sentimentalization. With a determined effort she lifted her mind outside the circle of commiseration which threatened to surround it. She deliberately reset the conversation to impersonal limits. She was sure that Mrs. Denby was aware of her intention, adroitly concealed as it was. This made her uncomfortable, ashamed. And yet she was irritated with herself. Why should she particularly care what this woman thought in ways as subtle as this? Obvious kindness was her intention, not mental charity pursued into tortuous by-paths. And, besides, her frank, boyish cynicism, its wariness, revolted, even while she felt herself flattered at the prospect of the confidences that seemed to tremble on Mrs. Denby's lips. It wouldn't do to "let herself in for anything"; to "give herself away." No! She adopted a manner of cool, entirely reflective kindliness. But all along she was not sure that she was thoroughly successful. There was a lingering impression that Mrs. Denby was penetrating the surface to the unwilling interest beneath. Cecil suspected that this woman was trained in discriminations and half-lights to which she and her generation had joyfully made themselves blind. She felt uncomfortably young; a little bit smiled at in the most kindly of hidden ways. Just as she was leaving, the subversive softness came close to her again, like a wave of too much perfume as you open a church-door; as if some one were trying to embrace her against her will.

"You will understand," said Mrs. Denby, "that you have done the very nicest thing in the world. I am horribly

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lonely. I have few women friends. Perhaps it is too much to ask—but if you could call again sometime. Yes . . . I would appreciate it so greatly."

She let go of Cecil's hand and walked to the door, and stood with one long arm raised against the curtain, her face turned toward the hall.

"There is no use," she said, "in attempting to hide my husband's life, for every one knows what it was, but then—yes, I think you will understand. I am a childless woman, you see; he was infinitely pathetic."

Cecil felt that she must run away, instantly. "I do—" she said brusquely. "I understand more than other women. Perfectly! Good-by!"

She found herself brushing past the latest trim parlor-maid, and out once more in the keen, sweet, young dampness. She strode briskly down the deserted street. Her fine bronze eyebrows were drawn down to where they met. "Good Lord! Damn!"—Cecil swore very prettily and modernly—"What rotten taste! Not frankness, whatever it might seem outwardly; not frankness, but devious excuses! Some more of Adrian's hated past-generation stuff! And yet—no! The woman was sincere—perfectly! She had meant it—that about her husband. And she *was* lovely—and she was fine, too! It was impossible to deny it. But—a childless woman! About that drunken tailor's model of a husband! And then—Uncle Henry! . . ." Cecil threw back her head; her eyes gleamed in the wet radiance of a corner lamp; she laughed without making a sound, and entirely without amusement.

But it is not true that good health is static, no matter how carefully looked after. And, despite the present revolt against the Greek spirit, Time persists in being bigotedly Greek. The tragedy—provided one lives long enough—is always played out to its logical conclusion. For every hour you have spent, no matter how quietly or beautifully or wisely, Nemesis takes toll in the end. You peter out; the engine dulls; the shining coin wears thin. If it's only that it is all right; you are fortunate if you don't become greasy, too, or blurred, or scarred. And Mr. McCain had not spent all his hours wisely or beautifully, or even quietly, underneath the surface. He suddenly developed what he called "acute indigestion." "Odd!" he complained, "and exceedingly tiresome! I've been able to eat like an ostrich all my life." Adrian smiled covertly at the simile, but his uncle was unaware that it was because in Adrian's mind the simile applied to his uncle's conscience, not his stomach.

It *was* an odd disease, that "acute indigestion." It manifested itself by an abrupt tragic stare in Mr. McCain's eyes, a whiteness of cheek, a clutching at the left side of the breast; it resulted also in his beginning to walk very slowly indeed. One day Adrian met Carron, his uncle's physician, as he was leaving a club after luncheon. Carron stopped him. "Look here, Adrian," he said, "is that new man of your uncle's—that valet, or whatever he is—a good man?"

Adrian smiled. "I didn't hire him," he answered, "and I couldn't discharge him if I wanted—in fact, any suggestion of that kind on my part, would lead to his employment for life. Why?"

"Because," said Carron, "he impresses me as being rather young and flighty, and some day your uncle is going to die suddenly. He may last five years; he may snuff out to-morrow. It's his heart." His lips twisted pityingly. "He prefers to call it by some other name," he added, "and he would never send for me again if he knew I had told you, but you ought to know. He's a game old cock, isn't he?"

"Oh, very!" agreed Adrian. "Yes, game! Very, indeed!"

He walked slowly down the sunlit courtway on which the back door of the club opened, swinging his stick and meditating. Spring was approaching its zenith. In the warm May afternoon pigeons tumbled about near-by church spires which cut brown inlays into the soft blue sky. There was a feeling of open windows; a sense of unseen tulips and hyacinths; of people playing pianos. . . . Too bad, an old man dying that way, his hand furtively seeking his heart, when all this spring was about! Terror in possession of him, too! People like that hated to die; they couldn't see anything ahead. Well, Adrian reflected, the real tragedy

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of it hadn't been his fault. He had always been ready at the slightest signal to forget almost everything—yes, almost everything. Even that time when, as a sweating newspaper reporter, he had, one dusk, watched in the park his uncle and Mrs. Denby drive past in the cool seclusion of a shining victoria. Curious! In itself the incident was small, but it had stuck in his memory more than others far more serious, as concrete instances are likely to do. . . . No, he wasn't sorry; not a bit! He was glad, despite the hesitation he experienced in saying to himself the final word. He had done his best, and this would mean his own release and Cecil's. It would mean at last the blessed feeling that he could actually afford a holiday, and a little unthinking laughter, and, at thirty-nine, the dreams for which, at twenty-five, he had never had full time. He walked on down the courtway more briskly.

That Saturday night was the night he dined with his uncle. It had turned very warm; unusually warm for the time of year. When he had dressed and had sought out Cecil to say good-by to her he found her by the big studio window on the top floor of the apartment where they lived. She was sitting in the window-seat, her chin cupped in her hand, looking out over the city, in the dark pool of which lights were beginning to open like yellow water-lilies. Her white arm gleamed in the gathering dusk, and she was dressed in some diaphanous blue stuff that enhanced the bronze of her hair. Adrian took his place silently beside her and leaned out. The air was very soft and hot and embracing, and up here it was very quiet, as if one floated above the lower clouds of perpetual sound.

Cecil spoke at last. "It's lovely, isn't it?" she said. "I should have come to find you, but I couldn't. These first warm nights! You really understand why people live, after all, don't you? It's like a pulse coming back to a hand you love." She was silent a moment. "Kiss me," she said, finally. "I—I'm so glad I love you, and we're young."

He stooped down and put his arms about her. He could feel her tremble. How fragrant she was, and queer, and mysterious, even if he had lived with her now for almost fifteen years! He was infinitely glad at the moment for his entire life. He kissed her again, kissed her eyes, and she went down the stairs with him to the hall-door. She was to stop for him at his uncle's, after a dinner to which she was going.

Adrian lit a cigarette and walked instead of taking the elevator. It was appropriate to his mood that on the second floor some one with a golden Italian voice should be singing "Louise." He paused for a moment. He was reminded of a night long ago in Verona, when there had been an open window and moonlight in the street. Then he looked at his watch. He was late; he would have to hurry. It amused him that at his age he should still fear the silent rebuke with which his uncle punished unpunctuality.

He arrived at his destination as a near-by church clock struck the half-hour. The new butler admitted him and led him back to where his uncle was sitting by an open window; the curtains stirred in the languid breeze, the suave room was a little penetrated by the night, as if some sly, disorderly spirit was investigating uninvited. It was far too hot for the wood fire—that part of the formula had been omitted, but otherwise each detail was the same. "The two hundredth time!" Adrian thought to himself. "The two hundredth time, at least! It will go on forever!" And then the formula was altered again, for his uncle got to his feet, laying aside the evening paper with his usual precise care. "My dear fellow," he began, "so good of you! On the minute, too! I—" and then he stumbled and put out his hand. "My glasses!" he said.

Adrian caught him and held him upright. He swayed a little. "I— Lately I have had to use them sometimes, even when not reading," he murmured. "Thank you! Thank you!"

Adrian went back to the chair where his uncle had been sitting. He found the glasses—gold pince-nez—but they were broken neatly in the middle, lying on the floor, as if they had dropped from some one's hand. He looked at them for a moment, puzzled, before he gave them back to his uncle.

"Here they are, sir," he said. "But—

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*Drawn by Harry Townsend.*

"I have sacrificed a great deal for that . . . a great deal."—Page 52.



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it's very curious. They're broken in such an odd way."

His uncle peered down at them. He hesitated and cleared his throat. "Yes," he began; then he stood up straight, with an unexpected twist of his shoulders. "I was turning them between my fingers," he said, "just before you came in. I had no idea—no, no idea! Shall we go in? I think dinner has been announced."

There was the sherry in the little, deeply cut glasses, and the clear soup, with a dash of lemon in it, and the fish, and afterward the roast chicken, with vegetables discreetly limited and designed not to detract from the main dish; and there was a pint of champagne for Adrian and a mild white wine for his uncle. The latter twisted his mouth in a dry smile. "One finds it difficult to get old," he said. "I have always been very fond of champagne. More æsthetically I think than the actual taste. It seems to sum up so well the evening mood—dinner and laughter and forgetting the day. But now—" he flicked contemptuously the stem of his glass—"I am only allowed this uninspired stuff." He stopped suddenly and his face twisted into the slight grimace which Adrian in the past few weeks had been permitted occasionally to see. His hand began to wander vaguely over the white expanse of his shirt.

Adrian pushed back his chair. "Let me—!" he began, but his uncle waved a deprecating hand. "Sit down!" he managed to say. "Please!" Adrian sank back again. The color returned to his uncle's cheeks and the staring question left his eyes. He took a sip of wine.

"I cannot tell you," he observed with elaborate indifference, "how humiliating this thing is becoming to me. I have always had a theory that invalids and people when they begin to get old and infirm, should be put away some place where they can undergo the unpleasant struggle alone. It's purely selfish—there's something about the sanctity of the individual. Dogs have it right—you know the way they creep off? But I suppose I won't. Pride fails when the body weakens, doesn't it, no matter what the will may be?" He lifted his wine-glass. "I am afraid I am giving you a very dull evening, my dear fellow," he apologized. "Forgive me! We will talk of more pleasant things. I drink wine with you! How is Cecil? Doing well with her painting?"

Adrian attempted to relax his own inner grimness. He responded to his uncle's toast. But he wished this old man, so very near the mysterious crisis of his affairs, would begin to forego to some extent the habit of a lifetime, become a little more human. This ridiculous "façade"! The dinner progressed.

Through an open window the night, full of soft, distant sound, made itself felt once more. The candles, under their red shades, flickered at intervals. The noiseless butler came and went. How old his uncle was getting to look, Adrian reflected. There was a grayness about his cheeks; fine, wire-like lines about his mouth. And he was falling into that sure sign of age, a vacant absent-mindedness. Half the time he was not listening to what he, Adrian, was saying; instead, his eyes sought constantly the shadows over the carved sideboard across the table from him. What did he see there? What question was he asking? Adrian wondered. Only once was his uncle very much interested, and that was when Adrian had spoken of the war and the psychology left in its train. Adrian himself had not long before been released from a weary round of training-camps, where, in Texas dust, or the unpleasant resinous summer of the South, he had gone through a repetition that in the end had threatened to render him an imbecile. He was not illusioned. As separate personalities, men had lost much of their glamour for him; there had been too much sweat, too much crowding, too much invasion of dignity, of everything for which the world claimed it had been struggling and praying. But alongside of this revolt on his part had grown up an immense pity and belief in humanity as a mass—struggling, worm-like, aspiring, idiotic, heroic. The thought of it made him uncomfortable and at the same time elate.

His uncle shook a dissenting head. On this subject he permitted himself mild discussion, but his voice was still that of an old, wearied man, annoyed and bewildered. "Oh, no!" he said. "That's the very feature of it that seems to me most dreadful; the vermicular aspect; the massed uprising; the massed death.

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About professional armies there was something decent—about professional killing. It was cold-blooded and keen, anyway. But this modern war, and this modern craze for self-revelation! Naked! Why, these books—the young men kept their fingers on the pulses of their reactions. It isn't clean; it makes the individual cheap. War is a dreadful thing; it should be as hidden as murder." He sat back, smiled. "We seem to have a persistent tendency to become serious tonight," he remarked.

Serious! Adrian saw a vision of the drill-grounds, and smiled sardonically; then he raised his head in surprise, for the new butler had broken all the rules of the household and was summoning his uncle to the telephone in the midst of dessert. He awaited the expected rebuke, but it did not come. Instead, his uncle paused in the middle of a sentence, stared, and looked up. "Ah, yes!" he said, and arose from his chair. "Forgive me, Adrian, I will be back shortly." He walked with a new, just noticeable, infirmness toward the door. Once there he seemed to think an apology necessary, for he turned and spoke with absent-minded courtesy.

"You may not have heard," he said, "but Mrs. Denby is seriously ill. Her nurse gives me constant bulletins over the telephone."

Adrian started to his feet, then sat down again. "But—" he stuttered—"but—is it as bad as all that?"

"I am afraid," said his uncle gently, "it could not be worse." The curtain fell behind him.

Adrian picked up his fork and began to stir gently the melting ice on the plate before him, but his eyes were fixed on the wall opposite, where, across the shining table, from a mellow gold frame, a portrait of his grandfather smiled with a benignity, utterly belying his traditional character, into the shadows above the candles. But Adrian was not thinking of his grandfather just then, he was thinking of his uncle—and Mrs. Denby. What in the world—! Dangerously ill, and yet here had been his uncle able to go through with—not entirely calmly, to be sure; Adrian remembered the lack of attention, the broken eye-glasses; and yet, still able to go through with, not obviously shaken, this monthly farce; this dinner that in reality mocked all the real meaning of blood-relationship. Good Lord! To Adrian's modern mind, impatient and courageous, the situation was preposterous, grotesque. He himself would have broken through to the woman he loved, were she seriously ill, if all the city was cordoned to keep him back. What could it mean? Entire selfishness on his uncle's part? Surely not that! That was too inhuman! Adrian was willing to grant his uncle exceptional expertness in the art of self-protection, but there was a limit even to self-protection. There must be some other reason. Discretion? More likely, and yet how absurd! Had Mr. Denby been alive, a meticulous, a fantastic delicacy might have intervened, but Mr. Denby was dead. Who was there to wound, or who left for the telling of tales? A doctor and the servants. This was not altogether reasonable, despite what he knew of his uncle. Here was some oddity of psychology he could not follow. He heard the curtains stir as his uncle reentered. He looked up, attentive and curious, but his uncle's face was the mask to which he was accustomed.

"How is Mrs. Denby?" he asked.

Mr. McCain hesitated for the fraction of a second. "I am afraid, very ill," he said. "Very ill, indeed! It is pneumonia. I—the doctor thinks it is only a question of a little time, but—well, I shall continue to hope for the best." There was a metallic harshness to his concluding words. "Shall we go into the library?" he continued. "I think the coffee will be pleasanter there."

They talked again of the war; of revolution; of the dark forces at large in the world.

Through that hour or two Adrian had a nakedness of perception unusual even to his sensitive mind. It seemed to him three spirits were abroad in the quiet, softly-lit, book-lined room; three intentions that crept up to him like the waves of the sea, receded, crept back again; or were they currents of air? or hesitant, unheard feet that advanced and withdrew? In at the open windows poured at times the warm, enveloping scent of the spring; pervading, easily overlooked, lawless, per-

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sistent, inevitable. Adrian found himself thinking it was like the presence of a woman. And then, overlapping this, would come the careful, dry, sardonic tones of his uncle's voice, as if insisting that the world was an ordinary world, and that nothing, not even love or death, could lay disrespectful fingers upon or hurry for a moment the trained haughtiness of the will. Yet even this compelling arrogance was at times overtaken, submerged, by a third presence, stronger even than the other two; a presence that entered upon the heels of the night; the ceaseless murmur of the streets; the purring of rubber tires upon asphalt; a girl's laugh, high, careless, reckless. Life went on. Never for a moment did it stop.

"I am not sorry that I am getting old," said Mr. McCain. "I think nowadays is an excellent time to die. Perhaps for the very young, the strong—but for me, things are too busy, too hurried. I have always liked my life like potpourri. I like to keep it in a china jar and occasionally take off the lid. Otherwise one's sense of perfume becomes satiated. Take your young girls; they remain faithful to a love that is not worth being faithful to—all noise, and flushed laughter, and open doors." Quite unexpectedly he began to talk in a way he had never talked before. He held his cigar in his hand until the ash turned cold; his fingers trembled just a little.

"You have been very good to me," he said. Adrian raised startled eyes. "Very good. I am quite aware that you dislike me"—he hesitated and the ghost of a smile hovered about his lips—"and I have always disliked you. Please!" He raised a silencing hand. "You don't mind my saying so? No. Very well, then, there is something I want to tell you. Afterward I will never mention it again. I dare say our mutual dislike is due to the inevitable misunderstanding that exists between the generations. But it is not important. The point is that we have always been well-bred toward each other. Yes, that is the point. You have always been a gentleman, very considerate, very courteous. I cannot help but admire you. And I think you will find I have done the best I could. I am not a rich man, as such things go nowadays, but I will hand you on the money that will be yours quite unimpaired, possibly added to. I feel very strongly on that subject. I am old-fashioned enough to consider the family the most important thing in life. After all, we are the only two McCains left." He hesitated again, and twisted for a moment his bloodless hands in his lap, then he raised his eyes and spoke with a curious hurried embarrassment. "I have sacrificed a great deal for that," he said. "Yes, a great deal."

The soft-footed butler stood at his elbow, like an actor in comedy suddenly cast for the rôle of a portentous messenger.

"Miss Niles is calling you again, sir," he said.

"Oh, yes!—ah—Adrian, I am very sorry, my dear fellow. I will finish the conversation when I come back."

This time the telephone was within earshot; in the hall outside. Adrian heard his uncle's slow steps end in the creaking of a chair as he sat down; then the picking up of the receiver. The message was a long one, for his uncle did not speak for fully a minute; finally his voice drifted in through the curtained doorway.

"You think . . . only a few minutes?"

". . . Ah, yes! Conscious? Yes. Well, will you tell her, Miss Niles?—yes, please listen very carefully—tell her this. That I am not there because I dared not come. Yes; on her account. She will understand. My heart—it's my heart. She will understand. I did not dare. For her sake, not mine. Tell her that. She will understand. Please be very careful in repeating the message, Miss Niles. Tell her I dared not come because of my heart. . . . Yes; thank you. That's it. . . . What? Yes, I will wait, Miss Niles."

Adrian, sitting in the library, suddenly got to his feet and crossed to the empty fireplace and stood with his back to it, enlightenment and a puzzled frown struggling for possession of his face. His uncle's heart! Ah, he understood, then! It was discretion, after all, but not the kind he thought—a much more forgiveable discretion. And, yet, what possible difference could it make should his uncle die suddenly in Mrs. Denby's house? Fall dead across her bed, or die kneeling beside it? Poor, twisted old fool, afraid

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even at the end that death might catch him out; afraid of a final undignified gesture.

A motor blew its horn for the street crossing. Another girl laughed; a young, thin, excited girl, to judge by her laughter. The curtains stirred and again there was that underlying scent of tulips and hyacinths; and then, from the hall outside, came the muffled thud of a receiver falling to the floor. Adrian waited. The receiver was not picked up. He strode to the door. Crumpled up over the telephone was old Mr. McCain.

Cecil came later. She was very quick and helpful, and jealously solicitous on Adrian's account, but in the taxicab going home she said the one thing Adrian had hoped she wouldn't say, and yet was sure she would. She belonged to a sex which, if it is honest at all, is never reticently so. She believed that between the man she loved and herself there were no possible mental withdrawals. "It is very tragic," she said, "but much better—you know it is better. He belonged to the cumberers of the earth. Yes, so much better; and this way, too!"

In the darkness her hand sought his. Adrian took it, but in his heart was the same choked feeling, the same knowledge that something was gone that could not be found again, that, as a little boy, he had had when they sold, at his father's death, the country place where he had spent his summers. Often he had lain awake at night, restless with the memory of heliotrope, and phlox, and mignonette, and afternoons quiet except for the sound of bees.

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# A PRAYER

## By C. L. Saxby

BEING that hast brought me hither,
God of justice all divine,
Make me strong, and make me sturdy,
God of mine.

Keep the path that's straight and narrow
Lighted, so that I may see.
When I grope in blindness, Father,
Steady me.

Other pathways are much smoother.
I am weak, as Thou dost know,
And they sorely tempt me, Father,
As I go.

Oft I've stumbled near to falling
On these stones that round me lie,
But I want to reach that hilltop
Ere I die.

Grant me patience to support me
As a staff yon summit toward.
Grant me judgment that shall guide me
As a sword.

Give me, too, a will unflinching
As a comrade, tried and true,
That shall hold me up and bring me
Home to you.

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# THE HOPE OF CHINA

## THE MODERN SCHOOLBOY OVERCOMES TRADITION

By C. LeRoy Baldridge

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS MADE IN CHINA BY MR. BALDRIDGE

TWENTY years ago beside the swift yellow waters of the Yangtze was started a foreign school. The site chosen, a pleasant hilltop, like every desirable spot in China was covered with the grave mounds of long centuries. And, indeed, it was at no small trouble and risk that the "foreign devils" first cleared this ground, reburying the countless bones and making financial settlement with squabbling descendants. For not only those had to be appeased who in true Chinese fashion, living only that they might pay homage to their dead ancestors, the sooner to become ancestors themselves, felt horror at disturbing this repose on the hillsides, but those who, scenting strings of "cash," suddenly discovered family ties among neglected skulls and with righteous fervor claimed their own. The ground finally prepared, buildings were built and a staff of teachers collected. Everything was in readiness. Everything except one rather important factor—the pupils. Now, this school was a new venture, being not only a foreign school, an institution regarded more with animosity than favor, but also —unheard-of impudence!—a school for girls. The weeks lengthened into months and no girl students appeared. It became evident that the carefully prepared banquet was to have no guests. Why educate a girl, parents exclaimed, when she's good only to be married into another family? The situation required resourceful methods, and those adopted surely are unique in the annals of education. The American head teacher procured his beginning class of five by going out to the nearest slave market and buying them, five slave girls. . . . This was twenty years ago.

To-day I landed at this village five hundred miles up the Yangtze from Shanghai. A barge clung to the side of the river steamer just long enough to al-



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low me, and a bunch of squawking geese tied by their legs on a straw rope, and my bags, and a dozen coolies to be slid down a wet gang-plank upon the heads of the oarsmen—dumped as a steam-shovel lets slide a load of gravel. Then the barge slipped down with the current and the eight rowers struggled against it standing on the prow, their eight blue-brown backs glistening in the sun with the same strong curve as their long oars dipped in rhythm to a hi-yaa! chant. Then the scramble of a landing, and my boy lost with the bags in the midst of fourteen rickshaw coolies bargaining for the honor of pulling me three miles for nine coppers.

A student at St. John's University, Shanghai.

Now instead of merely memorizing the Analects of Confucius, he studies them with relation to the ethical theories of other countries.

Since the days of the first slave school-girls, to all outward appearances the village has not changed. A street just wide enough for two rickshaws to pass, scraping hubs, paved (in the year 950) with irregular flat stones stuck in a black mud, and swarming with humanity through which the lucky coolie jostles a path cry-

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ing upon the world to "make way for the foreign official!" "Official," because he's counting on a generous "comshaw" above the nine coppers. On every side filth. Through gray slime on the street every crack, the littlest ones in those flapping bifurcated trousers, just a sagging bag on each leg, the efficiency of which is all too obvious. Amongst them a splash of color, a heavily embroidered

Throughout China less than three per cent of the four hundred million can read or write.—Page 64.

stones paddle grimy bare feet. Coolies jog along carrying buckets of vile fertilizer stuff over which crawls a layer of swarming maggots. A housewife tosses swill into the sickening canal under her kitchen, a moment later to draw a tub of water from the same canal to make tea. Everywhere children. They pop from jacket of blue and flaming red with a head-dress of bobbing pompons. And all dressed like girls, for the devils, you know, will not stoop to molest such worthless creatures; or, perhaps, with a hoop of silver around the neck, a dog collar; for neither do devils bother their heads about dogs. And truly the dogs *are* of

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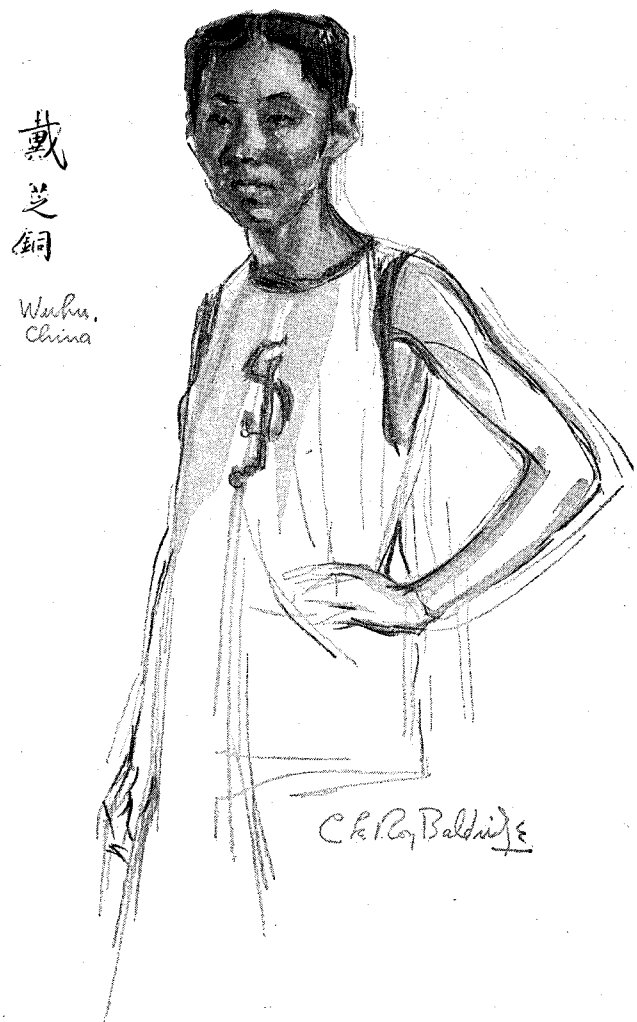
little account. As I bump along (the rickshaws here have iron tires) a score of these creatures take up the trail. Mangy curs covered with sores, their sharp ribs pushing through worthless hides, starved. and the hysterical voices of a street quarrel.

Suddenly I enter a walled compound. In the instant the gate closes behind me all the filth and discord through which I




Tai Chī Tong, a "letter man" of St. John's High School, Wuhu.
His adopted name is Washington.

For *wonks* are in unusual luck if they find any scraps left over from a meal in China. They add their yelps to the discordant chorus: screeching of ungreased wheelbarrows, raucous hawkers chanting the glories of steaming rice or potatoes ("they taste like new-ripe pears, Heavenborn"), have just passed are swept aside in the discovery of a new world. The path, streaked with warm sunlight filtering through a bamboo hedge, leads to the cheery fresh green of an ample lawn. Through a lace of tree-tops the fine long sweep of Chinese roofs blends into a sky-

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Dressed in the silks of his mandarin ancestors, Pong Rae attends the same classes as the poor student whose way is paid by church funds.

line of temple buildings on the hill. Gazing on this tranquillity, I wonder how it can possibly exist side by side with the squalor I have just seen.

It is the modern school. Boys of all ages in their long, flowing frocks are passing to classes. Their faces, in striking contrast to those of the slovenly youngsters outside the walls, are alert, eyes lively. "We notice their expressions change with the months here," the head master says, "but the transformation is even more marked in the girls' compound."

On a large open field an Association football match is in progress. "We haven't been able to start American football yet," explains my guide, "because unlike our boys at home the Chinese have never been taught the use of their hands in games. Basket-ball they find very hard, and they are afraid of baseball—'iron ball' they call it." When one remembers that among cultured Chinese trained through centuries in the tradition of idle leisure a game like football is revolutionary, he sees how far these youngsters in Western athletic uniforms have raced beyond the long-nailed scholar of the past generation!

The value sport has in developing "team-work" is recognized. Among these people living under a government—rather, lack of government—of officials the most corrupt in the world, that qual-



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ity of co-operation is absolutely necessary to lift the Chinese nation out of chaos. Students are realizing this. After their strike of last summer, protesting against is keeping alive the boycott against Japanese goods. And they have been so successful that Chinese throughout the country will not buy even a box of matches

Kwei Cheng Foo, captain of the football team.
A type of the new student.

the Shantung affair—a protest so effective that two cabinet ministers resigned—there was perfected a general organization of student committees between all the schools, with central delegates at Peking. At present their main activity without the label "Made in China," while millions of taels of Japanese stuffs have been turned over by merchants to students' bonfires. China is learning to use the team-work of the football field in its struggle against political injustice.

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In a dozen schools I visited, every one had all the pupils it could take care of, and the little Chinese girl, instead of beginning to work in the rice-fields with bound feet, is attending a Christian kindergarten in Tai-an-fu.



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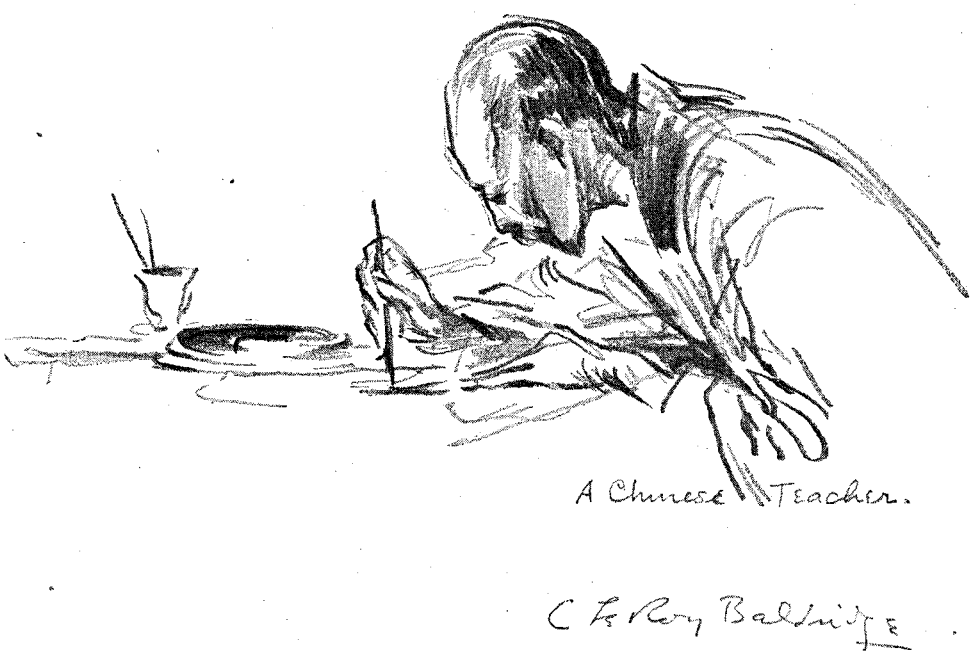
And how surprising also is the contrast to traditional Chinese education in the relation of teacher and student. The old-style master held himself in a class apart from the rest of the world, aloof from his charge, treating him as a hopeless inferior. Here on this modern campus the American instructors, young fellows not long out of college themselves, play on the school teams in this foreign game, buffeting and being buffeted by their own pupils.




A Chinese teacher formerly an expounder of the Six Classics, now an instructor in political economy.

No people, of course, take to new ideas with such reluctance as the Chinese. Often the struggle against superstitious ignorance seems to the teacher quite hopeless, and always these new thoughts and methods from the West have to be introduced with utmost care. Recently the American school at Anking, which has a course for hospital nurses, wished to begin the study of anatomy. But in China, due to ancient customs of ancestral reverence, dissection of the human body has never been known. So the skeletons for use in this work had to be procured from America. Even then the public was suspicious, and it was necessary to have a committee of village fathers at the school when the freight-boxes came, to inspect the unpacking and certify publicly that these were indeed the bones of foreigners.

In another instance a Chinese patient had his leg amputated. Several months later a party of the man's relatives appeared suddenly at the hospital. They announced that the ex-patient had died, and they demanded the missing leg. Should one's spirit be compelled to go wandering about the Seven Willow Springs for eternity with a wooden leg? they cried! This leg must be buried with the body. The doctors were at a loss. They could remember only that after the operation the leg in question had been interred somewhere behind the hospital. Upon that information the family immediately appeared with shovels and began excavating. But, though they probed the best of an acre, no leg was found. Finally, however, the missing member was discovered carefully packed in a box under the bed of the hospital's one-legged janitor. At the time of the operation this

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janitor, bargaining with a servant, had bought the leg for forty coppers as a happy forethought in anticipation of his own demise. Such are the notions which the school-teachers of China are trying to rationalize.

their husbands until the wedding-day! The field-day brought forth another dramatic incident. In the middle of the affair it rained. Now few things so disturb the Chinese as rain; he seems to have a terror of getting wet. I have seen

Wu Shwen Yong, a student at the high school at Gnanking.

The Chinese parent no longer says, "Why educate a girl, when she's good only to be married into another family?"—Page 54.

Most eloquent, then, as a demonstration of the new era, was the incident last year at Hangchow. A field-day was inaugurated by the governor of the province, in which all the governmental schools were represented. Boys of every age went through gymnastic drill together; and at the same time, overturning all precedent, an equal number of girls in middy blouse and bloomers performed similar exercises. This in the land where even yet most brides do not meet

almost naked rickshaw coolies carrying umbrellas. And the foreigners of Peking still talk of the battle before the city walls during the Ten Day Monarchy which was discontinued when a shower began. It was not surprising, then, that in Hangchow, at the first drops, the grand stand arose in a panic. Then the modern governor showed how the mandarin of ancient court tradition is passing into the legends of the past. Proudly fashionable in imported frock coat and silk hat, he

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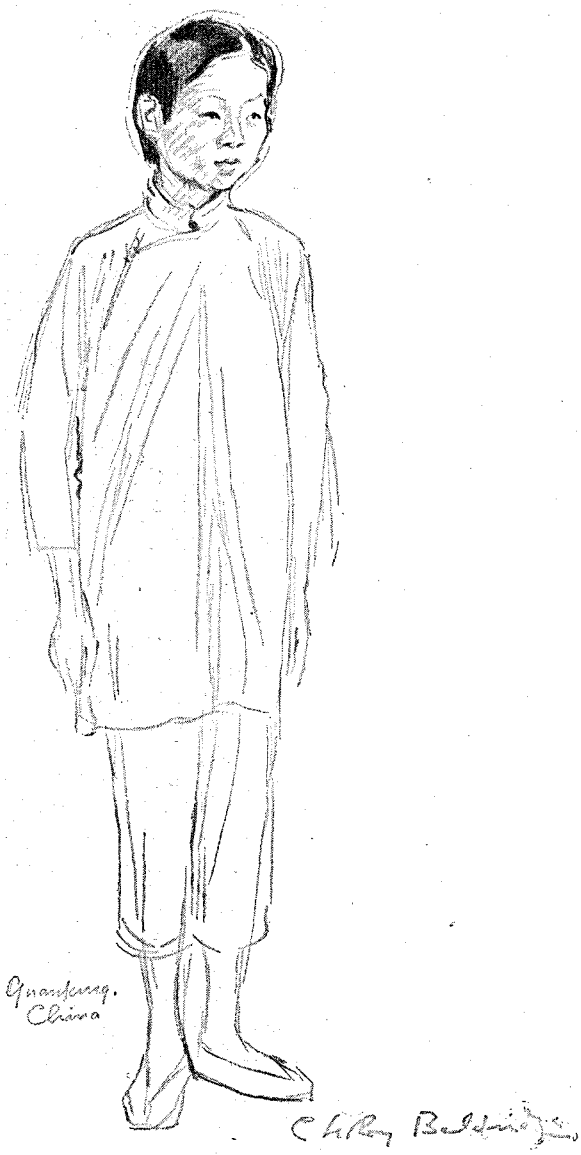
calmly left his box, uncovered his head, and walked back and forth before the spectators in the rain. No one would leave after that, of course, for fear of "losing face," and the field meet continued.

The traditional school with its group of dirty youngsters squatting about the feet of a leathery-faced dozing old gentleman, memorizing The Classics—just learning sounds without an idea as to the meaning of the words, each boy memorizing at the top of his voice and in different pitch and cadence, memorizing interminably from the time he learns to hold a writing brush until, an old man, inside a sealed examination booth he takes his final test near the West Wall of the Tartar City—this system is being conquered. The influence of the seven thousand mission schools with their live subjects and their science is stronger each year. Moreover, their modern curriculum has been the

The type of college girl who, during the strike when schools were forced to close, continued to meet and organized classes among the neighborhood children.




A high-school girl at Gnanking.

Schoolgirls whose mothers hobble about on bound feet now study biology and physics.

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model accepted by the newly formed governmental schools, accepted the more quickly since the schools of the Republic do not like to see any more students under foreign instruction than necessary. The foreign schools are popular. In a dozen I visited, every one had all the pupils it could take care of and is appealing constantly for more instructors.

Youth is breaking from the past, away from the theory of the unworldliness of learning and the consequent isolation of the scholar. During the strike, while all the schools were forced to close, the college girls of Nanking on their own initiative continued to meet and organized classes among the neighborhood children. They also went out among the poor of the city investigating conditions of which they had been ignorant and the foreign reports of which they had disbelieved. Rare indeed in this land of miserable poverty has there ever been any effort at social-welfare work. But these neighborhood classes have been continued and are now included in the programme of the general organization of students. In street-corner meetings at the Wednesday cloth-fair schoolboys spread large maps before crowds of gaping countrymen to show them China's place in the world. Schoolgirls now study biology and physics and bend over test-tubes among the bottles and apparatus of chemical laboratories. The mothers of these students hobble about on bound feet; many of them cannot read, and they bore their children under such conditions that two out of every five always died before they were one year old.

Teachers agree that the Chinese boy is a good scholar, easily disciplined and anxious to learn; proverbially those who study in America take honors. Meeting the West in the classroom and on the athletic field, gradually he is becoming an influence in his own land. Throughout China less than three per cent of the four hundred million can read or write. To work this leaven through such a mass is the task of generations. People still spend the best of their lives worshipping the past; girls—daughters and wives—are still frequently sold as household slaves; and foreign schools are still by many regarded as questionable areas where demons of foreign extraction lurk to pounce upon the native unawares. But the minority is becoming a power. The pioneer work is being done, and among the universal squalor and ignorance an organized army of nine million young Chinese appears as a real hope for the coming public spirit of China.

In the primary school.

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# PATHS FROM DIAMOND PATCH

By Sarah Atherton
Author of "A Necessary Dependent"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. RUMSEY MICKS

"ANDREAS KATUSHA goin' away from East End? What about poor Sophie?" questioned Mrs. Kopitza of her neighbor.

"He's goin' to leave her, I guess," replied Mrs. Dougherty. "Meself, I wanted to foind out, so I wint over. Sophie was ironin'. Whin I said he was leavin', she laughed and laughed. 'He is too good for Diamond Patch and the likes of us,' she said. Then her mother screams: 'For the love of Hiven, Sophie, y'are burnin' the sheet!'"

The two neighbors turned away from their chicken-yards and walked the length of the fence, each to her own back steps. There was in their progress the complacence of a pair of hens, upon whose sheltered and definite horizon the shadow that a hen's or even a rooster's place could be elsewhere than the coop had not yet fallen.

East End is the stepping-stone from the valley to the mountains. The smooth green of its upland pasturage is broken by mine-caves, crossed by white steam-pipes, and piled high with pyramids of culm. The road here takes a tenuous course where the gaping, "cave in" holes leave a way. This was the old turnpike over which General Sullivan marched his colonial troops to the rescue of the white settlers who were being massacred by the Indians in the Wyoming Valley. Then the valley was green as far as one could see, forest and river-flat, broken only by narrow clearings and smoke from settler's hearth or Indian fire. Now collieries, iron stacks, brick factory chimneys, spires, and skyscrapers rise against the purple of the opposite mountain. White steam and anthracite smoke in a thousand different columns rise in never-ceasing clouds at this altar of industry.

At East End, Diamond Patch is a scattered group of miners' houses. Their back yards have enclosed part of the open moor. The owners have put up fences of various-sized branches and sticks along unsurveyed lines according to the needs of the family, garden, or goat.

At evening, with a heavy November mist thickening across the landscape, a man stood leaning over one of these fences. He was staring through the small-paned window, whence the light carved a yellow shaft in the darkness. Once or twice, as though the picture within hurt him, he turned his eyes toward the valley.

Below, beyond the sand-pits, and over the gleaming web of tracks, the colliery with no visible foundations in the earth loomed out of billowing clouds of smoke and steam. Its graded roof-lines glistened silvery-slate color in the wet. The breaker, the churches, the foundry, and the school all loomed dark and unlit in the night. The lights that spangled the valley were blurred by the mist, like the stars of the Milky Way. They lit highways where tired men and women went home, or shone a welcome at their approach. It was that perilous moment between the day and night when all the judgments and scale of values lived by during working hours are out of focus.

Inside, Andreas saw a girl with swift, deft hands undressing two children before the stove. The glow from the coals gleamed on the round arms of the baby and upon the bare knees of the boy as he pulled down his stockings. With Rembrandt-like relief, it brought out the contour of the girl's face and the curve of her body as she leaned forward.

He caught his hand between his teeth and bit into his own flesh. The pain of it brought him up standing. He squared his shoulders and stiffened. Like an Adam locked out of Eden, with Eve locked still within, he turned and started down the hill. After several steps he



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stumbled into a brisk newcomer. He recognized Patrick Cain, Sophie's other lover. The latter's walk and voice both denoted unusual prosperity. With buoyant patronage he accosted Andreas with "You needn't have gone in, she is goin' out with me."

Andreas covered his bitten hand and replied: "I wasn't goin' in, thanks."

"Is that so?" replied the other; "she said something about expectin' you."

His heart thumped, but his retort held a studied carelessness which for the moment quite silenced his questioner.

Patrick rallied, however, and continued: "Goin' to school again? You'll go crazy in your head and be in 'Retreat' the time the rest of us are all settled down." He said the last words with a tender, excited emphasis.

Andreas pressed the books under his arm and strode off down the slippery road, and was soon lost behind the pyramids of culm. There, the road had been diverted to avoid the new mine-caves. As he passed he could not forget that the last subsidence had been less than twenty feet from the red clapboard house whose roof sheltered Sophie Fashung. No one had been killed, but one house had slid over like a lopsided old shoe, its front windows in blank terror gazing down into that unscheduled abyss of discolored gravel. As he reached the culvert, the colliery again loomed into sight. He thought of it as a monster holding sway over the lives and deaths of men and women, as its height dominated the squat roofs of their dwellings.

It was too grotesque even for a children's book—with a little gabled hen-coop where its head and brains should be, a long snout, like a flying buttress direct into its food-pile, sucking in food and still more food which went grinding and crunching through its great body, breathing out black dust at every pore, its claws sunk deep in the earth. If in its slumber it twitched one of them, rock might be loosened which would fall and entomb men where they worked. When they would be carried out, blackened and broken, the monster's tiny eyes would look down and not understand save that its food-supply had ceased for a time. Andreas looked at it once more and hated it.

The two most significant events of his boyhood had been connected with that colliery. The first was on the day of the great "East End Disaster." As a boy of eleven he had gone from one hospital to another. He had held his mother's hand so tight that it hurt her, because she had to be kept attending to what there was to be done. Mrs. McAndrew had reported to them that some one had said that Peter Katusha was burned but not dead. "They saw his hand move, mother," he had repeated for the thousandth time that day as row after row of hospital beds were scanned in vain. At last they had begun that second journey of the morgues. At Marley's they had stood with the others who were waiting. Against the brilliant new flour advertisement painted on the side-wall, he realized that they, seekers for the dead, with a background of brilliant red and white portraying the best ingredient for the staff of life, looked queer. Their yellow dog had followed them. So little did he understand what had happened, however, that he leaped into the middle of the street and pitched upon another dog. In an excess of rage, which was a relief, Andreas had beaten the dogs apart with his bare hands. At last their turn came. They found his father inside. From that moment he felt himself the man of the house, which is a heavy thought for one in his eleventh year.

The other event happened the following winter. His mother's neighbor in an excess of anxiety had called him. Her child had run away. The policeman had just sent word of a baby picked up on River Street. Would Andreas go down at once and bring her back?

He dropped his hoe and fled down the hill. He hurried under the tracks, over the bridge, up the hill, and down the other side. At last he found himself on the elm-shadowed avenue where the big houses stand by the river. With shirt open, and panting from his speed, he rang the bell and asked for the child. On a couch he found that runaway Mary. She opened her mouth, but stopped halfway in her crying as she saw whose arms were about her. He had familiar brown eyes and black hair. The young lady with the yellow hair said that nothing

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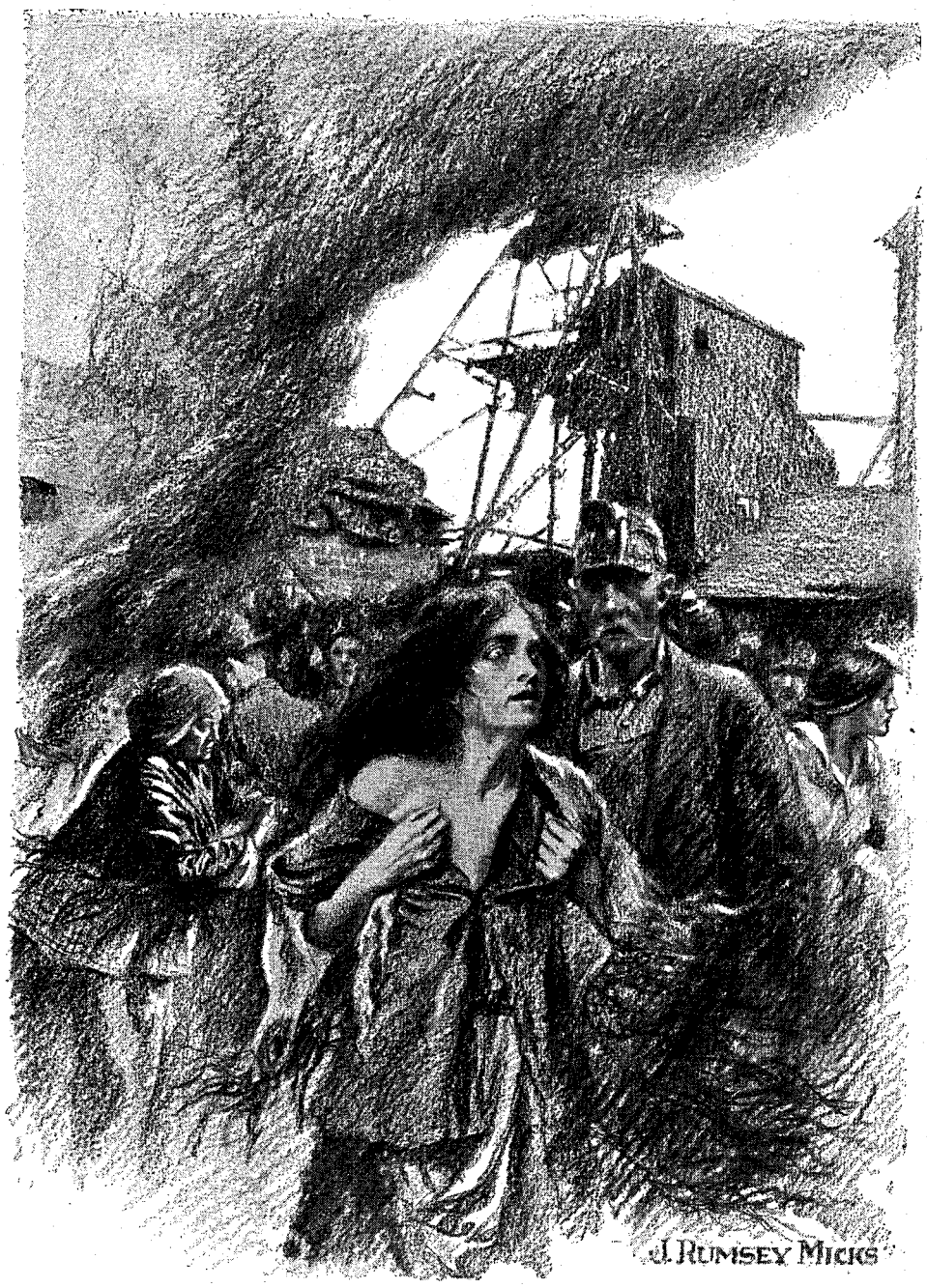


*From a drawing by J. Rumsey Micks.*

The first was on the day of the great "East End Disaster."—Page 66.



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had made the child stop crying before she went to sleep. Each member of the family had increased her terror. As well as being unfamiliar, they were all blondes!

She had made Andreas sit down for a piece of cake and glass of milk. Did they think he was a child? he wondered.

He felt as though he had stumbled into the kingdom of heaven. The house was unbelievable—low lights like colored jewels, carpets so soft every one could run around at the same time and there would be no noise, paintings of madonnas in golden frames, silken banners on the wide stairway. Everywhere there was peace, quiet, and space.

As he ate, the young lady had asked where he lived. She had added: "Right by the Clear Spring Colliery? That is our mine." That cruel, snorting thing, hers? It was indeed a strange anomaly. The coal was sold, and bought palaces like this? And dresses made of shimmering cobwebs, and soft white hands and low voices, and grown women who still looked young and rested as though they were no older than nineteen! His cake was finished. As casually as he could he had asked: "What does your father do?"

"My father," the girl replied, "is a doctor."

From that time on his life had been a conflict. On account of his mother and sister, he went to work at fourteen. Because he intended to be a doctor, on top of his work he went steadily to night-school. Their favorite playground was the "Siding" where the empty coal-cars were perpetually shunted about. This resulted in his having much practice in first-aid work among his friends. Moreover, the doctor at the free clinic let him come once a week and do odd jobs for him. He would let him look through the microscope, and would even loan him books to read. When people in East End asked for an explanation of his peculiarities, he always said: "I'm going to be a doctor, because, believe me, I am going to know where my next meal is coming from." Indeed, he gave this answer long after he knew that being a doctor was not the only or even a sure way of attaining that River Street world. But by that time he had gotten, through the microscope, a glimpse into a world far more worthy a man's mettle.

It was this vision which accounted once more for Andreas's passing under the culvert, alone in the wet night. His mother had died two months previous. His little sister had been married. These events would have left his future simplified were it not that Sophie Fashung had taken uncombatable possession of more of him than his duty to his family had ever consumed. If he cared about her, as he knew that he did, he would not doom her to the hard, wearing life he could alone offer. Moreover, his marriage now would be the end of his life ambition. Once more he pondered his situation. There was nothing to do but go on alone.

His feet by this time had brought him to the half-circle of light before the Chamber of Commerce. There his "night-school" was a university course. With book open he began to take notes. The professor was lecturing on the relation of demand to price. No other resident of Diamond Patch, could they have understood the words, would have found the vital problem of making both ends meet so flat and unprofitable. The air was close, the drone of the speaker intolerable. He had a headache and leaned his eyes in his hands. When he shut his eyes, he saw her as she had been always in the back of his mind. To-night it was with the glow from the stove on her face as she leaned over to pick up the pile of clothes the children had left.

At ten o'clock he was again walking up the road to Diamond Patch. Passing his own door, he determined to go up into the woods as far as the deserted toll-house. There, in summer, lovers were wont to sit, watching through the trees the lights of the valley as they came out one by one. But there were no lovers abroad to-night.

He was past the last mine-hole now. Here the road broke into the woods, into the atmosphere of another region. The wooded mountains in unbroken undulation rose along the clear stream, which was black and discolored as it ran through East End.

At the toll-house he rested his foot on the lowest step and turned back toward the valley. "Andreas," sounded a well-

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known voice. For a moment he thought it a trick of his imagination, but he discerned a cloaked figure standing against the porch rail.

"Sophie!" His voice rang out with suppressed anger. "What are you doing here?"

"I am quite alone," she said, with resentment in her tone. "I'm . . . I'm out for a walk, that's all."

Coming down the steps, she put her hand upon his sleeve. Though utterly an American, in moments of emotion she lapsed back into the tongue of her mother. In Polish, speaking rapidly in a low voice, she went on: "I thought you were coming to-night. I would not go out with Pat. I sat in, all evening. You were going away to-morrow without even a good-by!"

Quite without knowing what he did, with movement inevitable as the tides, he drew her into his arms. Static and outside of time, they stood in the benign darkness.

"Andreas . . . Andreas . . ." he heard from an infinite distance. "You care . . .? When people care . . . they don't go on alone . . . they . . ."

He loosened his hold and flung her away. "I can't! I can't! Sophie, don't you see?"

"I see"—she interrupted him—"that you care more about getting on in the world than anything else. You want to leave all of us, and Diamond Patch."

"It's no disgrace to be born here," he said, "but it's a person's own fault if they die in Diamond Patch."

"Do the people on River Street," she questioned, "have anything better than love, and a home, and children?"

"It's not being poor, living so thick you step on one another, and always afraid of being poorer. It is drudging so steadily, that you go home and eat, and sleep like an animal, and after a while you are like an animal, and don't think any more. I hate the dirt, but it's not that. I want to discover things—but even if I knew I'd find nothing I'd still have to go on. It's worse than being hungry. To stop would be like putting out all the light." Andreas was speaking with such vehemence that neither of them realized how mixed were his similes.

"If we married now, I'd just doom you to drudgery, and my work, I couldn't do. . . . I can't ask you to wait. I'm too much a man for that. . . . It will be years . . . years," he repeated in a bitter voice which tore him like barbed wire.

"Did you ask me to wait?" said Sophie, trembling with she knew not what, but there was nothing conciliating in her voice.

"You know I want you," he muttered.

Against the darkness he saw her grow erect. With a bell-like resonance in her voice, without hesitating for a single word, she answered: "It's something I can't help, bigger than I am. I'd rather be sick than have you sick. When they took you to the hospital, I knew that. I'd rather have you happy than be happy. It's you I can't help praying for whenever I take my beads. Don't you know, Andreas, if we love one another, it's better for me to wait all my life than marry another man? . . . It's the only thing there is to do," she added with a perilous break in her undertone.

Spring had come at East End, the sixth spring since Andreas Katusha had been away. The colliery in the brilliant sunlight, though not a lovable deity, was at least majestic like the stone kings who still hold sway on the sandy plains of Egypt. The opaque smoke and steam of dazzling whiteness, silhouetted against the dull black of the colliery, their ever-folding edges dipped in light, was an intimation of that celestial beauty which bows men's hearts beneath their knees. It was a victorious morning.

The sun from the wind-swept sky glistened upon the fresh green of the huckleberry-bushes. The breeze billowed out the wash-lines, filling the clothes, only to jerk them back and empty them again. At the three houses at the end of the slope, a new flood of water leaking over the stones, down the hill, was a signal to the world, but more especially to her two immediate neighbors, that Mrs. Dougherty was only ten minutes late in getting the laundry all out. The stream of suds reflected the colors of the rainbow.

It was a fitting morning for their wash-day chat, not too cold and with a holiday

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*From a drawing by J. Rumsey Micks.*

"Sophie! What are you doing here?"—Page 69.



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feeling in the air. The three women collected at the oblique angle of their fences.

"We are not satisfied," began Mrs. Dougherty, "when our folks die at home in their beds. It seems nothing suits us."

"Who do you mean?" questioned Mrs. Peeler. "What was it killed Petrus Fashung?"

"A fall of rock," answered Mrs. Dougherty.

"What will poor pig do?" questioned Mrs. Kopitza, but continued without the least intention of stopping. Her conversation all took place to a slower rhythm, so that in ordinary competition for a hearing she was invariably defeated.

"Two years, now," she continued, "every night Petrus carry pail of garbage mile und half, for pig. Perhaps first he think he make it fat, but he don' kill pig when he get fat. He squeal 'Hello, Pete,' when he come home to his house where no peoples lives. Always his coat all tore, und inside comin' out. Where his lil' cousin Sophie all time? way off—big city take care other sick peoples? Ol' Uncle Pete nod so much fun?"

"Sophie was away two years already," put in Mrs. Dougherty defensively, "when Pete's wife died. But what do you know about Sophie?" she exclaimed, shaking her finger with excitement. How stupid she had been to lead off with Pete's death, when something so much more interesting had been within her power!

"I know aboud Sophie," replied Mrs. Kopitza, and Mrs. Dougherty subsided as though the whimsical wind had collapsed her quite as it had the garments flapping at her back.

"Mrs. Peeler," went on Mrs. Kopitza, "at Baby Welfare Station in Brookside thay have big time yesterday. All mothers bring children und get white cards, if much big or too liddle. Und Sophie is queen at thad place. Doctor, mayor's brother, with shiney head make big speech. He say he hope nod much childern die this summer, und ours he hope wond die, und mosd wimmen dond know what he say und they nod und smile. They have bunch nize flowers on stove but no fire. Then childern sing 'My Country—'tis of Thee,' und ice-cream, then we go home." After a thoughtful pause she added: "Sophie talk on telephone like 'Merigan lady, und she all sweet und fresh like she don' work."

"Poor Sophie did not marry," put in Mrs. Peeler. Mrs. Dougherty and Mrs. Kopitza exchanged meaningful glances. It was common knowledge at East End that Jack Peeler had wanted Sophie for two years, though he had never gotten so much as an encouraging look. "I think," continued Mrs. Peeler, "that Andreas Katusha turned her head, then went away and forgot her. . . ." Leaning close to the other two she said in a lower voice: "My Jo saw her runnin' up the short cut to the toll-gate the night before he went away, and she was cryin' for fair."

"If Andreas left her," answered Mrs. Dougherty—self-appointed counsel for the defense—"a poor way she chose to catch another fella'—goin' every night to the library and bringin' home piles of books. Jacob Sadusky anyway was her fella'. Him shootin' Patrick Cain, they said was somethin' about the union, but I think it was over Sophie all the time."

"You can't be sorry for Sophie because she not married," added Mrs. Kopitza, "she so much queen of herself all time. She got thirdy dollars a week off nursing sick peoples in New York. She only ged twendy-five at Brookside. Good pay for wimmen, but nod so good as thirdy."

Here the mine whistles began to blow, one after another throughout the valley, a six-voiced vibrant recessional of insistent disharmonics, a wild and pagan pæan to the great god worshipped there. The women in their houses observe the rite by turning toward their noon meal. Men on top of the ground, by the hundred, turn to their dinner-pails, and hundreds in the flickering gloom of their cap light, underground.

"Mother! Mother!" screamed Patrick Dougherty as he ran up the road, his schoolbooks over his back. "Guess whose banns are up at St. Savior's, posted this morning! Sophie Fashung and Andreas Katusha's. He has come back. Annie seen him at City Hospital Clinic. He is hunting bugs, and if he catches them they will cure miner's asthma. She says he is a grand doctor, with red necktie and smell of fine tobacco."

"They won't live at East End. You

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can depend upon that," said Mrs. Peeler, always prepared for the most dastardly in human nature.

"They will be tryin' to live on River Street, I suppose."

"No, no, they won't," continued Patrick. "Annie says Jo told her that Katusha has bought Fashung's old house by the mine-cave. They are beginning to paint it white to-day."

At twilight that night Mrs. Dougherty when passing from her chicken-coop to her back steps saw a couple wending their way up the sinuous turnpike toward the deserted toll-gate—a girl in a blue-serge suit, with her hand upon the arm of a very gray-haired young man. They did not look like natives of the place, but Mrs. Dougherty knocked excitedly upon her dividing wall and called: "Mrs. Kopitza! Mrs. Kopitza, you there?"

"Ye-e-es!"

"Look quick, up the road, two pretty grand East Enders."

Mrs. Kopitza went to her back door and replied, half to herself:

"Ye-es, bud thingk how moch nize things they miss all this time they are away from East End."

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# HOLIDAYS IN THE OLD SOUTH

## BEING CHRONICLES OF CHICORA WOOD

### By Elizabeth W. Allston Pringle

[FIRST PAPER]

AS I sit in the broad piazza, watching the closing of the day, I gaze into the vistas of moss-draped giant oaks. All is mystery: the mystery of Nature; the mystery of the ages; Nature, so powerful, so destructive, so creative, so inexorable. Here stand these oaks, still strong, still beautiful, which from their quiet, steadfast heights have seen generations pass, while they abide. Through those filmy vistas the great god of the day is sending forth his rosy shafts: just as he did when our first parents were sadly leaving that unsatisfactory, languorous Garden of Eden, to enter the blessed kingdom of toil, to them, seen from afar, so fearsome. Brighter to me than these last sun-rays, more vivid than the cloud color, is the pageant of the Past, which sweeps before me now: scenes as splendid as the crimson sky—incidents as tender as the pink and fleecy cloudlets—years as dark and tragic as the great bank of clouds, at the horizon's edge, but redeemed from utter black despair by gleams of a courage and sacrifice equal, in splendor and beauty, to its sun-illumined summits. It is so that I think of it. In my closing life is stored up this beauty and pathos of the years. Brilliant and vivid in my memory still are these last flashing, glorious pictures of a beauteous and bygone age. Shall I let them pass into nothingness, without an effort to save them? Shall I let this life I remember so well, these beings I adored, die without a word; these pictures I have treasured, so full of beauty and color, shall I let them fade, even as the sky colors, into gray oblivion?

I cannot bring before you, perhaps as clearly as I wish, the charm and glamour of the past, but I can at least give an idea of "the days that are no more."

John Allston of St. John's, Berkeley, was born in England in 1666, and came to this country between 1685 and 1694. He was descended from John Allston of Saxham Hall, of Newton, Suffolk, which place was the seat of the Allstons for several hundred years. An Allston was the Saxon Lord of Stanford in Norfolk, before the Conquest, and was dispossessed by the Normans. The old Saxon names of Rath Alstan, Alstan, Alstane, were all but variants of the name which

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John of St. John's spelled Allston; their motto being "Immotus."

John Allston of St. John's, Berkeley, had a number of children, as people of that date usually had, but we are concerned only with his eldest son John, who was the grandfather of Benjamin Allston, my father's father, and his younger son William, who was the grandfather of Charlotte Ann Allston, my father's mother. So that my parents were distant cousins.

Ben Allston died while his second son Robert was quite young, and his widowed mother determined to send him to West Point. He entered in 1817, graduating in 1821—this being the first class which made the regular four years' course under Colonel Sylvanus Thayer. He received an appointment in the Third Artillery, and was immediately ordered on the Coast Survey, under Lieutenant-Colonel Kearney, of the Topographical Engineers. He assisted in surveying the harbors of Plymouth and Provincetown, Mass., and the entrance of Mobile Bay.

His mother's difficulties in managing her property of landed estates and negroes, in the rice-planting regions, were great, and added to this was the effort of a man, who had bought the plantation adjoining hers on the south, to seize four of her best rice-fields, attempting to prove that they belonged to his tract, on which they bordered. This annoyance had kept her in constant fiery correspondence, and at last my father felt it his duty to resign from the army and come home and settle the matter, once for all. He employed the lawyer of greatest repute at the moment, James L. Petigru. The case was brought into court and my grandmother's title to the land established without question.

Then my father devoted himself to the management and development of these valuable rice-lands—draining and clearing the dense growth of cypress, in the swamps not yet cleared, and planting the fields already drained, and under bank, with devotion, and much aided by the skill in engineering which his course at West Point had given him. He surveyed his lands in person, reclaiming a wild territory, and found his military education eminently useful in laying out the course of canals, embankments, etc.

During the lawsuit, my father was entertained by James L. Petigru, and in this way met his sister, Adèle Petigru, fell in love with her, and she eventually became his wife; but not until he had had the great sorrow of losing his mother, for whom he had an intense affection, with a sense of protection. She was beautiful, and very small, so that the servants always spoke of her as "Little Miss," in distinction to Aunt Blythe, who was "Big Miss," though grandmother was the elder sister.

I am always afraid of bursting out into praise of my father, for I adored him, and thought him the wisest and best man in the world, and still do think he was a most unusual mixture of firmness and gentleness, with rare executive ability. But I have always found, in reading biographies and sketches, that the unstinted and reiterated praises of the adoring writers rouse one's opposition, and I write this with the hope of bringing to his grandchildren the knowledge and appreciation of my father's character. I will try to draw his portrait with a few firm strokes, and leave the respect and admiration to be aroused by it. Now that slavery is a thing of the past, the younger generation in our Southland really know nothing about the actual working of it, and they should know to understand and see the past in its true light. Slavery was in many ways a terrible misfortune, but we know that in the ancient world it was universal, and no doubt the great Ruler of the world, "that great First Cause, least understood," allowed it to exist for some reason of His own.

The colony of North and South Carolina, then one, entreated the Mother Country to send no more slaves. "We want cattle, horses, sheep, swine, we don't want Africans." But the Africans continued to come. The Northeastern States were the first to get rid of the objectionable human property when conscientious scruples arose as to the owning of slaves—in some instances by freeing them, but in many more instances by selling them to the Southern States. There is no doubt that in the colder climate slave labor was not profitable. When the Civil War came, the Southern planters were reduced from wealth to poverty by the

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seizure of their property which they held under the then existing laws of the country. It is a long and tangled story—and I do not pretend to judge of its rights and wrongs. I have no doubt that the Great Father's time for allowing slavery was at an end. I myself am truly thankful that slavery is a thing of the past, and that I did not have to take up the burden of the ownership of the 100 people my father left me in his will (all mentioned by name), with a pretty rice-plantation called Exchange—two miles north of Chicora Wood. I much prefer to have had to make my own living, as I have had to do, except for the short six years of my married life, than to have had to assume the care and responsibility of those hundred negroes, soul and body. I have had a happy life, in spite of great sorrow and continued work and strain, but I am quite sure that with my sensitive temperament, and fierce Huguenot conscience, I never could have had a happy life under the burden of that ownership.

It would have been a comfort, however, if we could have gathered up something from my father's large property, but we did not. Just before the war, my mother's brother, Captain Tom Petigru, of the navy, died, leaving a childless widow. She lived in Charleston, in her beautiful home with large yard and garden, at the corner of Bull and Montague Streets, and was a rich woman, as riches were counted in those days—owning a large farm in Abbeville County, where the Giberts and Petigrus had originally settled, and also a rice-plantation—"Pipe Down," on Sandy Island on the Waccamaw, not far from my father's estates, also 100 negroes. As soon as Uncle Tom died, Aunt Ann wrote to my father, asking him, as a great favor, to buy her plantation and negroes, as she felt quite unequal to the management and care of them. Papa replied immediately that it was impossible for him to comply with her request, that he had his hands full managing his own property, and that he specially felt he had already more negroes than he desired. Aunt Ann continued her entreaties. Then the negroes from Pipe Down began to send deputations over to beg my father to buy them. Philip Washington, a very tall, very black man, a splendid specimen of the negro race, after two generations of slavery, was their spokesman. My uncle had been devoted to Philip, and considered him far above the average negro in every way, and in his will had given him his freedom, along with two or three others; he plead the cause of his friends with much eloquence, saying they had fixed on him as the one owner they desired. Then my uncle, James L. Petigru, entered the lists, and appealed to my father's chivalry for his old and feeble sister-in-law, and to the intense feeling of the negroes, who had selected him for their future owner, and were perfectly miserable at his refusal—that if it were a question of money, he need not hesitate, as "Sister Ann" did not desire any cash payment, she greatly preferred a bond and mortgage, and the interest paid yearly, as that would be the best investment she could have. At last my father yielded, and made a small cash payment, giving his bond and a mortgage for the rest. The deed was done—the Pipe Down people were overjoyed, and the debt assumed. This debt it was which rendered my father's estate insolvent at the end of the war, for he died in 1864. The slaves having been freed, the property was gone, but the debt remained in mortgages on his landed estates, which had all to be sold. The plantation:

Chicora Wood, 890 acres,
Ditchford, 350 acres,
Exchange, 600 acres,
Guendalos, 600 acres,
Nightingale Hall, 400 acres,
Waterford; 250 acres,

besides Pipe Down itself. Also the two farms in North Carolina, and our beautiful house in Charleston. Besides this, there were 6,000 acres of cypress timber, at Britton's Neck; 5,000 acres of cypress and pine land, near Carver's Bay; 300 acres, at Canaan Seashore; house and 20 acres, on Pawley's Island. Of all this principality, not one of the heirs got anything!

My mother's dower was all that could be claimed. In South Carolina the right of dower is one-third of the landed property, for life, or one-sixth, in fee simple.

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My mother preferred the last, and the Board of Appraisers found that the plantation Chicora Wood, where she had always lived, would represent a sixth value of the real estate, and that was awarded her as dower; but not an animal nor farm implement, no boats nor vehicles—just the land, with its dismantled dwelling-house. I tell this here, to explain how we came to face poverty at the end of the war.

While we were at boarding-school, we had not gone into the country for the short Christmas holidays; but now we went a week before Christmas with all the household and did not return till about the 10th of January. Oh, the joy of the Christmas on the plantation! We had to have presents for so many—fruit and candy and dolls and nuts and handkerchiefs and stockings and head handkerchiefs. Rejoicing and festivities everywhere! All busy preparing and selecting Christmas presents, and decorating the house with holly. Christmas Eve, making egg-nog, and going round with little children helping them hang up stockings and, later, going round with grown-ups and filling stockings. Christmas morning very early, "Merry Christmas!" echoing all over the house; all the house servants stealing in softly to "ketch yu," that is, say the magic words "Merry Christmas!" before you did. Then joyful sounds, "I ketch yu!" and you must produce your gift, whereupon they bring from the ample bosom or pocket, as the case may be, eggs tied in a handkerchief—two, three, six, perhaps a dozen, according to the worldly position of the donor. Such jolly, gay, laughing visitors, a stream coming all the time. As fast as one party left another came, always making great plans to walk softly so as to catch you, so that dressing was a prolonged and difficult matter, for you must respond and open the door when "Merry Christmas, I ketch yu!" sounded. Breakfast was apt to be late, because cook and all the servants had to creep up softly to each door and "ketch" each member and receive their presents, and open them and exhibit them and compare them and see the children's presents and do an immense deal of unnecessary talking and joking. So that it was hard for them to settle down and come to prayers, which papa had always in the library, and then bring in the breakfast and resume the attitude of respectful and well-trained servants.

Such delicious breakfast—sausage and hogshead cheese and hominy and buckwheat cakes and honey and waffles and marmalade, which mama made from the oranges which grew all round the piazza. And before we got up from table, the dancing began in the piazza, a fiddle playing the gayest jigs, with two heavy sticks knocking to mark the time and a triangle and bones rattling in the most exciting syncopated time; and all the young negroes on the plantation, and many from the other plantations belonging to papa, dancing, dancing, dancing. Oh, it was gay! They never stopped from the time they began in the morning except while we were at meals until ten o'clock at night. The dancers would change, one set go home and get their dinner while another took the floor. Fiddler, stick-knocker, all would change; but the dance went on with the new set just as gayly as with the first. And this went on more or less for three days, for not a stroke of work was done during that holiday except feeding the cattle, pigs, and sheep and horses—just three days of pure enjoyment and fun. Christmas night papa always set off beautiful fireworks with Nelson's help. This was a grand entertainment for all, white and black. There was much feasting at Christmas, for a beef and several hogs were always killed and extra rations of sugar, coffee, molasses, and flour were given out, and great quantities of sweet potatoes. Altogether, it was a joyful time.

There were three days at New Year too, and then the clothes were given out. Maum Mary began early in the morning after New Year's Day to bring out and pile in log-cabin fashion in the piazza rolls of red flannel, rolls of white homespun (unbleached muslin), and of thick homespun and of calico for the women. Then, for the men, rolls of jeans, dark-colored, and rolls of white for shirts, and then rolls of the most beautiful white stuff like the material of which blankets are made. This was called plains, and with the jeans

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was imported from England, as being stronger and warmer than any to be got in this country. There were buttons and threads and needles in each roll of stuff, suitable for that thickness of material. All these little pens made of rolls filled up the very big piazza, and it took nearly all day for the long lists to be read out and each individual to come up and get their stuffs. Each woman had a red-flannel roll, two white-homespun rolls, two colored homespun and two calico. The men had one red flannel, two white homespun, two jeans, and one white plains. Then came the blankets. Every year some one got new blankets, very strong, warm wool blankets. One year the men got them, the next the women, the next the children; so every household got some new ones every year.

The children's clothing was given out the next day. This took longer. Each child came up to Maum Mary where she sat surrounded by whole bales of stuff and stood in front of her. She took the end of the homespun, held it on top of the child's head, and brought the material down to the floor and then up again to the head. This would make one full garment for the child and was the way to assure there being enough with no waste. The red flannel was done in the same way and the colored homespun for every-day frocks and the calico for Sunday frocks. It was an interesting thing to watch, a name read out by mama or papa or my sister from the book, and up the step would come the little girl, and drop a courtesy to each of us and then to Maum Mary as she stood before her to be measured. Maum Mary was sometimes inclined to be very impatient and cross, but she dared not give way to the inclination openly, with us all watching her. She would just jerk the timid ones around a little, but if papa was there he would say quite sternly: "Gently, Mary, gently." The little girl, as she went out loaded with her things and the things of her little brothers and sisters, would drop another courtesy of thanks. The boys were taught to "Tech dey furud," as Maum Mary called it; being really just what the military salute is now, but they were generally very awkward about it.

The hardest thing of all was the shoes. Every man, woman, and child on the place, about a month before, was called on to give their measure—a nice light strip of wood about an inch wide the length of their foot. They were supposed to put the weight of the foot down on the piece of wood and some one marked it and cut it off the right length; then took it himself, so that there would be no mistake, to Mr. Belflower, who wrote the full name on each one. These measures Mr. Belflower brought to papa, all clearly and distinctly marked in pencil; and they were sent to the factor in Charleston, who took them to a reliable shoe dealer, and each measure was put into a pair of shoes to fit it. These were all boxed up and sent up to the different plantations in time for the distribution the third day after New Year. Darkies have a very great dislike to big feet; so many of them were tempted to send too short a measure, and then what a disappointment and what suppressed groans and lamentations when the new shoes were tried on!

"Somebody change my meshur." And often I was called on to examine the stick and read out the name on it. No mistake there. But these were only a few and were always much ridiculed by the others who had wisely given the full length of the foot.

"Ki, Breder, yu got small fut, yu kno'. Yu haf' tu suffer. Me, I got big fut an' I kin run een my new shu'."

There was much visiting among the neighbors during this season. Every one had friends from the city to spend the holidays in the country. The plantations were large, so the neighbors were not near; but they all had an abundance of horses and vehicles, and the roads were excellent. An absolutely flat country, the dirt roads were kept in the best condition. There were Mr. and Mrs. Poinsett at the White House, eight miles south of Chicora at the point of land between the Pee Dee and the Black River. Mr. Poinsett was a distinguished man, a great botanist. It was he who brought from Mexico the beautiful Flor del Buen Noche to the Department of Agriculture; and it was named Poinsettia in his honor. He was Secretary of War under Van Buren and was largely instrumental in the establish-

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ment of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He married Mrs. John Julius Pringle, née Izard, a widow, and made a most beautiful garden at her plantation, the White House—so named originally because it was a little white house in the midst of a field. Mr. and Mrs. Poinsett spent their summers at Newport and most of the winters in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Izard Pringle (née Lynch) and their daughter Mary, afterward Countess Yvan des Francs, who was my sister's dearest friend, being just her age—lived at Greenfield, eight miles southwest of us on the Black River, in winter, and went to Newport in summer. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Izard (née Pinckney) and their large family at Weymouth, six miles south of us on the Pee Dee, who spent their winters there and travelled abroad during the summers. Doctor Sparkman and his family at Dirliton, five miles away. Doctor Stark Heriot four miles, at Birdfield. Mr. and Mrs. Nat Barnwell (née Fraser) at Enfield, three miles. These were all south of us.

To the north were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Weston (née Tucker) and their large family. The eldest daughter has been a most remarkable woman. I speak of her as Miss Penelope in "The Woman Rice Planter." Mrs. Weston was the daughter of my father's eldest sister, who married Mr. John Tucker, had two daughters and died; when Mr. Tucker remarried twice and had a large number of children. Six sons whom he educated in the most thorough manner as physicians, sending them to Paris for a final course; as he said, the owner of a plantation with large numbers of slaves could best be fitted for the position by a good medical education. So there were three Doctor Tuckers owning plantations north of us on the Pee Dee River, and two Doctor Tuckers owning plantations on the Waccamaw River. They did not practise their profession beyond their plantations, however, but were mighty hunters and good citizens.

Just north of the Westons' historic plantation, Hasty Point, lived at Bel Rive, Mr. and Mrs. J. Harleston Read (née Lance). This was entailed property, a part of the very large John Mann Taylor estate. The Reads, like the Westons, spent their summers in Charleston, where they owned beautiful houses. Mrs. Weston, once speaking to my mother of the terrible move to and from the city each spring and fall, said: "We have to take fifty individuals with us in the move; I mean children and all."

My mother: "Why, Elizabeth, how is that possible?"

She answered: "We cannot possibly separate husband and wife for six months; so Harry, the coachman, has to have his wife and children, and the same with the cook, and the butler, and the laundress, until we are actually moving an army every time we move."

This shows some of the bondage of the old system not generally thought of.

We returned to Charleston, January the fifteenth, in the midst of the gay season. Of course I went back to school and had little to do with the gayety, except to see Della dress for the balls and hear her account of them the next morning.

I had always suffered much from what I know now was dyspepsia, but it had no name then. I just felt badly at eleven every day if I ate any breakfast. In our family it was considered the proper thing to eat breakfast, and I had always had a fair appetite and ate my plate of hominy and butter and an egg or a piece of sausage and then a waffle and syrup or honey. That was our regular breakfast; but I began to find, if I ate my plate of hominy, I was perfectly miserable by eleven; and so I ate less and less until I found out the delightful fact that, if I ate nothing, I did not have the misery at eleven. But, when my mother found I was eating no breakfast, she was shocked and distressed and said I could not possibly go to school and study on a perfectly empty stomach. I must eat my hominy; a mother now would say my cereal. I said: "Just let me eat a waffle and no hominy." But the hominy was considered the most nourishing, easily digested thing, with a soft-boiled egg. As I was always very hungry in the morning, I yielded readily and went on suffering more and more—burning cheeks and flaming eyes and so cross every one was afraid to speak to me from eleven till two. Then it passed off, and I was exhausted and ate a hearty dinner. This went on until I could go no longer.

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I was too miserable and had to tell mama and stay in bed. She sent for the family doctor, a little dried-up, white-haired old gentleman, Doctor Porcher. He questioned me and punched me all over with his long forefinger, and then said to me:

"What would you do if you had a horse that was worn out from overwork?"

Very much tried by this question so alien to my condition, I said languidly: "Let him rest, I suppose."

"Exactly," said the little doctor. "Exactly, and that is what we must do to your stomach and digestive organs, which are worn out by undue and over work."

Then he asked mama to have two bedroom pitchers of warm water brought, and he made me drink glass after glass of that tepid water which he handed me himself, until my system was emptied of every particle of undigested food. Then he said to mama that for three days I must have absolutely nothing but a cup half full of milk filled up with hot water in the morning, nothing more. He patted my hand and said,

"Then you will be quite well and have no more trouble," and left.

I stayed in bed that day and was so exhausted that I slept and rested and never thought of food; but the next morning when they brought me my cup of milk and water, I was desperately hungry and very restless. So I sent for mama and told her that if she kept me in bed, I could not possibly endure the three days' fast, for I thought of nothing but how hungry I was; but, if she let me get up and go to school and study my lessons, I would not mind it so much. Mama hesitated a little, but knew me so well that she was sensible and gave me permission to get up and dress and go to school; which I did, getting there just in time. I said my lessons and enjoyed myself greatly, the freedom from gnawing distress in my chest making me very gay; and, at the end of the three days, I returned to my natural diet and was in perfect health and for years free from any kind of indigestion. I just narrate this as an instance of the heroic methods of the past. We were brought up to make light of and endure all pain silently just as long as we could stand it, and then submit to any treatment prescribed by the doctor, however drastic. For years I had suffered daily pain and discomfort, but not severe enough to attract attention to me, as I did not complain, was only miserable and cross and correspondingly gay as soon as the misery was gone. And now I was well!

In the spring I went to my first child's party. It was given by the Cleland Hugers in their house in Legare St. for their beautiful son, two years older than myself. Alas, he was one of the first to fall in battle during our war. He and Oliver Middleton were both so beautiful and both fell gallantly fighting when mere boys. But there was no shadow in that bright scene to tell us what was coming. Mama had a pretty white-muslin frock made for me, and my sweet sister took great pleasure in dressing me for the party—a very full, very short skirt barely covering my knees, a long expanse of white stocking, and black slippers. When I stood before the big cheval glass, Della fixing some blue ribbons on my tightly scraped back, tightly plaited hair, I began to cry and exclaimed:

"Della, I am too ugly to live! I can't go to the party!"

My dear sister expostulated and assured me I looked sweet and said how pretty my frock was, etc., etc., but it only added fuel to fire; and I cried the more. At last she lost patience and said, "Well, if you go on crying, you will be a sight with red swollen eyes and nose," and I stopped at once and let her bathe them and try to remove some of the damage, and I went down.

It was an awful ordeal, for Charley was invited too, and "May," the Irish nurse, was sent to take us; and, when she got to the door, she asked to see Mrs. Huger and commended us specially to her care. Charley had never been to a party before, but I had been to one. He looked beautiful in his Scotch-plaid kilt mama had brought from abroad; but he was very frightened and, just as soon as Mrs. Huger released his hand, he found a safe place behind a door where he could see and not be seen, nor be in danger of receiving any attention. Mrs. Huger took me into the dancing-room, and immediately a small boy I knew, who had long golden curls, asked me to go to supper

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with him. I gladly accepted, for I had had visions of no partner for supper, which was the greatest catastrophe which could happen. So I was quite pleased to accept my very youthful beau; but in a few minutes more the biggest boy in the room came and asked me for supper! And I had to say I was engaged! It was dreadful. I hated my golden-curled devoted with a fierce hatred. And it was worse when supper came, for I suddenly remembered my responsibility about Charley, who had to be provided with supper; and my little partner seemed reluctant to help me look for him. The rooms were crowded and it was dreadful to roam around alone looking for Charley and, when at last I found him behind the door, he was crying; but, after I took his hand and led him to the supper-room with its beautiful cakes with a cupid on a wire on top of each and the dishes of ice-cream and cakes and silver dishes of candy and kisses, he soon recovered. And I found that my little beau had busied himself, while I was gone, getting three saucers of ice-cream and three slices of cake, so he rose in my estimation; and the party ended most happily. And I found, though I was ugly, boys liked to talk to me and to dance with me, which after all was the main thing.

These years were very happy ones. Mama enjoyed the return to the social life of the city very much after her long experience of country life; and, of course, it was a joy to have her lovely daughter to introduce into society. My sister was absolutely docile and did just what mama wanted her to do. She never had a wish about her own clothes, and no wonder, for mama had perfect taste and got everything for her that was beautiful.

About this time I remember two little experiences of my own. My dear sister had always been willing to share her high-post mahogany bed and beautiful room with me; but papa thought I should have my own room, as I was old enough. So the room next to hers was fitted up for me and was just as pretty as could be, with its own tall four-poster and pretty chintz curtains and with the bathroom attached. But still I slept in Della's room, though I dressed and kept my clothes in my own room. But one day when papa returned from Columbia, he asked me if I slept well in my own beautiful bed now; and the truth had to come out that I never had slept there, at which he looked grave and said: "It is my wish that you sleep in your own room." So that night I did so, and the following night also, and began to think I should end by liking it. It was spring and all the windows were open, and the third night I was awakened by shrieks from the alleyway which ran along beside our garden wall! Screams and cries for help and sounds of blows falling! It was just as distinct as if it had been in the next room. I fled to Della's room and never again attempted to sleep in my own room. The next morning we heard it was a drunken man beating his wife; some Irish families occupied a house together there. But it was the end of papa's efforts to make me a self-respecting individual. I stayed with my sister until she was married and then I took my younger sister, whom I adored, in with me. She was five years younger, but a very different nature, as brave as a lion. Nothing scared her nor made her nervous.

The next was, I know, some years later, for I was big enough to have boy friends as well as girl friends; and one afternoon mama told me I could have the open carriage to take some of my friends for a drive. I was very much delighted and invited Minnie Hayne and Willie Wilkinson, and Minnie invited another boy. We were having a very nice time, and Minnie was in such a gale of spirits that she began to sing and the boys joined in, and I began to feel a little nervous for fear we might meet some of my family, when the carriage stopped and Daddy Aleck, the coachman, who always sat as straight as if he had been trained at West Point, turned stiffly round and said:

"Miss Betsy, if unna (you-all) kyant behave unna self, I'll tek yu straight home! Dis ain't no conduk fu de Gubner karridge!"

My feelings are better imagined than described. However, it was most successful. The rest of the drive was perfectly proper; and after a while when we got up the road one of the boys brought out a box of sugar-plums, which we ate most noiselessly and discreetly, and we had a delightful drive and mama never heard of

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our undue hilarity. These seem very trivial things to record, but young girls are interested in trivial things; and the surge of events toward the great Civil War, which was approaching, was not felt by me at all. I realized more and more the beauty and comfort of my home and surroundings.

I must describe our servants. Nelson was the butler and house-servant. (He was a mulatto, the son of a Mr. Thompson who had been overseer at Chicora before Mr. Belflower. He was a Northern man, very smart and capable; but, after this, papa sent him away. Nelson adopted his father's surname, Thompson.) He was the best, most faithful, intelligent man possible, and we were all devoted to him. Then came William Baron, who was very black and very heavily built, but an excellent servant, with very courteous manners. He took the greatest delight in arranging all the flowers in the house, which I also loved to do; and there was always a race between William and myself as to who should do it. I remember specially one yellow flat bowl on a stand with Greek figures in black chasing round it, a perfectly lovely thing for flowers; and it nearly broke my heart when I found William had changed the flowers in it and arranged them to his mind.

After the war William Baron became well known in Charleston as a caterer, cook, and provider of elegant entertainments. He took charge of the suppers for the St. Cecilia, which were always very handsome and elaborate and quite a feature. Indeed, William was quite a personage, with grand manners and perfectly honest. He had but one fault: to look upon the wine when it was red; and he habitually took more than was good for him and lived too high, so that his health gave out before he was at all an old man. He always showed enthusiastic pleasure when he met any of the family, but specially my eldest brother, to whom he had belonged. Mas' Ben continued to fill his ideas as to what constituted a gentleman. Whenever my brother came to the city and he knew it, he would send round a dish of delicious chicken salad or a shrimp pie, for which he was famous, or a Charlotte Russe, or some dish that he knew Mas' Ben specially liked. It was always a pleasure to meet William, his very black round face shone with delight and every one of his very white teeth showed, as he assured you that "it did his heart good to look upon you and you were looking so fine and so well."

Then there was Stephen Gallant, who was papa's special servant and valet, but when there was much company he helped with the waiting, which he understood well. Joe Washington was the cook. He had been trained two years by a man who kept a very fine restaurant—Sam Lee. Phœbe and Nannie were the maids, and Nellie, Nelson's wife, the laundress, assisted by a young girl. Daddy Moses, William's father, was brought down from the country to take charge of the yard and be gardener under a white man who was employed. Harris, a boy in the house, attended the bell and ran errands. They were all good servants and I was fond of all but Stephen, whom I could not bear. He put on great airs because he went with papa to Columbia always and felt himself superior to the others, who jokingly called him the "little guv'ner" because he imitated papa's walk and manner generally in an absurd way, as he was quite small and very black.

My sister became engaged the year before the war. She had a beautiful engagement ring, a diamond. She also wore always a magnificent ruby which had been left her by Uncle Tom, captain in the navy. One day she was sewing before dinner and had taken off her rings and slipped them into her work-box, and when we went in to dinner she left it in the hall. When we came out from dinner and she opened her work-box to get the rings, they were gone! It is a very remarkable thing that the servants were not suspected at all. There was a door in the hall opening on to the driveway, and it was always taken for granted that a thief had slipped in, opened the box, and taken out the only valuables in it and escaped. The police were notified to look out for a sneak-thief, and they reported great activity on their part, ending in nothing. The rings were never heard of again. I know now that poor Stephen took those rings. He was not waiting on table that day, and knew well the value of the jewels and my sister's habit of slipping them off into her box

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while she was sewing. He knew about the approaching war and he knew they would always command a good sum of money, for the great value of the pigeon-blood ruby had often been discussed. And Stephen was the only one who ran off to the U. S. Fleet before the end of the conflict. Soon after my father's death, he took his whole family but one boy, Brutus, put them in a small boat, and rowed through the waves from the inlet next to Pawley's Island and joined the fleet. Of course it must have all been arranged before, for they were on the lookout for the boat and picked them up safely. Of course this was a great risk, and it seems strange, after braving the waves of the ocean in a small boat, Stephen should have been drowned some years after the war in the Waccamaw River. He had overloaded his boat with rough rice and it sank and he was drowned. His son Brutus, who was with him, escaped by swimming to shore. My sister was much blamed for her carelessness.

When the family went into the country this year, early in December, my Aunt Ann (Uncle Tom's widow, the buying of whose negroes at her urgent request ruined my father) asked mama to leave me with her, so that I could continue at school until the holidays and so not lose my place in my classes. So I stayed and went to school from her house. The holidays began December 20. I was to take the steamer *Nina*, which was the only way to reach Georgetown then, except to travel the sixty miles in our own carriage, as my mother always did; but, of course, mama and the family having gone that way, I had to take the boat. It so happened that the day for the sailing of the *Nina* was a day of wild excitement, as it was the 20th of December, 1860. The Ordinance of Secession was passed that morning in Charleston and the whole town was in an uproar—parades, shouting, firecrackers, bells ringing, cannon on the forts booming, flags waving, and excited people thronging the streets. I was to go on board the *Nina* at nine o'clock and sleep there, as she sailed at an unearthly hour in the morning. My aunt's coachman was to drive me down, but he came to her and said:

"Miss, I cudn't possible keep dem horse frum run, wid all dis racket. Dem is jest de trimble en prance een de stable now, en I dasn't dare tek dem on de street."

We all knew they were very spirited, overfed horses, and that the man was right. It would be a great risk to attempt to drive them. So it was decided I would have to walk. My two cousins had come to see me off and walked with me—J. Johnston Pettigrew, my great hero and ideal of a man, and Charley Porcher, who was only a little older than myself and my great friend. Fortunately my trunk had been sent down in the morning. It had rained, and when we got down to the wharf it was wet and muddy, and I had no overshoes. Without a word of warning, Cousin Johnston picked me up in his arms and carried me all the way to the boat. I was overcome by the struggle within me, mortification that I should be treated like a child when I was fifteen and thought myself grown up, and delight and gratification that Cousin Johnston cared enough for me to do it, and joy that I was in the arms of my adored hero! I never saw Cousin Johnston again. He entered the army at once and, after distinguishing himself in every action and being promoted to be general, he was killed at Gettysburg; a terrible loss to our army and my first sorrow.

South Carolina having seceded from the Union, military preparations began at once. My brother Ben, who had been educated at West Point and served in the army until three years before, raised and equipped a company of cavalry at his own expense. It was called "Marion's Men of Winyah." The whole country was in wild excitement, drilling and preparing for war. Every one volunteered, old, young, and middle-aged. It was hard to keep the boys at school. In the spring every man we knew in Charleston was in one company or another. The Charleston Light Dragoons and the Washington Light Infantry were the favorites, but there were many other companies of great popularity.

One State after another followed South Carolina's example, and a convention called at Mobile, Alabama, elected Jefferson Davis President of the Southern Confederacy.

[The second paper, "When Sherman's Army Passed," will be published in the August number.]



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# THE SUBSTITUTE

## By Roy Irving Murray

He asked him if he saw aught. And he said: I see men, as trees, walking.
—NEW TESTAMENT.

THE place was a fog of khaki, banded with blue of tobacco smoke; a recreation hut in one of the American camps in France. Across the far end, dim in the uncertain light, a shifting group hung about the counter of the canteen. Others, elbow to elbow at the bare tables, sat writing by the light of guttering candles. At times, when a candle flared, faces would start out sharply down the crowded rows. Private Breck Williams, looking up from his letter, thought of portraits he had seen—Rembrandt—it was like that. Along the low walls there were posters, French-railway posters, marvellously well done many of them. There was one of Nice—gay flowers in a crash of color against the blue of the Mediterranean—a girl standing there, her hands full of roses.

The boy stretched a cramped arm; waited for the ink to dry on a closely written page. He reached out absently; snuffed the candle in front of him with a thumb and finger. He had set it there in its little pool of melting wax when he began his letter. He picked up the last sheet of the letter and held it for a moment over the tall flame. Across the table a man flashed an impatient look at him, then smiled and bent again to his illustrated paper.

"Last will and testament?" he brought out sarcastically.

The boy laughed. It might be that—they were going in the morning. That was why everybody was writing; why it was so still. Ordinarily there would have been the usual noisy games, to the accompaniment of such music as could be wrenched from the little piano—one of those French toys, with bronze handles at the ends, and absurdly incongruous candelabra on either side of the music-rack; that, or else ragtime, spitting angrily from one of the cracked records stacked in random piles on the shelf at the side.

Six months ago they had been new, those same black disks; everything had been new—the June sweetness of the French countryside, the whole green length of valley with its little tiled villages bunched under trees along the river—everything. The novelty had worn thin; it was good to know that to-morrow would bring the change for which they had so long waited; the Great Change, perhaps, for some of them. The boy looked again at the faces across the table. In two days—in three——?

The ink was slow in drying. He picked up the last sheet of paper again, started to read it through.

"We leave here in the morning. At last. It's an experiment, in a way—they're going to try some of us out on a quiet sector. To get us over the dodging stage, I suppose. Bullets, you know, and shells. Of course it's nothing; they all go over your head. I'll write you what it sounds like—we shan't be allowed to *see* anything, naturally. No such luck! Afterward, I suppose, we'll be sent back here to wallow in the mud some more."

Then, with characteristic abruptness: "That chap visited our camp again the other day—the one I told you about. He spoke here in the hut. It was great—like last time. No guff."

The boy's look narrowed as a picture started up from the even lines; a man standing on a heap of box-covers, rather a tall man, with serious eyes, behind which something flashed as the quiet voice lifted into unexpected resonances.

"It may help you," he had said, "to think of it sometimes like this—that each of you has come here from America to take the place of another man. It *is* that, isn't it? One of you for each one of them? To carry the thing on—that's



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what matters. As though you'd snatched up the torch another man had dropped, and pushed ahead with it."

There was a moment's silence. Then: "Many of them are lying close about you, those men who saved France here along the Marne three years ago. It must mean a good deal to you to have had your training in such exalted company. Holy ground—it's that, surely, if any place ever was."

He smiled, hesitated, as with something of shyness. "Go some time to one of these graves here in the fields." He swung an arm toward the low windows. "It will make the thing more definite to you. Tell yourself there that you will be that man's substitute. Tell him. Tell—well, tell—God. That gets it clear with all three of you. And perhaps—I like to believe—I do believe," the voice rang with conviction, "that he will know—*your* man, and yours, and yours," his eyes caught at one face after another in the crowd, held it for a second, then swept on—"he will know that, because of you, his work—the thing for which he gave—everything—is still going forward; that you have come here, gladly and willingly, to stand where he stood—in his place—to fight here as he fought; that you have come here to be, in a sense, him. And then——"

"What's her name, Buddy?"

It was the man across the table again.

The boy looked up. "Name?" Then: "Oh, you mean——?" He pointed to the loose sheets of paper.

"Naturally. A girl, isn't it?" The other leaned forward to light a cigarette at the candle. "Think of censoring all this 'just - before - the - battle - mother' slush!" He waved a hand comprehensively. "Next spring, yes. Maybe. But not now. We'll be back here in two weeks. It'll be different kind of mud and more noise up there; that's all."

The boy drew a fresh sheet from the pile at his elbow.

"Her name," he brought out gravely, "wouldn't interest you, Sim. She's nearly seventy."

There was no reply. The boy's head dropped easily into his spread hand.

"I'm glad," he wrote on, "that you like it back there in the country. The house wanted airing, I should think, after ten years! Do make yourself comfortable. We'll stay there for a while, if you like, when I get back to America. Shall we? I've written Gregg about the garden. If you need money, don't hesitate to draw—that's one thing we *have* got, Ellen."

There were two lines more, then his name and a little row of neat rings and crosses. They had all ended so, his letters to her—those first childish scraps which she still treasured; later ones from school and college, and now, these last, with strange marks scrawled always in the corner of the final page—the censor's initials, he had explained. She resented that, rather, but he had told her that it must be so.

The hut was emptying. The boy looked at his watch; there was still time. He came out into a night of dim starlight, caught a breath of the keen freshness. Then he turned down the company street and made for the highroad. Afterward there was a fence to cross, and then the open field dipping below the hill. It was as though he walked alone in a world of silence. To-morrow night would be different—the flare of star-shells, perhaps, and the near roar of the guns, which they heard, sometimes, even here. It was good to be going, to be even so small a part of it. One wanted that, badly. There had been days when it had seemed impossible to wait; those first days on the transport, the stuffiness of crowded cabins; afterward the endless, empty weeks. Waiting. It couldn't seem so footless once he had seen the genuine thing. And then, in the spring, when they really got into it! He could take his place then—the other man's place, as that speaker-chap had said.

He wondered if any of the rest had been as literal about it, had actually gone out and done what he was doing now, what he had done yesterday, and the day before? It wasn't a thing one could talk of, naturally. Imagine Higgins talking about it—or Sim Beekman! Sim had a shoe-shining stand over on Third Avenue, at home. Still, you couldn't tell, of course——

All at once it was there—the fenced enclosure in the empty field. They were

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pretty much alike, these places; the boy had chosen this one because it stood alone. It was too dark to make out the markings on the little wooden cross; he had copied them in his note-book when he first came, two days ago. "S. X. 47–20." His man. One out of that gay, splendid crowd who fell there along the Marne three years ago. Where were they now, those others? Where was this one? "S. X. 47–20." Perhaps it was true, what the man had said—suppose he *did* know, this French lad, with his numbered and lettered cross? It might be that way. Suppose he knew, and was glad?

Death must be like that; a very simple matter, really, when you came to find out about it. One's life couldn't just break off, like a road that leads to nowhere; that sort of thing didn't make sense. It would be wonderful, in a way, when it came; much less complicated, probably, than anybody supposed. And then, to go out, over—whatever it was—at one's very top-notch best, like this chap here—it ought to be pretty glorious! It couldn't have been all wiped out, the memory of those last, splendid seconds; they must remember—they must! And if they did—the connection made itself in the boy's mind—why, then, this chap here—*his* man— "He'll know"—he was thinking aloud now, whispering the words slowly to himself—"he'll know about me. I want it that way. I want that."

If one could only be sure. It seemed reasonable, and yet——?

Suddenly it came clear, a flashing moment when the dim world of field and starlight faded, and they were alone, these two, in a place of undreamed reality. It was as though they stood together, face to face. The boy's hand went out, gripped the railing of the small enclosure.

"I'm here"—again he spoke aloud, this time consciously, as to one who heard and understood—"I'm here—to take your job."

"No, let me find it myself." The butler stepped back to his place against the wall. "It's there, isn't it, Ellen?" The long fingers edged across the table as the eyes lifted inquiringly to the woman sitting opposite.

It was the same face, fresh-colored, with an added firmness of outline to the square, lifting chin; a man's face, building round the clean grace of boyhood.

"Here's bread." The moving fingers brushed the fragments aside carefully. "There should be water also. Prison fare, at least." The clear eyes under their straight brows smiled negation to something of bitterness in the words.

The woman winced; it was involuntary.

"Yes," she said, "just to the right. There!" as his hand closed round the goblet.

Blind! There were times when it seemed more than she could bear. That first day, when she saw them leading him down the gang-plank—there had been just time to meet the steamer in New York; the days since then, as she watched him groping, wide-eyed, in the endless dark. Sometimes she thought it would be easier if only his eyes were closed—more believable.

After all, he had been hers from the start; when she had carried him in her arms from the shadowed room where death had entered with his opening life. There was never any question of it afterward, not even in the minds of the boy's guardians, who, when Jim Williams followed his young wife before the year was out, called the old servant more and more into their grave counsels. True, there came the inevitable space of terrors—those breaking years when the boy seemed to drift out of her yearning sympathy, when doors closed between them, doors at which she listened breathlessly, but which she forbore to enter. And he had come out clean, had caught at her waiting hands with a new grip of understanding, grateful, instinctively, for her instinctive reticence.

It was to have been like that until the end: his arm to steady her through the declining years, his love the background of her simple existence, and, at the last, his face the last thing to remember through the gathering twilight.

And then, on a day, he had come to her in his uniform, and had said words that sealed her vicarious motherhood, kindling a blazing pride that cast no shadow of a fear.

When he left, with his regiment, she closed the apartment and went back, as

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he had wished, to the old house in the country where they had lived until he was fourteen; a place whose crowded memories of his earlier years glowed into life as she moved through the familiar rooms, setting all in order against his sure return. Each week there had been his letters, gay with details of the new life—the French villages, the drills, the endless, endless mud.

And then, months afterward, he had come back, clung to her there before them all on the crowded dock, touched her face, her hair, awkwardly, and kissed her. Afterward, in the motor, he had put his arms about her, quieting her sobs.

There was one thing, in the weeks that followed, which kept her sane—the thought that he was hers now more than ever. It came to her sometimes that this new, fierce joy of possession must be wrong, that it was wicked to think so of his appealing helplessness. She looked up at him now, across the table, his shining, fair head against the high back of his chair, his eyes vacant, for the moment, with the utter vacancy of the blind.

Afterward, on the way up to her room, she turned at the landing of the stairs; he was standing in the open doorway, his slim, straight figure, in white flannels, cut against the outside blackness of the night. Then, as she looked, he turned, his outstretched fingers brushing the wall, and went into the room at the side. She knew that he would sit there in the darkness alone, that she must not go to him. It would be long after midnight when she heard his step on the stairs. Once, as he passed her shut door, she had caught words—the fragment of a sentence: "another day—another day." It was what she feared—the thing eating into his mind.

Nights were the worst, when he felt it coming in waves of sick depression, and clinched his empty hands against a fear that crept nearer, nearer, out of the echoing dark. At first he had faced it squarely out, fought it knowingly, with all the bright weapons in his armory of youth. To keep sane, normal, until he could gain space to twist life into the necessary lines of readjustment—not to go under. It would all come straight finally, for him as it had for other men. Would it? And, if it did, what could be left in the blank spaces of the years? Over and over he wrenched his mind from that thought, each time with more of the effort of a spent runner who sobs toward a hopeless goal.

Then it would pass, as pain melts before a powerful anodyne, or, lately, as though some one had come to him and laid in his hands the gift of peace. Perhaps it was only a symptom of the thing he dreaded, the opening of a gate to the hallucinations of his sick mind. But it was very real; he had learned to wait for it. That might be the danger; he had almost ceased to care; like a drug-taker who no longer shudders at the mechanism by which he wins his brief release from torment. Twice, in the last week, it had been so vivid that he had called out, as though to a person actually in the room. Some time there would be an answer; he would know then that the fight was lost.

He shut the door into the hallway, then he found a chair across the room and sat down. The place was very still; puffs of fragrance from the garden on the terrace below stirred the curtains at the open windows; a shaft of moonlight broke shimmering across the floor, creeping toward the gray blur that was the boy's relaxed figure. Vague sounds moved against the background of silence—murmurs from the garden, the drip of water somewhere down there, footsteps, where the village street began, beyond the garden.

> "Footsteps that pass me in the street
> And turn not in:
> Faces remembered through the years—
> Seen not again——"

The words of the old song crossed his mind with a soothing rhythm.

> "Faces remembered through the years—
> Seen not again——"

Sim Beekman used to sing it, nights; he even taught it to one of the French youngsters who were always hanging about the barracks.

"André"—the name came to him as though it had been spoken. "He used to wear that old fatigue cap of his father's. And he couldn't pronounce 'remembered.'"

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It was curious how vividly it all came back, once he allowed himself to think about it.

"It got cold toward November—the camp was there, in the valley. And the rain! You wrote her about the mud. Sim would be drying his boots at the little stove, singing the song, with the French boy standing by. You must keep thinking about that—and that last night in the hut—he asked you what her name was—old Ellen, you know. And then you went out into the field—the man said to do that— Don't lose it," the voice begged. "We've tried so hard to get it across to you. It was the rhythm of the song that caught you. And you went out into the field——"

He must not answer—must not. It was all imagination; no one had spoken. He was straining forward in the chair, his face, touched now by the moonlight, twisting in an agony of effort.

"You were not really there, that night"—the words came in spite of him —"and yet——"

"Yes, it was real. As real as this. Only—that was easier. Now, you're fighting us."

"It's my head, isn't it—my mind—going? Some of them were like that. I used to hear them, in the hospital. That new gas—you couldn't tell it coming. And shell-shock. Men went crazy—or else—or else——"

"Blind?"

"Yes. That's the word—blind. *I* don't see, you know," he went on simply. "Likely I've been talking nonsense. I didn't hear you come in, at first—I fall asleep here sometimes."

He was sitting back in the chair now, the strained look gone from his face. It came to him vaguely that perhaps he ought to call Ellen. He could make some excuse in case—in case it was all imagination. It couldn't be real, of course.

He shifted his head into a more comfortable position, a hand shading his eyes unconsciously against the streaming moonlight; and with the gesture, as though because of it, something of tension lessened in the quiet room.

Then suddenly fear leaped to its realization in the boy's white face, as though a door were wrenched abruptly open on a place which held some naked horror. It had happened. Life was to be that—*that!* Voices across the dark—whisperings to give the lie even to such dim realities as he might have set up at the ends of his groping finger-tips. Shut in the dark with the circling terror of his own diseased imaginings. Always he had known that it would come finally—even in those first blank moments of attempted readjustment, when he told himself meaninglessly that life was over; afterward, in the field-hospital, with the world a place of echoing voices—the nurses, the doctor, dangling before his certainty their lying hopes that the thing might pass. Always—as inevitable as the ceaseless surge of water filling his ears as he sat in his deck-chair on the ship coming home.

It had all been so reasonless, right from the start—rushing off like that instead of going sensibly to the officers' training-camp with the others. Not that it was a matter of saving his skin—but it would have put him in a position to be at least useful. Specialization was what counted in all of life—taking a job according to your abilities, not pushing headlong into the mob where nobody could possibly count as an individual. Sacrificing everything—it amounted to that—and for nothing, less than nothing. They had not even made a charge, had not even seen the enemy. It was absurd, grotesque. He laughed grimly at that thought, and, with the laugh, his quick ear caught a sound somewhere at the end of the room.

"Still there?" he brought out ironically.

"Yes," the word came back, "still here." And then: "You're all wrong, you know, all wrong. I've got to show you—make you see."

"*See?*" The word stung with sarcasm. "See!" Then bitterly: "You're God, I suppose. 'Make me see!' You used to do it with clay—wasn't it? Well, I'm waiting."

He lay back in the chair, the moonlight full across the smiling insolence of his face.

"*Now* I've hurt your feelings."

There was no reply. Slowly, as the silence held, the boy's face changed, softened, as though an invisible hand had

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wiped years out of it. The smile faded, came again, with a difference.

"I'm sorry," he ventured winningly, "I'm sorry. I—I didn't mean that." He brushed a hand quickly across his upstanding hair, then brought it back to the chair-arm. "You see," he faltered, "it bowls me over sometimes, and then I get —well, I get—savage."

"I know——"

"*You* know," he cut in. "How can you?" Then suddenly: "Oh, I see—you're really me, I suppose, after all. Sort of—what's the word?—sort of—projected. Yes, that's it. I'm really just talking to myself all the time, aren't I?" he went on, almost gayly. "You're in my mind, and you keep answering me. You *are* me." He smiled, like a satisfied child. "It's quite all right, so long as I know. I'll get used to it likely. Anyhow, I shan't have to pretend with you."

"No, you can't—pretend—with me."

"You see," the boy went on, in a moment, "it breaks a man's spirit." Unconsciously he was feeling after some sort of commiseration. "It's the having nothing ahead—much—to go on toward. I'm twenty-four nearly and I'm dead. Done for. It's that."

He was talking eagerly now, rapidly, as though against time.

"I thought—I suppose everybody had the same idea—but I thought I'd get a chance really to do something. But that didn't happen. I wanted to make one more, at least; stop a shot, perhaps, from getting to some other chap. That sort of thing. They'd stuck it out so long—the French and the English and—and the others. It was our turn. And I had some vague notion about filling in. Of course we're English, more or less, we Americans. It's partly the language, I suppose, but it's really more. Oh, a lot more than just that. And France—we've owed France just about all we could possibly heap together."

A new note had crept into the words, something of exaltation, a touch, almost, of ecstasy.

"Why, when we came off the transport, the little French children knelt down in the mud as the flag went by. It catches you, somehow, that sort of thing—if you're human. And at our village, where we were billeted, down there on the Marne—they made you feel like a prince, those people. That was before we got the barracks up," he went on reminiscently. "It always made me think of Bethlehem somehow; the little winding streets and the stone houses—and the stars. Hills all round, too. Dead still at night; you'd hear the water swishing through the reeds, and then the old church clock. And reveille before daylight—as though you could pick the sound of the bugles right out of the air with your hand. The boche planes used to come across on moonlight nights. It didn't seem real at first. Fellows got so they slept right through it. And then we went—we went—up to the front——"

The hurrying words faltered, stopped.

"Not yet."

The boy started, he had forgotten the other.

"You haven't told it all. That night," the quiet voice went on, "before you left —the thing you did then, the big thing, last of all. You've left that out. We started with that, you know, when I first"— he hesitated an instant for the word—"when I first—came."

"But I've never told anybody about that."

"No. That's the reason."

"The reason?"

"Yes. You've never even told yourself what it really meant. That's why I —came. That, and one thing besides. But They wanted you to get that straight first."

"'They'? Who?"

"Why, *They*—We—no, I can't get it. I can't explain. I don't know why. It's no consequence. But They want that, and They sent me. I couldn't come sooner; I tried, but I couldn't. But I think you knew."

The boy reached out a hand, then let it fall.

"Yes," he said wonderingly, "I knew."

"You see," the other took it up eagerly, "you've thought none of it mattered—that your part didn't count. That's been the whole mistake. It's your wrong standards of value. All of you are like that, more or less, back—here. I'd almost forgotten how wrong it was, until your—your trouble. We learn the other things

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so quickly, you know, where we are, and then the old notions get all blurred. I suppose I'm not making it clear; I've even forgotten the words. But it's the Will that matters always. Your being ready, you see, was everything. That night, you remember—wanting to do it—that's exactly the sort of thing that counts tremendously. The rest is all accident—They don't reckon that part at all, because—well, because it isn't real."

The disjointed phrases were beginning to make sense in the boy's groping mind. "The rest is accident," he repeated the words aloud. All "accident." The death, the torn, broken bodies, the hideous suffering—all accident. It was the simple wanting to help that mattered, the wanting to give one's self—to do the right thing. You couldn't fail, whatever happened to you, if you had that.

A new light shot up along the boy's spiritual horizon, a sort of white, transfiguring radiance; something that would change life, if it held. It didn't matter so much, then—all those chaps who had gone out bravely, splendidly. It was—accident! The thing behind it, the blazing self-forgetfulness which carried them to and through that last accident of all—*that* lasted; that, the whole big sum of it, was, itself, the Victory.

"They sing as they add it up," the other voice went on, "They come across to us—singing. Hand in hand, like children. Singing. Happy. It's beyond words. You don't know—but it's saving the world; it's saving the whole world. You're part of it. You thought it didn't matter, but—you carried on. Your accident happened to be different from Theirs, that's all. It was your wanting to take another man's place—doing it—that counted. And They want you to go back, now that you know. They want you to try to tell the others. Tell the fathers and mothers—always the mothers. They're always thinking of the mothers as They come across singing, but—They sing! There's no sorrow; it's all clear joy—all. You'll tell it, won't you? You're to go back for that. Perhaps, afterward, you'll have your other—accident. I don't know. But now They want you to go back. I came to say it."

"Go back? Yes, but——"

"Look!"

At first he did not realize. The long room lay silent again in the moonlit dusk, the curtain stirred at the window. A figure stood near the open door—he could see it quite clearly, a slender, straight figure in the uniform of a French soldier. Then, as he looked, the other bent forward, smiling; the moonlight caught the device on the collar of his worn tunic: "S. X. 47–20."

His man!

Somehow the boy got to his feet, stumbled in his confused new gift of sight to the door where the other had been standing, swayed toward the staircase across the hall.

"Ellen," he called chokingly, "Ellen! Ellen!"

A door opened somewhere in the darkness above. Then, in another moment she was there, holding him in her arms.

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# NIGHT SONG

## By Hamilton Fish Armstrong

In that calm distant place where only dreams can love you,
In chambers lit by moons I cannot see,
Where peacock-hued brocades festoon themselves above you
And hunters climb their hills of tapestry,—
I wonder if in the winds you hear at all my sighing,
Or catch my tears re-echoing through the rain,
Or hear my moon call to your moon the song undying,
Or in the ivy know my tap against the pane.

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# PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY JAMES

By E. S. Nadal

I DID not know James as a very young man. I did not make his acquaintance until some time in the seventies. The first time I saw him was at one of those afternoon parties given at the London Legation on the Fourth of July. A notice of the party would be published in the papers and any one was welcome who had a black coat, or, for that matter, a gray one. No cards were required in those days, which are now considered a necessity to keep out crooks. Mrs. Pierrepont, a graceful, pretty, and elegant-looking woman, stood at the door receiving. A rather dark and decidedly handsome young man of medium height, with a full beard, stood in the doorway and bowed rather stiffly, as if he were not to be confused with the rank and file of his compatriots. I was at once struck by his appearance, and I could see that the lady was also impressed and was wondering who he was. Later I saw him talking with Eugene Schuyler. I asked Schuyler who he was, and he told me it was James and introduced me to him. James talked about London with enthusiasm, and was charmed by the "accidental" in London, as he called it, by which no doubt he meant that something which had happened a long time ago and had ceased to be useful, was not abolished but was suffered to remain, corrected, or supplemented by something else—which was also an accident, such a fact, for instance, I suppose, as that the county-seat of Middlesex was not London but Brentford, an ancient act of Parliament permitting courts to be held in London for "the convenience of barristers." James told me he had taken rooms in Bolton Street and hoped I would come and see him there. I answered that the first rooms that I had had in London were in Bolton Street—No. 6. He said: "Mine are No. 3, the half of your old number; you can remember it by that." I happened at that time to have permission to take people over Holland House, and I went there a day or two afterward with James and the late John L. Cadwalader, who had recently been at the State Department, where he was assistant secretary under Mr. Fish. A few days afterward I took breakfast with James in his Bolton Street lodgings and he had also Cadwalader. After that I would often go there to see him. There was a slender, tall, dark, rather pretty girl who usually came to the door when I called. She was not a servant, but a relation of the landlady. James, with his quick sympathy and the keen interest he had lately acquired in English habits, said: "She's an English character. She is what they call in England a 'person.' She isn't a lady and she isn't a woman; she's a person." He told me this about her: that her risibilities were very easily affected. When he made a remark in the least jocose she would at once be overcome with laughter and would beg him to desist, saying: "Oh, please don't, Mr. James, it's quite too funny." During that summer we dined together a great deal at the Café Royal in the Quadrant, Regent Street, which had been only recently opened. This was in the summer of 1877. Later we often dined at a club in Piccadilly to which I belonged. The season was over and there was nothing to do in the evening, and after dinner we would walk in the park or about the London streets. As we walked along, James talked incessantly and with the originality and somewhat of the authority of those who read aloud to you their thoughts out of their own minds. His talk was very alert and eager. I recall at the moment one or two incidents of those walks. A little street-walker begged of us. As he gave her something, he said with feeling: "They



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imitate so well the tones of wretchedness." Again I remember his using the expression "This town, which I adore."

When I knew him best and saw most of him we had both just come to live in England. I expected to make diplomacy a profession. I was therefore chiefly anxious to please my masters in Washington, but I also wished incidentally to get on with the English. James had quite decided to live in London and so naturally wanted to know English society. He frankly said so. Thus, when I happened to speak with some disapprobation of the pursuit by Americans of social success in London in spite of the rudeness encountered from some of the London social leaders, he said: "I don't agree with you. I think a position in society is a legitimate object of ambition." In the things he wrote about that time I could see indications that his personal relations with English society were very much in his mind. In "An International Episode" an American woman says that an English woman had said to her, "In one's own class," meaning the middle class and meaning also that the American woman belonged to that class. The American woman says that she didn't see what right the English woman had to talk to her in that manner. This was a transcript of an incident he related to me one night when we were walking about the London streets. Some lady of the English middle class, whom he had lately visited in the country, had said to him, "That is true of the aristocracy, but in one's own class it is different," meaning, said James, "her class and mine." He did not wish to be confounded with the mass of English people and to be adjudged a place in English society in accordance with English standards. In order that this should not happen he preferred, although he expected to make England his home, to remain a foreigner. In his charming sketch "Lady Barbarina," he has a rich young doctor, an American, who proposes to and marries a young woman of the English upper class. In his proposal the doctor addresses the lady in a very spirited speech, in which there is, for James, quite a surprising degree of the sentiment of a lover. He tells her: "I love you from head to foot." To this declaration she returns a non-committal answer. She looks at him narrowly and says: "You're a foreigner." In this he was making the young lady say what he himself thought and wished to be true. I don't think he wanted to be in smart English society, because he really preferred the company of smart people. It was rather that he did not like to feel that he was shut out from that or any other kind of company. He would tell me that he wanted "to be taken seriously" by the English; that was a phrase he often made use of. He told me once that he particularly detested "that excluded feeling." I dare say also that he wanted to be enough in smart company to know what it was like. He wished to be an international novelist, and desired to know that as well as other parts of English life. Then he knew that it is perhaps truer of England than of any other country that "a box ticket takes you through the house." Other people, whose company I dare say he really preferred, artists, and people of letters, etc., would think all the more of him if he were about in the world of fashion.

The accounts of English life which, in his character of an international novelist, he wrote at that time were as a rule fairly correct, though he would now and then make a slip. In the story mentioned above, "An International Episode," he has a flirtation between an Englishman, Lord Lambeth, and a New York girl. He told me, at the time this story appeared, that certain London ladies, who were friends of his and were interested in his literary fortunes, thought he had got this young man too rough and slangy. He said, however, that he was not of that opinion. I thought the ladies were right, in one instance certainly. Lord Lambeth, in talking with the girl, speaks of bad food as "filth." I have known many smart young Englishmen, and I have never heard one of them describe food in that way, and I am sure that a young English gentleman would not so describe it in conversation with a young lady.

At that time he was rather keen upon the subject of English clubs. He liked them and wanted to become a member of one or two of them. He had his name put up for the Reform. He had no dif-

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ficulty in obtaining an election, but of course one can never be quite sure of getting into a club. I remember his saying to me: "If I should fail in this, I shall then go to work and write some things and try to get an election to the Athenæum." He meant an election under the rule of that club which permits the choice annually of a certain number of men who have become distinguished in politics, literature, science, or the fine arts. He said that he had already certain friends in that club who were taking care of him. Some months after this he came in one day to see me and told me he had been elected to the Athenæum. What he said was characteristic. He had just returned from a visit to this country. He said he was in Cambridge, Mass., and started to walk in the direction of Boston, hoping to meet the postman on the way. There was a terrible blizzard and snowstorm in progress, which made England in the distance look all the more alluring. He met the postman, who put into his hands a letter from the Athenæum informing him of his election to the club. During this visit he wrote over to a friend in London that he should never be happy again till he found himself in a hansom, that vehicle not yet having been naturalized in this country.

He was a keen and eager observer. I introduced him once at a club to an English acquaintance. James said of him: "What strange hands he has." I knew the man very well and had noticed his hands, but had not given them much thought. James said: "You mean to say you never observed his hands. He has very handsome hands, but such a strange way of using them." Once we dined at a club and were sitting by the fire in the smoking-room after dinner. There were two Englishmen, whom neither of us knew, standing by the fire. One of them was a stupid-looking man who talked a great deal, and James, who had been watching the man closely, turning to me, said eagerly: "He's a fool."

He was at that time very keen and eager in observing differences between us and the English. The English scold us for this propensity, but what is more natural than that a man going from his own country to another should be interested in differences in character and manners between the peoples of the two countries? I recall this. He had been staying at a hotel in the country and had been in the habit of dining there in company with an Englishman. There was a man waiting at the table whose manners James thought unpleasantly servile. The Englishman, however, called attention to the man's excellent manners. "He thought the man had good manners," said James, "and I thought him a cringing old rascal." He thought Americans had big ears; he thought, however, that big, ugly features were more likely to be found in English than in American faces. But he thought the English very handsome. That is no doubt true; they are a handsome people. He thought that our people are not good-looking. I doubt, however, if his way of making a comparison was quite fair. In England the different kinds of people are sorted and separated; here they are mixed up together. It is not fair to compare the selected people of England with our mass. The half-starved inhabitants of Whitechapel are not handsome, nor are the operatives in English manufacturing towns. On the other hand, there is plenty of good looks among those of our people who have had the advantages of good food and lodgings and of our modern outdoor life. Of course James knew this, for he often introduced such people into his novels. A great deal of James's writing, when he first went to England, was upon these differences. But this is a subject which is soon exhausted, if the observer continues to live in the foreign country. A friend of mine, who was long our Secretary of Legation in Madrid, and who was by way of being literary, told me that when he was asked to write about Spain he found that he had nothing to say. The reason was that he saw nothing. He had got as used to the streets of Madrid as people in New York are to Broadway. This is especially true of external characteristics, of differences in looks. In my own case, when I am in a new country and have to write something about it, I am in haste to set down what I see for fear the new scene may soon lose its strangeness. Thus the man from Europe, who came to this country to write a book about it and who

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landed in the morning, walked up and down Broadway, and took passage home by a steamer in the afternoon, was not so wide of the mark as it might seem.

It was about the time I first knew him that he definitely made up his mind to choose Europe, and especially England, as a place to live in instead of America. It is true perhaps that his preference had always been for Europe. He told me once that he remembered a particular moment when he decided that his preference was for Europe as his part of the world. He was a boy of about fourteen at the time, and the scene was somewhere on the Continent, and he was sitting out-of-doors, looking upon such a prospect as he liked, the landscape perhaps adorned with a castle or a cathedral. It was a kind of choice of Hercules for the young globe-trotter. At that moment, however, he merely decided what his preference was. I think he did not definitely decide to live in Europe until he was a man past thirty. Just before the time of my first acquaintance with him he had, in the sixties and early seventies, spent a long time here. He told me that he had then given the country a "good trial." If he was to live in Europe, I can understand why he should fix upon England. He might have made his home in Italy or in France, the language of which latter country he knew almost perfectly, although he spoke it with an accent, and I think in the end it would have been better if he had done that. But I dare say he felt that there was something thin and superficial in an American's life on the Continent. He wanted a place where his roots would be deeper than they could be in France or Italy, in which countries his acquaintances would be chiefly American. English manners and habits attracted him strongly. He liked the repose of the English character, so entirely self-contented. Then there is a certain hospitality toward foreigners in English society and also a certain resistance, and the combination attracted James. In France I believe there is very little hospitality toward the foreigner. The French are inhospitable perhaps because they are so keenly social, because they value social enjoyment so highly. A foreigner is a wet blanket, a "killjoy." But the English are not social and do not have a very keen enjoyment of society. A foreigner is not a killjoy, because there is not much social joy to kill. English society is easy to get into in a way, and yet it also offers some resistance to foreigners, for it does not like foreigners. James, I have no doubt, found a good deal of fun in the effort to overcome this resistance.

During the time James lived in this country, and for some years afterward, he wrote a good deal for *The Nation*. I did a little work at one time on that paper, and got to know the men connected with it. It was during the Grant and Greeley campaign of 1872, when I wrote some political editorials for it. James, I think, did a great deal of work for it. The tone of the paper was critical, superior, and somewhat toploftical. The other young men were of much the same disposition. Among them was Dennett, the literary critic, a tall, big fellow, strikingly handsome, with long brown hair parted in the middle, after the conventional manner of poets. He had been the class poet of 1862 at Harvard, when my old friend Charlie Grinnell was class orator, and was, I have been told, a poet of distinction, which I can well believe. He had a full brown beard and looked at you through glasses with clear, beautiful eyes, hazel in color. He was superior in a shy way. There was the managing editor, the grave, earnest, and judicious Garrison, the son of the Abolitionist, with a conscience such as you might expect a man of his paternity to have, his severity and asceticism, however, reserved almost exclusively for himself and not employed upon other people. Arthur Sedgwick, whom we have not long ago lost, was another, a handsome, *distingué* young fellow—*distingué*, indeed, he always remained. There was a fineness of perception and of instinct in him you would not expect to see associated with his somewhat heavy traits; of course he had great fineness of feeling. He was a man for whom all who knew him well had a warm affection, and whom now those of us who have survived him keenly regret and feel the absence of. Sedgwick was also superior, as were the two Adamses, who had some sort of connection with the paper. Why should they not feel so?

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They were clever and young, thirty or thereabouts, and had the best intentions toward humanity. They were an honest lot, with every right to think well of themselves. I dare say they did feel their oats. The time is short in men's lives when they may feel in that lofty and confident manner. Who would grudge them their day of youthful hope and courage? They were nearly all Harvard men and were more or less connected with Cambridge. The war had been fought and the North had come out on top and Boston on top of that, and Cambridge, perhaps, in some respects on top of Boston. Doctor Holmes had lately promulgated his theory of a Brahmin caste, which flattery, of course, had been duly swallowed. These young men were of that type, although I think Dennett was a Canadian. The paper had remarkable success. Its opportunity lay in the need of an opposition to the tyranny of the party which had won the war. Everybody had been talking and thinking, or talking rather than thinking, one way. There was room for a paper which should express the sentiment of

> "the honest few
> Who give the fiend himself his due."

It treated literary matters in the same independent way in which it treated politics. I don't think it would now be possible for any paper to put up such a bluff and get away with it as that little paper did. We have grown less impressible, and more critical and suspicious, and we should want to see the cards. Sedgwick, who went to Washington in the winter of 1876 to watch the Hayes-Tilden affair, told me that he sat at dinner next to a young lady of whom I shall only say that she was the original of *Virginia Dare* in "Democracy," a kind-hearted girl with a clever wit. She, not knowing that Sedgwick was from Cambridge or that he was connected with *The Nation*, told him that she had just been on a visit to Cambridge, and remarked: "It's a queer place; they don't have any opinions there till Thursday morning, when a paper comes out called *The Nation*, which tells them what they are to think and say for the next week." James had a natural sympathy with the tone of the paper. The critical things he wrote were a little superfine and would contain a good many such words as "note," "appeal," "convincing"; very convenient terms, no doubt, but which a writer who prefers freshness, modesty, and simplicity might think to savor somewhat too much of the shop and would, if possible, rather avoid. They were always elegant and pleasant, as may be said of all his things written at that time, but it seemed to me that they were somewhat deficient in point. Why they should have been so, I am sure I don't know, for he was full of intelligence and, in criticising fiction, he had a technical knowledge and experience, which must have had a special value. About 1877 I remember his telling me that he had been writing fiction a long time and had acquired some skill in it. Literary criticism, however, was scarcely his *forte*. I don't think he was what you would call a reading kind of man. His books were people. Once, when he was at my rooms in Down Street, he found Shakespeare, Milton, and some other good poetry on my table, and said with a laugh: "What classical taste you've got!" I explained that my eyes at that time were not strong, and that I chose to read poetry as the most condensed form of literature, and of course read the best.

Although I did not know him at the time he was living in America, I would hear a good deal about him, chiefly from ladies. What they invariably said of him was that he was distinguished and possessed of an inscrutability which piqued their interest and curiosity, that he was very good-looking and attractive, etc. Distinguished he was in a marked degree, both as a young man and an old one. It was one of his most striking qualities.

James, I think, found his best friends among women. They liked him for various reasons. He had fame, and they liked him for that. Then there are women who particularly value the friendship of a clever and distinguished man because it is pleasing to their vanity. Some friendships of his with women I knew, I think, had this foundation. Women liked him also for his good looks and charming manners and his innate refinement. They liked him especially for his

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sympathetic and delicate discernment of their own nice qualities. He seemed to look at women rather as women look at them. Women look at women as persons; men look at them as women. The quality of sex in women, which is their first and chief attraction to most men, was not their chief attraction to James. Often I did not care for his judgment of women. That is no doubt as it should be; it is a common saying in my line of business, which is horses, that it is a fortunate circumstance that all men do not prefer the same horse or the same woman. I remember his walking with me twice the length of Piccadilly, from Piccadilly Circus to Hyde Park corner and back, one afternoon descanting upon the perfections of a certain American woman he had just met, the wife of an old school friend of his. A day or two afterward I met this lady somewhere at luncheon. On being introduced to her, I thought: "Yes, you're very pretty, but you can't dance." I was put next her at the table and presently took an opportunity of asking if she liked dancing, and she said she cared nothing at all about it. I think he liked a pronounced and perhaps somewhat conscious refinement in women. There was an English woman, a spinster, who was and who always remained one of his most intimate and devoted friends, and whom I knew. She was rather pretty, and you needed only glance at her to see that she was especially what you call "nice." This lady had the somewhat extreme refinement I am speaking of. I recall as characteristic one remark of hers: she once asked me if I did not think it was vulgar to take offense.

Of all the men I ever knew he was the man whom I could least imagine with a wife. When he would be recommending matrimony to me and I would say, "Why don't you?" he would reply with quiet conviction: "I'm not a marrying man."

He may have been sorry for this later. Most men who grow old without children regret they have forfeited that kind of immortality which comes of mixing your blood with that of posterity. An American lady, the mother of children, met him in London in company with several persons who like himself were childless; she told me that he said to her: "You are the only one of us who has accomplished what is, after all, the most important and the most desirable thing in life."

In 1891 I went to London after an absence of some years, and left a card on him. A day or two afterward I found his card at my lodgings, with a letter beginning "Welcome back to old England," and asking me to lunch with him. I found him in a handsome apartment in Kensington. He had a butler of a most respectable appearance, and he had a dachshund bitch with a beautiful countenance. He sat with the dachshund in his lap much of the time. We were speaking on the subject of sex in women and were comparing European with American women in this regard. I had a notion that American women had less of this quality than European women, that in many American women it was negative, and in European women positive, and that many American girls looked like effeminate boys. There is a certain amount of truth in this, but perhaps not a great deal. James said, stroking the head of the dachshund: "She's got sex, if you like, and she's quite intelligent enough to be shocked by this conversation." He told me that his books had no sale. He said that he had written an article for the *Atlantic* on Lowell, remarking that it was too early to write anything critical about him. He said that Lowell had stayed with him during a recent visit to London and that he seemed very unhappy. I told him that I had just arranged with an English magazine for an article on Lowell, and he said, with his customary good sense: "Don't write for English magazines; write for American ones." He pointed to two large volumes on a table by his brother, the philosopher, with a fraternal pride which was pleasant to see. Of English society he seemed to be rather tired, saying that he had done it and was content for the future to let it alone. He remarked that he should never again enter an English country house accompanied by a portmanteau. He complained bitterly of the dreadful cold of the previous winter in London, but did not seem to be more attracted to his own country on that account. He expressed his abhorrence of the American women tourists, with Baedekers in their hands,

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he had seen during a recent visit to Dublin, saying: "Of course in any other country such people don't travel." I was not of his opinion, because I know how much nicer such people often are, and for that matter look, on closer acquaintance. He told me that he was in the habit of dining alone in his apartment. I asked: "Don't you find that dull?" He said: "No, I don't mind it." I couldn't help thinking that a mistake, for even when you dine alone at a club there is a certain amount of companionship in seeing men you know about the room. He didn't seem as happy as he used to be, and I could have wished him back in his old lodgings at No. 3 Bolton Street, "the half of my old number," without the very respectable butler, and looked after by the tall, slender, dark, rather pretty "person" with the sensitive risibilities.

James at this time had just brought out a play, which had been damned. Grant Duff had told me that he had understood that the play was liked by the people in the top galleries. I repeated this to James, who said he believed it was true. He spoke of playwriting as an infinitely difficult art, in which, however, he still had hopes of success. To anybody as fond of London as James was, it ought to have been delightful to be "damned." I don't know what the theatre was. Let us hope it was one of the good old London houses, the Haymarket, for instance, so that he should have missed nothing of the full flavor of the classic experience, and have been like Charles Lamb, who, when his play was hooted off the stage, joined the hooters, or Fielding seated behind the scenes on a first night, waiting for the verdict of the audience, a quid of chewing-tobacco stuck in his mouth, and saying to a friend who had come in from the front and told him the play was bad and ought to be withdrawn, "Let 'em find it out, damn 'em," which they presently did. These great men couldn't do it, but the artificial and conceited Bulwer could. I didn't believe James could do it. He was not dramatic, certainly not theatrical. His talent was critical and narrative. In this attempt he was moving in a direction away from rather than toward his true gift, that introvertive monologue in which he delighted, such as I used to hear from him in our nocturnal walks about the London streets.

But then monologue would not have given him a nice apartment and a combination valet and butler. The nice flat and the butler in a swallow-tail coat were perhaps the result of living in England. It used to be said that keeping a gig constituted respectability in England. But I should think now that, for an unmarried man at any rate, it is having a valet. In a country-house party every one has a valet who can afford it. Not to have one gives away the fact that you can't afford it. It is no very great expense. One could be got for $500.00 a year, and he would keep himself. Formerly it was the custom, and I dare say still is, for men who did not ordinarily keep a man to hire one to take with them to country houses. He was called a "fellow." People here don't care how a bachelor lives. There is indeed not much interest in the financial situation of any but the very rich. There is a good deal of interest in their money and a good deal of respect for it. James, in his recent visits to this country, was much struck by the increased respect for great wealth as compared with the feeling about it when he was a young man. But whether a man pays $5.00 a week for a bedroom or has a house at a rental of $5,000.00 a year, nobody cares and I doubt if very many people know. That is the case in New York, at any rate. So if James had lived here he would not have felt it necessary to be so respectable. Still he was fond of having things nice about him. During his last visit here he said to me: "You don't care how you live; I do care how I live."

During one of our dinners at the Café Royal, I once said to him: "You never make a fool of yourself, do you?" He said: "Never by any chance." He piqued himself especially upon his tact and discretion and upon never losing his head. He had indeed all of these qualities. He thought a great deal of a correct and respectable deportment. On one occasion after we had dined at the club, I took him to see some people in Kensington. I got out of the hansom first and, going up the steps, got hold in the dark of

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the servant's bell. At the door of a London house there are usually two bells, a visitor's and a servant's bell. James was shocked. "What," he said; "you haven't rung the servant's bell?" It made no difference, as I knew the people intimately. Indeed you can't make evening visits to people in London whom you don't know intimately. His tone toward me was often that of a Dutch uncle. He seemed to have me more on his mind than I thought there was any occasion for. He would say: "You ought to have a new silk hat," or "You ought to get a new dress coat once a year." If, on the contrary, he approved of me, he would express himself to that effect. For instance, once when I had on yellow gloves, he said: "You ought always to wear yellow gloves."

James was much interested in nice dress. At one time we had the same tailor, whose shop in Clifford Street you could see looking northward from the Burlington Arcade, the windows bulging out with flowers and inviting you of a summer afternoon to inspect the counters within, covered with pretty fabrics. The tailor was an agreeable and intelligent man, with whom James used to like to drop in and have a chat, as I did. A good many Americans went to him, among them Henry Adams and a man who knew a good deal more about the subject than any of us, Burdett Coutts. I took a number there myself.

One night I was dining alone with the Lowells, when a servant came in and said that James was at the door. He came in and sat down at the table. Presently we left and went away together. I happened to be wearing a crush-hat. It was out of the season; I suppose I was going to the theatre. He said: "What have you got an opera-hat for?" I said, perhaps with some temper: "Can't I wear a crush-hat if I want to?" He said indulgently and maternally: "Why, yes, of course." Lowell had been talking at dinner about the clever conversation at the Saturday Club in Boston. He said he found nothing like it in London. I believe he thought it better than the talk at Johnson's Club or Will's Coffee-House or even at the Mermaid Tavern. James said: "I call that provincial." "Provincial" and "parochial" he thought were words very descriptive of this country.

At one time he wanted very much to go into the diplomatic service. When Lowell was appointed Minister to Spain, I think he suggested it to Lowell, who no doubt would have been glad to have James with him. But the State Department took the view that, as Lowell himself had not had any diplomatic experience or any official or business experience of any kind, he had better have the assistance of some man of proved official capacity, and Dwight Reed, a clerk in the State Department, was appointed, who turned out an extremely good diplomatic officer and of whom Lowell had a high opinion.

I think James had the notion of a diplomatic career in his head for a long time. Meeting him one day in the street we talked about diplomatic appointments. He spoke of my connection with the Service, of which by that time I was pretty tired. I said: "You wouldn't think anything of it." He replied: "My dear fellow, that's all you know about it; I'm dying of envy." I don't doubt he would have been a very good man for such employment, though you never can be quite sure till you see a man tried. He had tact and good judgment and a great deal of common sense. I think nevertheless it would have been a mistake for James to go into diplomacy. I doubt if it is a good career for any writing man. A writing man's business is to express himself. A diplomat's business is to hold his tongue. Diplomats get very timid. They seem to get into a condition of chronic funk. I don't wonder that they do, when you consider what is expected of them. Bismarck said that it was an indiscretion for a diplomat to keep a diary. Think of that, and be thankful you were born in a free country. Certainly the effect of a diplomatic career is to make speech difficult. That would not have been good for James, who I think had by nature some difficulty in expressing himself. At least in his young days he used to say that when he was at the top of a page he never was quite sure that he should ever be able to get to the bottom of it.

I was speaking with James about

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Howells, of whom he was a warm friend. He said that Howells did not like Europe and was not at home there, in which I think he must have been mistaken, and he added: "It's too much for him." Isn't living out of one's own country too much for anybody? Who but an American thinks that living in a country other than his own and getting on with the people of it is part of the whole duty of man? Certainly it is too much for any writer of books to live in a country that is not his own. An author is in pursuit of a very great prize. He wishes his country, and to some extent the rest of the world, to know his mind—an impudent ambition, at the best, it always struck me, on the part of a creature five or six feet high and with a limit of life of seventy or eighty years. There are scarcely more than a half a dozen men in a country at any one time who can accomplish this. The others may almost be said to draw blanks. It would be quite impossible to do it without the support of people's sympathy, and that sympathy a writer can scarcely have in any country but his own. It is quite true that James did reach a position among the first writers of his day in a country which was not his own, but he did it at the expense of acquiring an incomprehensible and, it seems to me, altogether unfortunate method of speech, which was, I believe, in good part the result of an incomplete sympathy.

The same remark, "It's too much for him," was once made to me about James by Mr. Howells. Some years ago Mr. Howells showed me an advertisement, which he had cut out of a newspaper, of a New York apartment-house called the "Henry James," and which he was about sending James. I was charmed, by the way, to find lately in Greensboro, N. C., which was O. Henry's home town and birthplace, a new hotel going up, which was to be the fine hotel of the place, to be called the "O. Henry." Howells said that James was not happy over there, adding: "It's too much for him." He suggested that James's friends here should be doing something to cheer him up. That no doubt was very well for Mr. Howells, with his tact and kindness and his old friendship with James, but I doubted if it would be well for other people to attempt it. I should certainly have been shy of it. James was a man so used to being on the top wave of success and so fond of being there that anything in the nature of commiseration would have been especially unpleasant to him. He was very sharp, and would have been quick to see what was meant by such expressions.

He liked to have a look of success, and I think liked particularly to have that look when he came here. James was always particularly well treated during his brief visits home. I have heard him say in London, after one of his visits to this country, that of course he never could be so great a man anywhere else as he was in his own country. Perhaps a consideration that reconciled him, if he needed to be reconciled, to living abroad was that he would be a greater man during his brief visits home than he could be if he remained here. Of course, if he had come here and stayed and have consented to be one of us hundred million molecules, we should in time have got used to him and have ceased to make much of him. He would probably have lived in New York, which was his birthplace, a fact of which he was proud. He didn't like to be taken for a Boston or Cambridge man. When this was suggested to him, he would say: "I was born in this good city of New York." So he would probably have attached himself to this town. He liked living in the country and would probably have had a little place on the Hudson and have been a commuter, and we should have met him on summer afternoons about the Grand Central Station on his way to the train, with a basket of fruit and a copy of a New York evening paper. That is a situation which would not long have been consistent with any swagger.

But James did not see fit to live in this country. I think it probable that toward the close of his life he regretted that he had made that decision. At any rate, on his last visit here he came intending to remain in this country. But I suppose he found he had deferred his return too long, and that the relations which he had formed with English people and with English life were too strong to be set aside. At the last he became a citizen of Great Britain.



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# MISS VILDA

## By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. HUTCHISON

IN the twilight, falling late, since it was June, a young girl stood at the door of a farmhouse and looked across two small dim fields to the corner of a bit of thick woods where she could see the steep gable of an old cottage. Upon the road directly in front of her was the constant sound of passing, and the confusion made her hesitate to carry out her intention to sit for an hour with her friend Miss Vilda. Her mother's little farm and Miss Vilda's house and the fields and the broad white avenue lay upon the battle-field of Gettysburg, where in a few days the surviving troops were to meet for the Fiftieth Anniversary.

Back of the house the fields had been transformed into a tented city where sixty thousand veterans were to be sheltered and from which issued at this moment continuous sounds of preparation, directions for the unloading of freight-cars rolled in on temporary sidings, challenges from the guard as a belated Gettysburgian sought to follow his familiar path across the fields, and constant shouts and laughter. Down the road passed a company of cavalry sitting their horses in easy attitudes and singing. When they had passed Mary opened the gate and followed them.

She found Miss Vilda sitting on a little bench before her door, where she always sat on pleasant evenings. She was almost seventy years old, and she had lived alone for forty years. There had seemed lately to be a change in both body and mind. Simple tasks in which she had taken pleasure were done poorly or left undone, and sometimes when her young friend came in the evenings she looked at her as though she were trying to identify her.

"Well, Miss Vilda!" cried Mary, panting. "Here I am! I didn't know whether I'd get here. There's not a minute that there's not an automobile or a team or people going by. I must go back soon."

Miss Vilda turned and looked at her. The moon was spreading a rosy illumination in the east and Miss Vilda's face showed white in the dim light. She often talked about the battle to Mary, about the thunder of the guns and the great storm which followed, and the wounded lying under the angry sky. It was because she had talked to Mary since she was a little girl that Mary was proud of having been born on the battle-field, and thought of her country differently from the way that her schoolmates thought of it. She recognized in Miss Vilda attainments and characteristics which her own people did not possess. It was Miss Vilda who had made her ambitious to teach school. Now when she met Miss Vilda's strange eyes, a thrill passed over her.

"This reminds you of the battle, doesn't it?"

"A little. But there was no laughing, and if the soldiers spoke it was in whispers. You could hear clanking sounds, chains and iron wheels striking one another. The second and third nights there were other sounds."

Then Miss Vilda paused. She often caught herself suddenly and stopped as though there were things which could not be told. It was like her not to tell everything, and it made her seem different from other people. Mary in imitation tried to be reserved. Now she hoped that Miss Vilda would go on. It seemed a night for the opening of hearts.

"Why, Miss Vilda," she said, "some one might come to the anniversary that you know!"

Miss Vilda made an amazing reply. She turned sharply and looked at Mary as though she had said a very foolish thing.

"Why, he can't, Mary; he's dead!"

A little shiver passed over Mary's



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*From a drawing by D. C. Hutchison.*

"They found him and took him away a prisoner, through the thunder and the rain."—Page 100.



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shoulders and down her spine. She sat still, clutching the bench with both hands and looking out over the valley upon row after row of dim tents. She knew romance only from a few stories, but she suspected a romance here. Her whole being prayed that Miss Vilda would go on. Strangely, Miss Vilda did.

"I was caught here alone; my mother had gone away for the day and she couldn't get back. She was frantic, but that didn't help. The first day an occasional shot fell near by, and there was a little fighting in the yard. At dark I began to realize that there were wounded men all round the house. I sat at the upper window and looked out, and I saw that something moved from the woods there across the grass toward the door. It was queer, but it relieved me to see a living thing. I thought it was one of our men trying to find shelter, and I went down. When I opened the door, he crept in, all blood-stained. I was afraid to light the lamp, but I could see in the moonlight that he was a lovely blue-eyed boy. He was faint from loss of blood and I brought him up-stairs and had him lie down. I expected that my mother would certainly get home now that the firing was over, and as I started to the kitchen to get food I heard a sound and called out, 'Oh, mother!' Then I found that it was not mother, but a Confederate officer and his staff. They stayed till the battle was over, and there were thousands of troops all about."

"But what did you do?" cried Mary. It seemed to her that she could see the enemy in their gray clothes.

"I explained that I was alone and they said they would see that I was safe."

"But what did you do with the poor boy?"

"I took care of him in my room, and when I went out I locked the door. The second night he was restless and I lay beside him all night trying to keep him quiet. I could get food and water easily, because they thought it was for me, but it was different when he began to be restless."

"Weren't you afraid?" asked Mary, trembling.

Miss Vilda seemed to be trying to remember.

"No," said she at last; "I think I was not afraid."

"Did he die there?"

"No. He would have lived, but they found him and took him away a prisoner, through the thunder and the rain. He was asleep with his head on my arm and they came and took him away. They lifted him roughly and you could see blood once more on his bandages."

"Oh, Miss Vilda, I'm so sorry for you!"

Miss Vilda peered at her suddenly. She seemed to return from a quickly forgotten dream.

"Sorry for me, child? Why?"

Mary rose and looked up the road. It was for the moment clear.

"I ought to go home, but I'll come tomorrow evening surely."

"I'm always glad to see you," said Miss Vilda, rising also. She spoke with the tone of a human being to whom company was welcome, but her own company equally pleasant. She had always that sort of proud self-sufficiency.

The Fiftieth Anniversary was the occasion for much loud and entirely natural and forgivable boasting. The tradition had grown through fifty years a little wearisome. In that time the veterans had pretty well exhausted three generations of auditors—even grandchildren. Their audiences were limited at last to themselves, and all knew each other's stories. But now they were urged once more to talk, they were to have once more people literally hanging on their words, to be provided with a stage, the old battle-ground, and an audience which was not merely the nation but the world.

It was natural that there should be among the sixty thousand some whose discourse described glorious achievements which were wholly imaginary; no human being could have spitted quite so many of the enemy on one bayonet, no wounded creature could have floated two miles on a stream, which incidentally did not exist, and there have been dragged out alive to enjoy a romantic acquaintance with a farmer's daughter. But it made, after all, little difference about small details when of the magnitude of the whole achievement there could be no question.

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There was, however, a sort of vainglory whose exhibition was promptly made impossible. Simpson F. Mills, for years boss of a whole city, and desiring to become boss of a State, wrote early to the commission that he would be on hand, that he would be glad to have some part in this the greatest event in the history of the nation; he would like, for instance, to provide a whole day's entertainment, or a magnificent exhibition of fireworks, as a personal gift to the veterans of the two armies. He received in reply a polite note.

"DEAR SIR:

"The Fiftieth Anniversary Commission begs to thank you for your offer and to say that it will be filed.

"JOHN PHILLIPS, *Secretary*."

Simpson F. Mills held this communication for a long time in his hands. His offered benefactions were not often thus received. It wasn't possible that any one remembered after fifty years that he was a little late at Gettysburg, and that a proffered dinner at a farmhouse was the cause of his tardiness!

Senator Holland expected to come back, but to his amazement he found no prominent place provided for him. He had been given at the beginning of the war a position in the quartermaster's department, where he had acquired somehow, after five years of service at thirty dollars per month, the foundation of the fortune which was to give him eventually a million-dollar income. He decided at the last moment that Gettysburg would be intolerably hot on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July and sixty thousand veterans dull companions.

John Hilles, equally famous but for different reasons, and equally rich though by different means, did come back. He had served through the war in the capacity of a private soldier—there was nothing whatever against his record. Wise in his generation, he had, when the war was over, put the war behind him. It had interrupted his plans for the future, and he set to work to make up the time which he had lost. He hated the enemy, he abhorred sentimentality, he avoided reminiscence. He had had such scientific training as the time afforded, and during all the years of war he had dwelt mentally apart from its miseries, occupied with the inventions of which he had dreamed. When he set to work again, he trembled for fear that he had lost too much time. But he had an iron will, he recovered his old deftness of hand, he drove from him all recollections, he conquered despair.

When he received his invitation to the anniversary he summoned his secretary. He remembered having once given orders that his accrued dues should be paid to the local army post with interest, and that some gift should be given in his name. It had taken the form, he recollected, of a large library of war books. He decided that if he could get comfortable accommodations for himself and four nieces and nephews he would go back. His secretary made a trip to Gettysburg, and engaged all the accommodations in a comfortable private house.

He was astonished to find how, as he approached the little town, recollection brightened. It was his fancy to go south and come up through the valley through which the troops had marched. He saw again the red roads and the ripe wheat, here still standing, here in shocks. He pointed out to the young people suddenly a familiar hill.

"I remember that hill perfectly. See how curiously it rises from the flat landscape. We marched up here in the early morning as fast as troops could march, everybody hearing guns and knowing that only a few of our troops were ahead of us. It was a hot, breathless morning, the last morning that half of us were to see."

The young people, who adored him, listened earnestly.

"And then?"

"We went into action over yonder and there I was wounded. At night I crept into a house and hid until I was taken South to prison."

"Were the people kind to you?"

Hilles did not answer directly. He had been three times in hospital and many persons had been kind to him. But the details of the kindness shown him here came back to him suddenly and made him flush. He had behaved, he believed, foolishly; he had lost his iron

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grip upon himself; believing that all his hopes were to perish, he had let himself go. There was a girl who had helped him. He answered his niece quickly: "Yes, they were kind." Then he relapsed into one of the silences which the young people did not break. He remembered the nights, so short between darkness and dawn, so long with pain and misery. He heard his own feeble cry: "Oh, don't leave me, don't take your hand away—if you leave me I shall die!" He remembered that when they had come to take him away he had clung to her, and she had walked with him to the wagon and had kissed him. He could not quite account for her presence, alone and young, and if he remembered correctly, lovely, in that grim spot.

When they were comfortably settled in the house in Gettysburg and had had their dinner, he sent the young people away in the car. He said that he would rather be alone—he wished to reflect. They offered one by one to stay with him, but he declined company.

When they were out of sight, he walked through the town to the west. He saw a familar cupola and stood still. How strange to have stepped back suddenly fifty years! The house must have been a little to the left. He turned and walked out the avenue. Dusk was falling, and he passed Miss Vilda's house without seeing it and came on slightly higher ground to a little farmhouse, left, like the other farmhouses, and Miss Vilda's house and the little fields and the stretches of woodland, as a perpetual memorial. He saw a slender young figure standing at a gate and went to make inquiry.

When he had said "good evening," he did not know just how to proceed.

"I suppose you know a good deal about the battle," he said.

Pretty Mary looked up at him in the dusk. She was always expecting adventure, and she had often imagined herself being questioned by some great man and guiding him about.

"Yes, a good deal. I ought to. I was born on the battle-field—right in this house."

"You were!" Hilles looked at her sharply. A daughter, perhaps? No, a granddaughter. Ah, time had passed!

"Yes, right here. My grandfather lived here and Miss Vilda lived down there. It was right in the battle. Some stray shots fell about here from the first day's fight, and this was the Confederate line on the second day, and on the third the Confederate cannon stood all along here. Miss Vilda has told me all about it."

"Who is Miss Vilda?" he asked. Was that the name?

"She is an old lady who lives down there in that corner of the woods. During the battle she was here alone, and she had many adventures. She"—Mary paused. Her heart was filled with Miss Vilda's story. She would have liked to tell this tall kindly old man about it, but it would not be right.

"Is it a little house with a steep roof?"

"Yes," said Mary.

Hilles thanked her and went down the avenue, and she stood looking after him.

"Shall I show you?" she called.

"No, thank you. I know where it is."

Hearing a voice from the house, Mary answered, "Yes, mother," and ran back. Something disturbed her—no, not exactly disturbed, but interested her, but she had now no time to think. She helped her mother, then in a half-hour she came back and stood by the gate.

Hilles went down the avenue, walking slowly. He looked upon the far-stretching city of tents and the shining lights, and heard bands playing an old song: "Tenting To-night." He believed he had made a mistake when he had so entirely put away all thought of the past. He meant to call upon this Miss Vilda, not yet curious about her, but thinking only of himself, of his weakness, and his dependence upon her. She had doubtless succored many poor wretches like himself and had forgotten him.

He spoke to Miss Vilda, sitting on her little bench, and she invited him to sit down. She wore a very pale old gray dress which looked white in the faint light, and she sat with her hands clasped loosely in her lap. He was certain that he remembered her. The distant comfort of her consoling touch recurred to him and he trembled suddenly. It was from there that he had come creeping, creeping, oh, with what agony! on a

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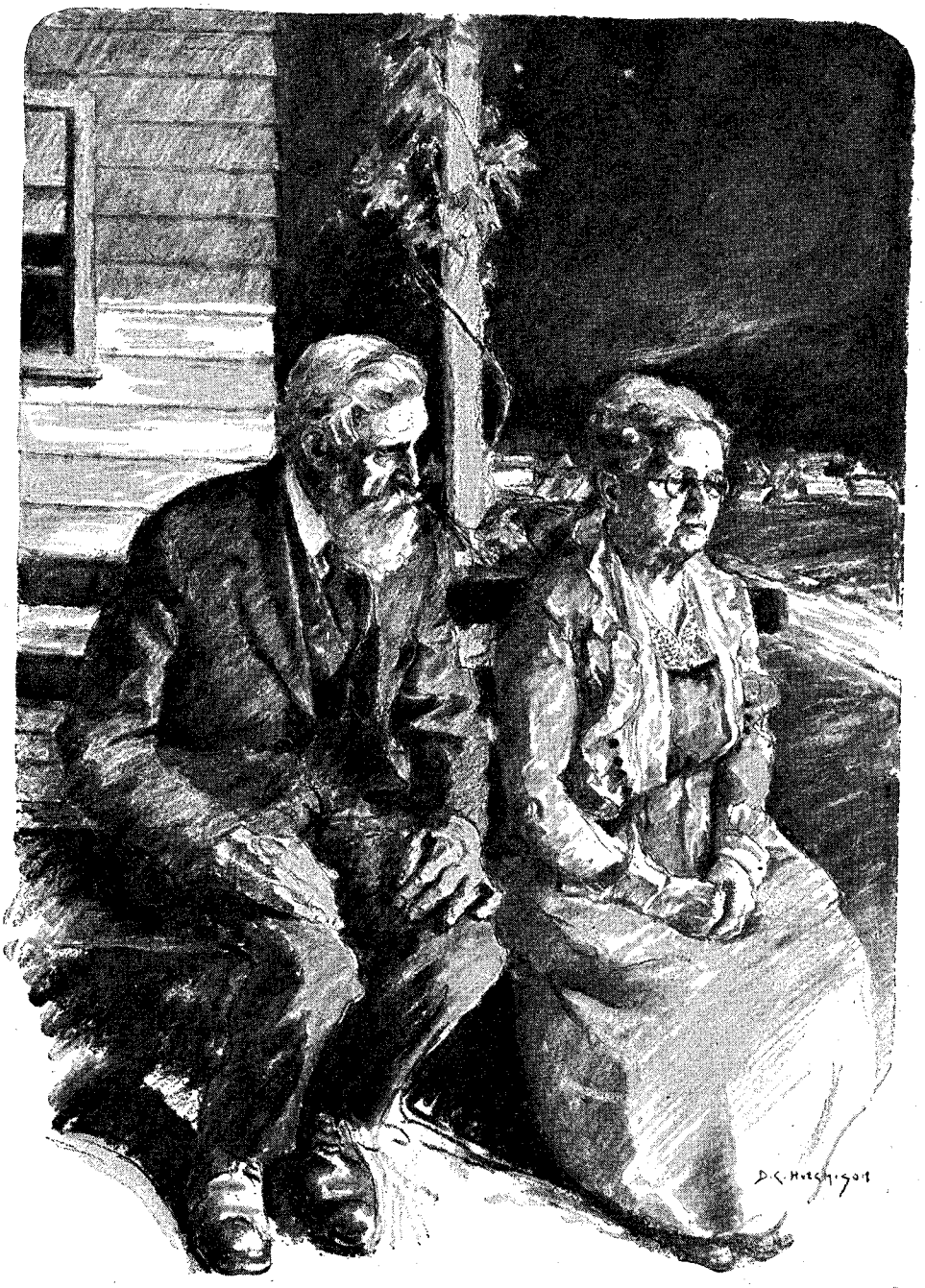


*From a drawing by D. C. Hutchison.*

"You were here at the time of the battle, weren't you?"—Page 104.



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night like this and she had given him her own bed. She was alone and there were only men about—he had never thought of that.

"You were here at the time of the battle, weren't you?"

"Yes," she said, kindly and invitingly, as she spoke to strangers. "I remember many things about it."

"Do you remember taking care of a wounded boy?"

"Why, yes," said Miss Vilda, as though it were the most natural inquiry in the world. She began to repeat the story which she had never told in fifty years until last night. In her brain a tight spring had uncoiled to be wound no more. "I was caught here alone; my mother had gone to look after a sick relative and couldn't get back. Before dark I could see that there were wounded men about. Most of them lay perfectly still. But presently a boy came creeping from the woods toward the house to try to find help. I brought him in and took him up-stairs so that he could lie down on my bed, and I dressed his wounds. He was all blood-stained and crying. Presently I thought I heard my mother come in, but it was a Confederate officer and his staff, and in a few hours we were in the midst of the Confederate line. You know what that would mean. I didn't know what to do, but I asked whether I might keep the door of my room locked, and they said yes. They were very considerate of me. I kept the poor boy there and I got food for him, but before they retreated they found him, and they took him away. When he moved the blood began to run through his bandages. But I hoped for a long time. I knew he would come back if he could; he promised that he would. He thought I had saved his life."

Miss Vilda leaned forward. To find a confidant suddenly after fifty years—ah, what relief! This was a different auditor from little Mary.

"You have lived a long time," she said. "You can understand how a thing like that could break your heart."

The bands had ceased to play, the officer of a company of cavalry riding by gave a sharp order, the sweet smell of day-lilies filled the air. It seemed to Hilles that he had smelled day-lilies as he had crept into the shelter of these soft arms.

"I was that boy!" he said, mindful only of himself.

With almost the suddenness of a gentle flash of lightning the rising moon surmounted the low-lying eastern mist, and he saw the little house with its worn doorway, its crumbling porch, and even a little way into an untidy room. He could see, most clearly, Miss Vilda. Remorse, keener far than he deserved, smote him. He had gone to prison, he had been long ill, and many persons had been kind to him.

"Is there anything in the world I can do for you?"

"For me?" said Miss Vilda, astonished, his revelation of himself unheard.

"Anything to make you comfortable, more comfortable than this?"

"I am comfortable," Miss Vilda assured him. "And you are a stranger."

"Why, no, I am that boy whom you took care of, who was grateful once."

Miss Vilda looked at him in amazement. Her eyes searched his face. Then suddenly she smiled as if in relief, and the corner of her mouth lifted in a little gentle mockery. She had been for a moment terrified.

"What nonsense!" she said with a long breath. "You are an old man, and he was the loveliest boy I ever saw!"

Little Mary, having finished her work, ran down the road. She was panting when she sat down on the step at Miss Vilda's feet. The night was bewitching; it had bewitched Mary into fashioning a strange romance.

"Oh, Miss Vilda," she cried. "Was there a tall, wonderful stranger here?"

"No," said Miss Vilda.

"Are you sure?"

"There was an old man here," said Miss Vilda.

"What did he want?" asked Mary eagerly.

"Nothing that I can remember," said Miss Vilda. She sat smiling and looking out at the dark wall of trees.

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# TO RENT FOR THE SUMMER

## By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS

And summer's lease hath all too short a date.—*Shakespeare.*

WE were speaking of my plans for the summer. "I can imagine," said my friend, "nothing more disagreeable than living in somebody else's house."

I could. More exactly, I did not need to imagine. I knew. From much experience, from the memory of many experiences, I knew of more disagreeable things. All his life my friend had owned a beautiful country place. I, though permanently sheltered in the winter, year by year had had to decide how to make the most of the good gift of warm weather. Of my various experiments one had succeeded—the rented house. I had lived (so I found when I counted back) in twenty-two houses owned by other people in fourteen different places, and almost always had lived very agreeably. This means, of course, in twenty-two different houses furnished with other people's belongings, for not its walls and roof but its contents make a house really somebody else's or virtually mine.

There are souls that are homekeeping, sedentary, by nature, and there are naturally vagrant souls, in love with change, with variety, and contented, it would seem, to lodge in hotels. With the vagrant I am not now concerned; nor with the sedentary at the times when even they may be tempted to wander; nor, again, with the many good reasons they may give, when in their normal mood, for wanting to own a country house. But there are other reasons, less obvious, why it is well, and one or two why it may even be best, to borrow such a house—for a price and therefore without a deeper sense of obligation than may comfortably be borne.

To borrow often, and with a flexible taste in localities, is to gather most agreeably some of the fruits of travel. In fact, it *is* to travel, slowly as the snail but, like the snail, always at home. And there are advantages in the very slowness. Any nomad with a motor-car can easily see more than I have seen—more of New England, for instance. He can see that Cape Cod is not like the coast of Maine, the Berkshires like southern Connecticut, Vermont like Rhode Island, and also that in the same region one place may differ from its neighbor, may even flatly contradict it. But he cannot weigh and appraise and cannot retain all that he sees. Details escape him, so do the variations worked by changing days and passing months, and most of his memories will be vague and evanescent. A summer's experience of a place reveals the thousand minor charms, the thousand peculiarities, variations, that he misses, and it graves the pictures deeply. So the snail-like traveller can claim one neighborhood after another for his own and enrich, as the flitter cannot, what Leigh Hunt called that "stock of the admirable" which may make of memory a more and more satisfying companion. And, so doing, he lengthens his life, for the more numerous are the clear pictures in his mental gallery the longer seems the course of time in which he accumulated them.

As with the places, so it is with their inhabitants. How can the whirring nomad understand the differences between the people of one New England region and another—of this seaport, this hilltown, this summer colony, and that? We must stay awhile to feel the atmosphere of the spot, the temper and the qualities and the desires of its people, be they native to the soil or brought by the year's warm tempting. Only the snail can savor these diversities in the soul as well as in the body of localities. Moreover, being always in



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his private habitation, he escapes the speeder's daily chores—the plannings and unplannings, the tiresome waitings and anxious hurryings, the obligations, the uncertainties, the painful punctualities, that life in hotels and automobiles and Pullman cars imposes. While he goes slowly about the world, he *lives*. He lives as he chooses, with such people, such

hours, such occupations and idlenesses as from day to day he may prefer.

These last advantages the owner of a country house may enjoy, of course, in fuller measure or, at least, in a more entirely satisfactory environment. But he foregoes the fruits of travel. Neither landscapes nor communities can be savored by hearsay. How much less my friend, anchored for all his summers in his own house, can know about New England and other New Englanders than I have learned at the eight stations I have held in his delightful province! If one always goes for the summer to Gloucester or to Newport, can he guess how New Bedford, how New London, differs in mood and in ways of life as well as in aspect? If one has always lived on Cape Cod, does he really feel its unlikeness to any other part of New England or of the earth's surface, or know why we may love and delight in its people yet wonder at times how we can stand them?

I remember an American who had gone straight from college to Europe and stayed there many years. He was discovering his own country when I chanced upon him—or, rather, when he chanced upon me—in a village near Cape Cod which "summer folks" were beginning to frequent, some of them living in a primitive little hotel, more of them in fishermen's cottages untouched outside and but slightly altered within. He had been amazed, he told me, by the contrast between Newport and Narragansett Pier just across the bay—the contrast in appearance, in habits, manners, social temper and aims. Of course, he said, the two places differed visibly in their "general human make-up," but in both he had found many people of the same kind and some who in their winter habitats belonged, he understood, to the same or very similar "social circles." And now in this out-of-the-way village he found more of them, leading their summer lives in a third and wholly different fashion. He was puzzled. In Europe, he explained, people liked fixed ways of life and those of the same sort and station liked the same ways even when they were not in their own homes. Knowing certain French and Swiss and German watering-places he could foretell what others would be like, but in America such prophecies were impossible. There did not seem to be any "type."

There is no such type. There is none despite the fact that the summer colony as we have developed it in all its varieties is a characteristically American thing. That is what is typical of this country—the lack of fixed types. Though we may sometimes be justified in using the term, very seldom does it have its full Old World significance. If my repatriated acquaintance had a chance to inspect American country houses as well as the summer colonies where many of them stand, surely he was puzzled again. In England there are types. There are

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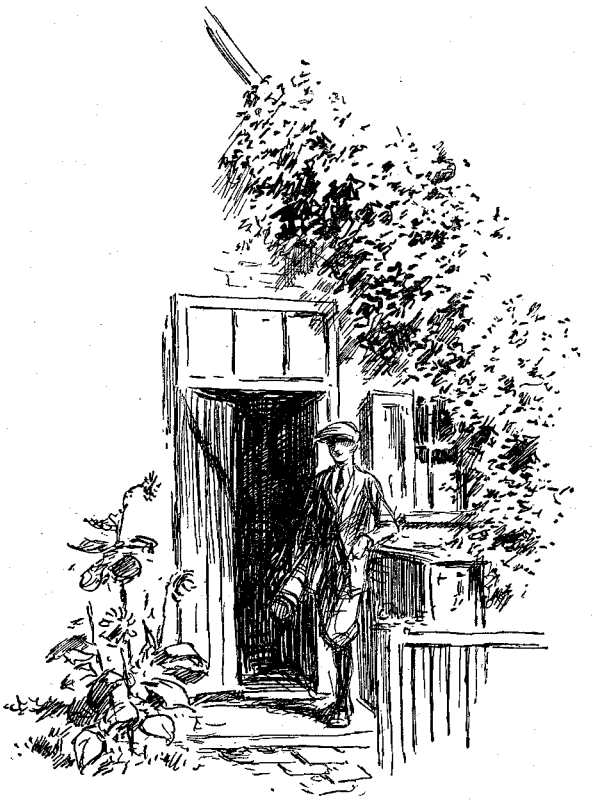
types of great houses and of smaller ones, and types of gardens small and large, and all of them blend into a typical composite picture when we say "English country house." But even when I think only of my own twenty-two American houses I can form no such mental picture. I can think of few that would fit, so to say, on the same photographic plate. To be sure, for other reasons as well as the fluctuating size of my family, I have not always wanted houses of the same size or with the same kind of surroundings. But this merely accentuates what I have said about types. As a summer tenant I have not been true to any type. From year to year I have lived, and have wanted to live, in very different ways. A corrugated iron bungalow I have never had, nor, on the other hand, a large estate, a farm, or what the advertisements call a palatial villa. But between these extremes the field that I have camped upon is wide. A household of three and a household of sixteen, a bathless little "native" cottage and a house too big for the sixteen—these I have known and, much more often, a midway state. And I have learned that each kind of house, each way of living as permitted by the house, has its own attractiveness. This is another benefit that flows from borrowing: we enlarge our view of what comfortable and pleasant living may mean. And to grow adaptable in this important direction is to take a long step toward that general adaptability, flexibility, which does so much to make life itself a pleasant abiding-place.

Of course my twenty-two houses, and the scores of others that I have had to examine carefully while choosing these, have taught me much not only about American communities but also about Americans as individuals. Not to a woman's dearest friends is her house in all its recesses and appurtenances, or her housekeeping standards and habits and certain of her tastes and characteristics, so fully revealed as they may be to her tenants. All houses that seek tenants are not equally loquacious. Of course, one that has been built and furnished merely to be rented tells but little. And although a certain house that had done its owners all-the-year-round service was perhaps the pleasantest that I ever had, as a rule this kind does not suit a tenant as well as the kind prepared to meet an owner's summer needs. It is likely to be too full of its owner's belongings, to tell of its owner's self too loudly and insistently. And in our much-demanding climate only a house exceptionally well placed and planned can meet equally well the demands of winter and of summer living.



Fortunate is the tenant who finds in the

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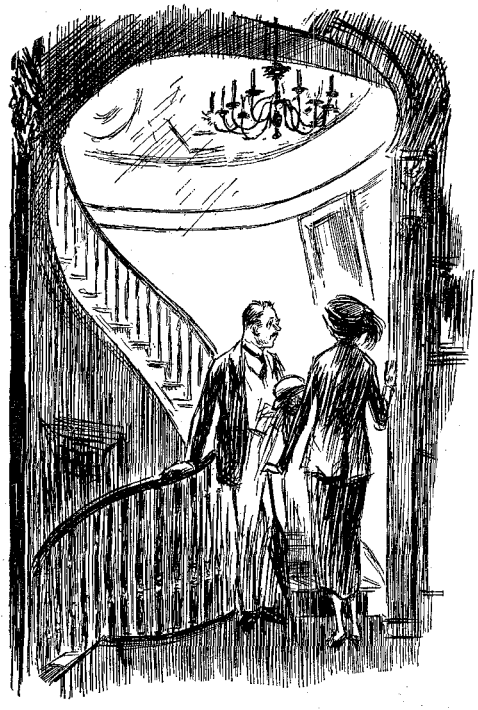
autumn the house that she wants for the following summer. During the "renting season," late winter and early spring, she may meet with adventures and deceptions. I have followed hill-country roads



where the snow was still heaped by the wayside, the road itself seemed viscous as far down as China, and we doubted whether we should get through, turn back, or stick where we were till the mud might dry. I have examined houses so dismantled and be-sheeted that I could not judge of what they contained, or so closely and immovably shuttered that I could hardly be sure they contained anything at all. And I have tried to decide whether a terrace or a piazza would be cool enough in July while I was almost swept off my feet by the icy blasts of March.

Once, long ago, I ventured to take a house that had been too safely darkened for real inspection. It stood in the best part of one of our summer colonies of best repute. The agent vouched for its good condition and so, to the ears of my imagination, did a distinguished English diplomat who had occupied it for the antecedent two seasons. When I moved in, it taught me that the great, even the English great, may be less exacting, more long-suffering, than the Yankee humble, for nothing could have tempted me to take it twice. I found it more inconveniently planned than I had thought a house possibly could be. Also, there were fireplaces as promised but most of them blocked up, supplementary stoves but rusted into holes, beds but seemingly scooped out to cobble-stone foundations, and certain mantelpieces that we were chary of touching lest they fall away from the walls, while the principal room was so darkened by trees and shrubs that it could not be used without artificial light. This was my worst experience, and I tell of it for the sake of the moral that I then laid to my own heart: Really *see* a house before you take it. Do not trust to a partial inspection or to verbal testimonies. You do not know how other people may be content to live, and only you yourself can know what you must have to be content or what you are willing to do without for the sake of getting something else.

Another year in another place there was a house that I did not take. An acquaintance who lived near by in a very good house of her own said that I might safely rent it without looking it over. Ever since, I have wondered why she had a grudge against me. There was a great gaping hole in the piazza floor, there was very little furniture, there were no curtains at all, one of the beds was soaked with rain that had dripped through the roof, the kitchen range and sink were choked with rust, and a sprinkling of the dead bodies of last year's flies lay on all the floors. This house I did not take even though the local agent said that the owner would "do it up a little," explaining, however, that he would not need to touch the dining-room, as, if we had what we liked on the table, we should not mind about "looks."

It is not only the agent, local or urban, who wonders why tenants are so fussy. Once a member of a well-to-do family who

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showed me through her sister's house thought it odd that I did not jump at the chance to get it, although the staircase, where the boards of every step showed through a great round hole in the carpet, was a fair sample of its condition, and its closets and drawers were crammed with clothing little of which, said my guide, need be removed. As I meant to stay only three months, she said, two or three pegs in each closet and one drawer in each bureau would give me ample space. Thus gradually I have learned that we are ignorant not only of how the "other half" must live but of how our own half may sometimes choose to live.

But in contrast to these few pictures of one extreme, I could paint many of the other if things that are right were as easy to describe as things that are wrong. And I do not forget that there are tenants who might truthfully be portrayed in colors as dark as any house could deserve. Many are the clean, comfortable, and pleasant houses I have had whose owners, I could not doubt, had led within their walls pleasant, orderly, and profitable lives. And some of these owners I look back upon, whether I ever saw them in the flesh or not, as kindly and helpful friends—friends who wanted to do more for me than I thought of asking and bothered me not at all, not even with the permissible, customary annoyance of an inventory. This is why I did not say that by paying rent the tenant discharges his obligations but only that he makes them bearable. Money cannot adequately thank a good landlord who lends us a good house. We are bound in mere honesty to be such amiable as well as careful tenants that in the autumn he will write, "Please come again." If we lack diplomas of this kind we ought not to complain much about owners or agents.

It was not the owners' fault that once I had to rehang every mirror in the house before I could see the top of my head; it was merely because they were both, the man and his wife, so very small of stature. But it *was* the owners' fault that in another house we were obliged to shut up one of the rooms, for it was they who had studded the walls, high and low, with hooks that supported one hundred and forty-five polychrome pottery plates.

A billiard-room in this same big house I thought at first would also be useless, but

it proved to be the best room I have ever had, at home or elsewhere, to do my work in. There were bay windows for my writing-tables and a delightful secluded little *loggia* to which even the typewriter could easily migrate and there do its duty while rejoicing in the prospect—

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a wide stretch of lawn, a reach of golden rocks, and such an opaline sea as, I think, only Narragansett Bay can show. And on the billiard-table, larger and higher than any other kind of table ever is, I could spread open and leave open, ready for an easy turning of their pages, all the big books—thick heavy folios and quartos even harder to deal with than their contents—which day by day I had to consult. Never before or since have I worked in such comfort. And so I may note that one element in the art of adaptability is the power to teach the house we occupy to adapt itself to our needs. She does not know how to be a tenant, and probably does not know how to live in her own home, who walks in, sits down, folds her hands, and without thinking of possibilities accepts actualities, consenting to get from the rooms and their furnishings precisely the same response that her predecessors did.

Another house I had was ugly outside and in, but large, airy, and comfortable. With its plain spacious bedrooms even the eye did not need to quarrel. But down-stairs it was of an arrogant richness curiously combined with a thrifty cheapness. Mercifully, there was not a picture of any kind on any wall. And fortunately the furnishings of the big drawing-room were scanty in number, for in quality, barring the coarse Nottingham lace curtains, they were the richest I have ever dwelt with. There were ebony cabinets trimmed with ormolu, there were gilded chairs, there was a huge round table inlaid with sculptured plaques of bronze, which must have been worth a department-store buyer's ransom; there were a few sumptuous pieces of bric-à-brac (no other term would serve), and a thick luxurious carpet, the most wonderful of all carpets, patterned with large roses forming oval framings for landscape views. Why, why, we wondered, had such things been bought for a country house built simply to be rented? But soon we remembered that, some years before, the owner had replaced by a business building his gaudy big house in New York, and near my country house had built one for himself. The interior of this I never saw, but I heard about it. Evidently it had been furnished with the contents of the New York house, and evidently the one to be rented had received the overflow and had been built around the wonderful carpet, for this was no mere assemblage of sewn-together strips but was woven with a centre and a border so that it could not be altered in size or shape.

How could I consent to live in such a house? Because its surroundings were charming, because it was comfortable, and because I could find no other in that particular place yet had to be there that particular summer. Moreover, when the bric-à-brac was buried in the ebony cabinets and the general effect was mitigated by some of those personal belongings which the adaptable tenant learns to keep in stock for such emergencies, I could soon ignore the blatant uglinesses; for another factor in adaptability is the art of not seeing what we do not like to look at. An insulted eye can rise above almost any insult—if it is not to be permanent. I could have borne the hundred and forty-five suspended plates of the other house had it been needful, and I did bear in this one the cabinets, the table, and even the carpet—because I had only borrowed them. Had I owned them and been forbidden to destroy them I should have seen nothing else all day, and at night pain and mortification would have held me awake on the excellent pillows of the room overhead.

If it is a drawback in borrowing that we must hunt for a house, it is a great advantage that we do not have the permanent care of it. And as the years go by we may very likely find reason to be glad that we need not go back to a house even though we may have liked it much, and can get rid of it by merely turning our backs on it. As tenants we are not forced to endure those changes which may so easily befall a place we love—a change in the kind or the number of the people who frequent it, working a radical change, very often, in the character of the place itself. This may mean decay—a shrunken population, shut-up houses, a decline in social resources; or it may mean deplorable results of prosperity, of "improvement." The village near Cape Cod of which I spoke is now, I am told, a large summer settlement, deserted by the

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kind of people who used to make it delightful, invaded by the lavish rich, transformed into a colony of villas. "What do you mean by villas?" I asked my informant. "Architectured houses and iron railings," she replied, killing forever my hope of looking once more upon the gray cottages, the lilac bushes, the old stone walls, the cedars and blueberries and wild roses, the sea-lavender and beach-grass along the sands of the quiet bay. Iron railings! What if I had were only two tiny rooms in the kitchen wing. We should certainly not have found it what I have called it, a comfortable house, if the "masters" had needed the third story for their own use.

We resembled our forefathers, I think, in knowing more about literature than about art. Barring good prints of divers kinds I have found in my houses very few good works of art. The best of the paintings have been family portraits; I have had a number of borrowed ancestors

owned the cottage there that once I had been tempted to buy? Very likely I could have made money by selling it, but not for this chance does one care to own a country house.

From all my houses remembered together, the older and the newer, I have learned that we do not often build as solidly now, with such sound-proof walls and floors, as our fathers and grandfathers did, but that we usually make better provision for our servants, at their work and in their beds, than our mothers and grandmothers did. Not always: in the House of the Carpet although there were (in agents' language) five large "masters' bedrooms" in the second story and four in the third, for servants there whom I did not wish to disavow and one little borrowed descendant painted by John Sargent. With books it is different. They are not to be expected, indeed, in houses built for renting, and not invariably to be found in those built for their owners' summer use. In one of the latter, for example, I found a set of the World's Best Literature—nothing else; and nothing at all in the big house with the billiard-room and the dinner-plate decorations—not a book of any kind nor so much as a shelf to put one on. In another house I found a great many shelves empty of their former contents, but they were hidden by curtains and I loved them. For the only time in my life I had shelf-room enough. Who could

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guess whether behind the curtains were ranges of books or of typewriter "supplies," of slippers or of jam-pots?

Usually I have had good books, and sometimes in goodly numbers. This, in fact, I count as one of the specific advantages of the borrowed house—its power to supply us, without effort on our part, with a library that seems our own yet has the value and the charm of the unaccustomed. Interesting books that I had never heard praised, books that I had long wanted to read but had never "got around to," half-forgotten favorites, complete sets of authors whose minor writings I had never had a chance to explore—all these have rejoiced me. And in houses, like two in the older part of Newport and one up in the Berkshires, that had long been lived in and had inherited from still earlier ones, I have come across more unusual treasures: rows upon rows of Early Victorian novels, for instance, serried ranks of *Punch* going back to its beginnings, and, throwing still another kind of light upon English history, the

long series of great volumes of State Trials. Twice I had shelf after shelf of French and Italian classics in adorable little old volumes of gilded morocco. Once, with many other time-honored things, I found an early edition of that famous jest-book, Samuel Johnson's Dictionary, and once a manuscript diary kept in England more than a century before by the son of a famous American envoy.

How many warm days and lovely outlooks seem doubly beautiful in the retrospect because of these companions unwittingly acquired! The pleasantest illness I ever had I spent in a charming small and simple country house, and for the most part on the wide piazza that projected enchantingly into space, overhanging a steep hillside and between the tops of its nearest trees revealing a vast panorama of the New Hampshire mountains. There, denied for weeks the company of human beings, I read about them all day long with no fear of exhausting my shelves though so far from any source of supply—reread Jane Austen from end to end, then finished the ten volumes of Emerson's "Journals," then—but this matters only to myself. I merely want to show that good books are to be found in American country houses even of a small and simple kind.

What we are by no means sure of finding is a house, particularly a large and ambitious house, as well arranged as it might be for the ways of life that our climate makes desirable. Why, we are often tempted to ask, does not an architect engaged in domestic work employ as an aid a woman who has lived in many houses? It may be answered that his clients should know what they want and insist upon having it. Truly. But too often they do not know or do not sufficiently insist; they are inexperienced and unimaginative, or they are cowed by the architect's dictum as to what they ought to want. It must always be a difficult question—the relative right of architect and of client to "self-determination"; but it is less difficult with regard to domestic than to other kinds of building. Certainly just here and now, the client is apt to be unduly ignorant or timid and the architect, especially if he has made a name for himself, unduly autocratic and also un-

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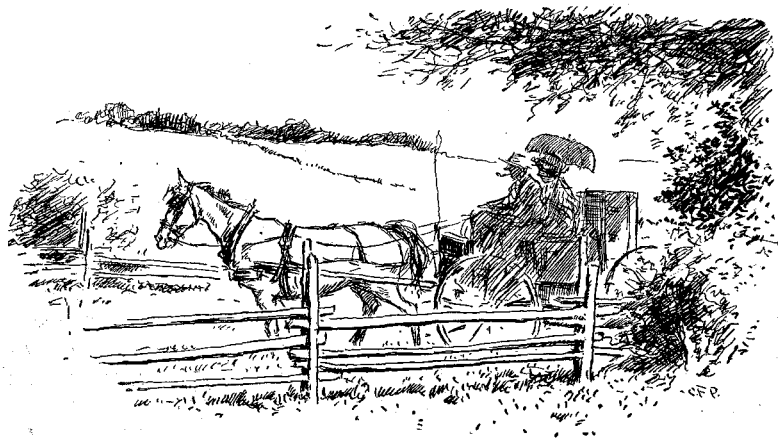
duly inspired by what he has learned in the schools and what he finds in his books rather than by current local and individual needs and desires.

In the Middle West, I am told, new types (if I may venture the term) of large country houses are being built, local and contemporaneous in idea and development yet very good to look upon. These I do not know although I like to believe in them. But in our Eastern regions how many Colonial mansions, English manor houses, French *châteaux*, have recently been built specifically and only for summer use, yet, in imitation of their prototypes, planned and furnished as though for winter ways of living. If they make any provision for living out of doors, it is not the wide, protected, properly furnished piazza which has been our best American contribution to domestic architecture but an unprotected, wind-swept, sun-smitten terrace. The owners must spend weeks of hot days indoors excepting when they take their walks or motor rides or golfing exercise abroad. Within four walls, heavily curtained as a rule, they must work or idle, talk with their friends, read and play bridge, eat their breakfasts and drink their tea. Or else, as I have noticed, they try to supply an outdoor shelter by putting up great troublesome awnings which fail to serve the purpose of piazza roofs, which flap and groan and leak and perpetually ask to be raised or lowered, and sometimes look like restive Zeppelins tethered to the terrace.

But, I have heard it said by those Europe-bedazzled Americans whose number, thank fortune, the war has perceptibly reduced, the pleasantest thing of all is to sit on the lawn under a tree. Certainly, at times. But it is always a trouble-giving pleasure and the times are many that do not permit of it. For nearly a month last summer the delightful seats under a big horse-chestnut tree on my lawn were useless because of frequent rains and the intermediate dampness. But meanwhile I lived comfortably on my piazzas. One of the good reasons why the English may be called insular is their failure to grasp the advantages of the piazza, less necessary in their climate than in ours as a shelter from the sun, more necessary as a protection from light rains and dampness, for whether they know anything of America or not, they must know about Indian verandas and veranda life.



To my mind, unless a tenant is of such a sort that all she wants to do at home is to sleep, in choosing a house she cannot too carefully consider its outdoor living spaces. Nor in building a house can the architect think too carefully where and how to place them. It is not as difficult as he sometimes says to build adequate piazzas without darkening the living-



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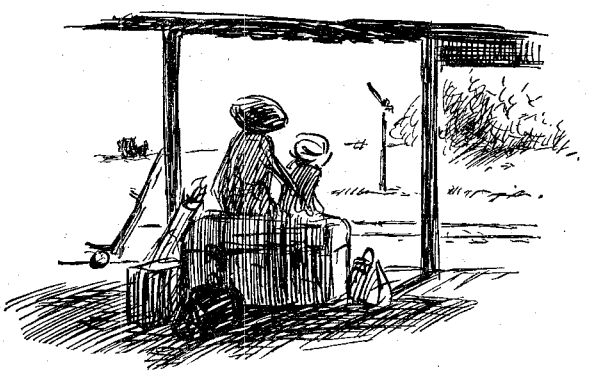
rooms, for they need not be as all-encircling as our forefathers often thought. And if it may be difficult to use them well with some chosen style or manner of building, perhaps this is a good argument against the choice of that manner.

"Piazzas" I have written throughout, and I insist upon the name as I insist upon the thing. It is not very clear from what suggestions our forefathers, in post-Colonial days, developed the thing, and it is not clear at all how they came to adopt for it an Italian name, changing the significance as well as the sound. In the South they have always said "gallery," and here at the North "porch" now appears to be displacing "piazza." But these are rightly the names of other things, and while there can, of course, be no objection to the orthodox English "veranda," it seems a pity to abandon a distinctively American name for a distinctively American kind of veranda.

As I have said, our summer colonies, distinctively American although they are, vary so much that none can be called typical. But even this word can safely be used of those villages of our Eastern and Middle States which, whether or no they attract the summer visitor, are not dominated by his "architectured" houses. They get their character, of course, less from their houses than from their general layout, their wide grassy spaces, and especially their overarching trees. We have produced nothing more original, more entirely our own, than a typical New England village, and nothing in which we may take more pride and delight. Even the most Europeanized of our architects can hardly wish to change our traditional methods in this direction. I never pass through one of these villages without thinking with pleasure that, as I am not tied to a country house of my own, some day I may perhaps rent one on this beautiful street—a street in name, in aspect an umbrageous highroad to Arcady. And I hope that if I cannot arrive in time to see the great trees bud, I may linger until they turn into tents and canopies of scarlet and crimson, orange and gold. Then indeed we have something that is typically American, with a splendid kind of beauty that no European land can ever know.



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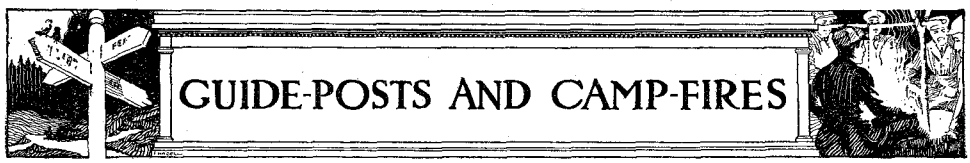


BY HENRY VAN DYKE

## FISHING IN STRANGE WATERS

[THE SEVENTH OF TWELVE PAPERS]

FOR half a year, now, I have been writing a paper a month, without so much as mentioning a subject near to my heart,—*the ancient, apostolic, consolatory art of angling*. It must be admitted the season has not been in harmony with that subject. It has been a villainous rude winter, violent, pitiless, persistent as a Prussian; ice on top of snow and snow on top of ice, and howling ravenous winds, so that even those hardened anglers who let down their lines through holes in frozen ponds, have been debarred from their gelid sport and driven to find comfort by the fireside.

Yet fancy does not freeze in zero weather. Memories and dreams run out across the cold to leafy forests and flowing rivers and sparkling lakes. If there has been thus far no word of angling in these essays, you may set it down, reader, to a self-denying ordinance, and reward me this month with leave to tell a few stories of fishing. Not fish-stories, mark you; for I have no great catches, no finny monsters to describe; only a few small experiences which may serve to illustrate the spirit of the game. For such recital the signal has been given. Last week, on a sharp icicled morning, the first hoarse robin bravely sounded his *tup-tup-tup* outside my window. When these pages come to you the greenwood-tree will be full of song and the kingfisher flashing blue along the stream.

In many strange waters have I fished, the Nile and the Jordan, the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube, but in none that seemed to me so strange as the little rivers where I cast an occasional fly while the world war was going on.

There was no fishing in Holland to speak of. Canals, slow-moving rivers, shallow lakes, with their store of pike and perch and eels, offer no attraction to a sporting angler. To catch such fish is more a business than a sport. There was one pretty trout-stream in South Limburg; but it was so beset with factories and mills and persecuted by bait-fishermen and netters that it did not tempt me.

In these sad circumstances of deprivation, it seemed "*almost* Providential" to find that the American Minister to the Netherlands was also accredited to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. A strict sense of official duty called him thither every year, and a willingness to enjoy small gifts of pleasure paid him wages by the way.

Nature has been kind to that little inland country, and history has handled it roughly enough to make it picturesque with human interest. It holds more castles ruined and unrestored than any other land of equal size. Its small triangle of territory,—about a thousand square miles, dovetailed in between Germany, France and Belgium,—lies on top of the Ardennes, a thousand feet or more above sea-level. It is furrowed by deep valleys, clothed with rich woods of beech and pine, diversified with gray and red cliffs, embroidered with wild flowers and many bright unnavigable rivers. Its royal family contains the six loveliest young princesses in the world; and its 250,000 people are as friendly, hospitable and independent as the traveller's heart could wish. All this and more you may find set forth admirably in the big book on *Luxembourg* by Mr. George Renwick, the British war-correspondent. For useful information I refer you to him, and turn to my fishing.

My first excursion was made in June,



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1914,—the Potsdam Plotters' month. Of what I saw then to convince me that Germany had chosen war, the story is told in another book and need not be repeated. The second trip was in April, 1915, after Germany's long crime had been begun. It was necessary for the American Minister to go down to take charge of certain British interests in Luxembourg,—a few poor people who had been stranded there and who sorely needed money and help. (What a damned inhuman thing war is, no one knows who has not been in the midst of it!) Mr. Derulle, the faithful American Consular Agent in the city of Luxembourg, did the work, but the minister had to convey the funds and supervise the accounts.

The journey was interesting. The German Minister at The Hague was most polite and obliging in the matter of providing a *visé* for the passports, and giving the needful papers with big seals to pass the guards in what was euphemistically called "German-occupied territory." It grated on my nerves, but it was the only way.

"Which route would you prefer to have me follow," I asked, "through Germany, or through Belgium?"

"But, my dear colleague," replied the amiable Baron von Kühlman, "that is entirely for you to choose."

"With your advice," I answered, "since I am asking a favor."

"Well, then," he smiled, "probably you would like to go by way of Maestricht and Aix-la-Chapelle,—in your own automobile,—we will detail an escort to make the journey easier and quicker."

At the border-barrier,—a double fence of electrically charged barbed wire, with a sentried opening ten feet wide,—the escort appeared. He was a courteous and intelligent captain of cavalry in the German reserve, university graduate, cloth manufacturer, father of a family, pleasant companion, named von M——. His conversation was good. Three of his remarks were memorable because they lifted a corner of the veil from the German state of mind.

We were rolling along the splendid highway south from Aix, through a country bare of men not in uniform. "This is a terrible war," exclaimed the captain, "not our fault, but terrible for us, all the same! Do you think a quiet middle-aged man like me enjoys being called away from his business, his home, his children, to join the colors? We shall be ruined. Of course we shall win; but what? Our money spent, our industries crippled, the best of our youth killed or maimed,—it is a bad outlook, but we are forced to accept it."

In the quaint timbered villages on the plateau of the *Hohes Venn* many soldiers were on furlough, strolling with the village girls in frankly amatory attitudes. "Pleasant for these boys to come home for a few days and see their old sweethearts again," I remarked. The captain smiled: "Yes,—well,—but,—you see, these boys don't belong to these villages, *meistens;* and the girls are not *old* sweethearts, you see. But the army does not discourage it. Men will be needed. They will all be good Germans."

Just before we cross the border beyond St. Vith the captain says: "My general at Aix has telegraphed the German commandant in Luxembourg to detail an officer to act as escort and body-guard to your Excellency in that country." Polite, but astounding!

"Many thanks," I answered, "most thoughtful of the general. But it will not be necessary. In Luxembourg I shall be under protection of her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess, sovereign of an independent state, in which the Germans have *volunteered* to guard the railways. After paying my respects to her and to the Prime Minister, I shall call on the German commandant to assure him that no escort is desired. Will that be correct according to your theory?"

The captain blinked, looked down at his boots, then grinned approvingly. "Absolutely correct," he said, "that is just our theory. But, *Gott im Himmel*, you Americans go straight to the point!"

All the diplomatic affairs of the next ten days went smoothly; and there were three celestial days on various streams, the details of which are vague in memory, but the bright spots shine out.

One day was passed with my friend the notary Charles Klein, of the old town of *Wiltz*, a reputable lawyer and a renowned, impassioned fisher. He led us, with

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many halts for refreshment at wayside inns, to the little river *Sure*, which runs through a deep, flowery vale from west to east, clear across the Grand Duchy. Our stretch of water was between the high-arched *Pont de Misère* and the abandoned slate-quarry of *Bigonville*. The stream was pure and lively, with many rapids but no falls. It was about the size of the Neversink below Claryville, but more open. The woods crept down the steep, enfolding hills, now on this side, now on that, but never on both. One bank was always open for long casting, which is a delight. The brown trout, (*salmo fario*), were plentiful and plump, running from a quarter of a pound to a pound weight. Larger ones there must have been, but we did not see them. They accepted our tiny American flies,—Beaverkill, Cahill, Queen of the Water, Royal Coachman, and so on,—at par value, without discount for exchange. It was easy, but not *too* easy, to fill our creels.

My son and comrade Tertius agreed with me that the European brown trout, though distinctly less comely than the American brook-trout, or the "rainbow" of the Pacific Coast, (not to speak of the gorgeous *salmo Roosevelti* of Volcano Creek), is a fine fellow, a "dead game sport." The birds that fluttered and skipped and sang around us were something of a puzzle to Tertius, who is an expert on this subject in his own country. Some of them,—blackbirds, wrens, tomtits, linnets, swallows, and so on,—were easy to identify. The crow and the kingfisher are pretty much the same everywhere. But there were also many strangers.

"It is funny," said he, "I can't tell their names, but I understand their language perfectly."

Philip Gilbert Hamerton in *The Sylvan Year* says that there is a tradition among the peasants of the *Val Ste Veronique* that every bird repeats a phrase of its own in French words, and that some wise old persons have the gift of understanding them. This gift must be kept secret till a man comes to die; then he may communicate it to one of his family. But the trouble is that when a man is on his death-bed, he is usually thinking about other things than bird-lore. So the gift fades out, say the peasants, and may soon be lost, like other wonderful things.

The second day of this series that I remember clearly was spent on a smaller stream, north of the *Sure*, with Mr. Le G., the son of the British Consul, and other pleasant companions. The name of the stream is forgotten, but the clear water and the pleasant banks of it are "in my mind's eye, Horatio." It was a meadow-brook very like one that I know not far from Norfolk, Connecticut, whither I have often gone to fish with my good friend the village storekeeper, S. Cone. Now there is in all the world no water more pleasant to fish than a meadow-brook, provided the trout are there. The casting is easy, the wading is light, the fish are fat, the flowers of the field are plenteous, and the birds are abundant and songful. We filled our baskets, dined at the wayside inn, a jolly company, and motored back by moonlight to the city of Luxembourg.

Concerning the 1916 journey to my outlying post there are a few notes in my diary. I travelled in May by rail through Cologne and Gerolstein and Trier. There was no visible escort; but probably there was one unseen; for at every place where I had to change trains, somebody was waiting for me, and a compartment was reserved. Everything was orderly and polite, even in the stations where hundreds of thousands of green-gray soldiers were rushing on their way to the great battle at *Verdun*. (Perhaps it was because I spoke German that people were so courteous. Yet for that very reason no one could have mistaken me for a native.) But the war-bread in the dining-cars was fierce: butter and sugar were not at all: and the meat, such as it was, had already done duty in the soup.

At Gerolstein, (name made dear by Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse*,) many civilians got into the train with guns, green hats, and netted game-bags with fringes.

"What go they to shoot," I asked a neighbor, "is it not the closed time?"

"But not for crows," he replied.

"Crows!" I cried, with a sickening thought of the near battle-fields.

"Yes, *mein Herr*, crows are good to eat, healthy food. In all the meat-shops are they to buy."

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In the capital of Luxembourg, perched on its high rock, the German garrison was still in evidence, tramping in stolid troops through the streets while the citizens turned their backs. Not even a small boy would run after the soldiers: think what that means! No longer did the field-gray ones sing when they marched, as they used to do in 1915. They plodded silent, evidently depressed. The war which they had begun so gayly was sinking into their souls. The first shadows of the Great Fatigue were falling upon them; but lightly as yet.

Once I thought I heard a military band playing "God Save the King." I ran to the balcony, but turned back again, remembering that the same tune is set to "*Heil Dir im Siegerkranz.*"

The Grand Duchess was already away at her summer castle of Colmar-Berg. So after "posing" the needful cards and writing my name in the book at the old palace, and finishing three days of official business (and luncheons) with Prime Minister Thorn and other dignitaries, I was free to turn to the streams.

The first excursion was with Mr. Emile Meyrisch, a genial, broad-shouldered ironmaster, the head of great forges at Esch, Diffeedange, and Petange in the south country, and an angler of the most confirmed sect. In politics he was a liberal, in business perhaps rather an autocrat, and in practice a friend to his employees, looking carefully after their food-supply and running an open-air school on a hilltop for their children, to keep them well and strong.

He took me to the valley of the *Clerf*, the loveliest little river in Luxembourg. By ruined castles and picturesque villages, among high-shouldered hills and smooth green meadows and hanging woods it runs with dancing ripples, long curves, and eddying pools where the trout lurk close to the bank. Its course is not from west to east, like the *Sure*, (no, I will *not* call it by that common German name the *Sauer*.) The *Clerf* runs from north to south. I suppose that was why the southwind, on that quiet sunny morning, carried into the placid valley a strange continuous rumbling like very distant thunder. But the clear stream paid no heed to it, flowing with soft, untroubled whispers of contentment on its winding way. And the birds were not dismayed nor hindered in their musical love-making. And the flowers bloomed in bright peacefulness, neither dimmed nor shaken by that faint vibration of the upper air. Undoubtedly it was the noise of the guns in the offensive Crown Prince's Great Offensive at *Verdun*, a hundred kilometres away. Strange that a sound could travel so far! Dreadful to think what it meant! It crossed the beauty of the day. But what could one do? Only fish on, and wait, and work quietly for a better day when America should come into the war and *help to end it right.*

A very fat and red-faced Major, whom I had met before at *Clervaux*, rode by in a bridle-path through the meadow. He stopped to salute and exchange greetings.

"How goes it?" I asked.

"*Verdammt schlecht,*" he replied. "This is a dull country. The people simply *won't* like us. I wish I was at home."

"I too!" I answered. "*Glückliche Reise!*"

We lunched in the roadside inn of *Wilwerwiltz;* a modest tavern, but a rich feast. The old river-guardian was there, a grizzled veteran who angled only with the fly, though his patrons were mostly bait-fishers. He had scorned to fish in the morning. But when he saw my basketful taken with the fly, his spirit was stirred within him, and he girded up his loins and went forth to the combat. That afternoon he beat my whole day's catch by three trout. He grinned as he laid his fish out in a long row on the bench in front of the inn.

I spent the night with Notary Klein at *Wiltz.* Ever hospitable, he made a little dinner for me at the *Hôtel du Commerce,*—a little dinner of many courses and rare vintages,—and like the bridegroom at Cana of Galilee he served the best wine last. When we reached this point the Notary presented a request. He said that three officers of the German garrison, who felt very lonely, had asked if they might come over to our table after dinner and drink coffee with us. Had I any objection? Certainly not, if he had none. So they came, and we talked pleasantly for a couple of hours about various subjects. One of the offi-

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cers was a professor of literature in a small German university. Both of the others were well-educated men. Finally we drifted toward the war.

'Why did America sell munitions only to the Allies? It was very unfair.'

'But the market was open to all. Doubtless anybody who had the money could buy.'

'Yes, perhaps; but then it was plain that if Germany bought them she could not get them home. It was most unfair, not truly neutral.'

'But could America be expected as a neutral to act so as to make up to Germany for her lack of effective sea-power?'

'No-o-o, perhaps not. But it was extremely unfair. No doubt those British-Americans who were so powerful in the United States were to blame for it.'

'On the contrary; Americans of German descent were most prominent in making munitions for the Allies. Take the name Schwab, for example, president of the Bethlehem Steel Company, a good American. Did the *Herren Offizieren* think his name was of British origin?'

Slight confusion and hearty laughter followed this question. Then the professor spoke up very gravely:

"There is one thing I should like to ask you, Excellency. You have travelled a good deal in this country. Have you heard the Luxembourgers make any objection to the conduct of the German army here?"

"None, *Herr Oberst*," I answered with equal gravity, "not the slightest! It is not the *conduct* of your soldiers to which Luxembourg objects, it is their *presence*."

"Well," he said smiling rather sadly, "God knows I am tired of it too. I want to go home to my books. But is there no chance that America will come finally to the help of Germany, her old friend?"

"Certainly," I replied, "there seems to be a very good chance. If the present submarine warfare continues, it is practically sure that America will assist Germany in the only possible way,—by creating a situation in which *the war must come to an end*. That would be the best conceivable help for Germany."

With this observation, (rather in the enigmatic style of the Delphic oracle,) and with an appropriate "good night," the conversation closed, and I went home with the Notary. But the next day was not spent in fishing as we had planned. An invitation had come by telegraph during the night, bidding the minister to lunch with the royal family at Colmar-Berg. The only available taxicab in Wiltz must be commandeered, and hot time made over the long road in order to reach the castle at the appointed hour. "Punctuality," says the proverb, "is the courtesy due to kings"; and the saying has an extra, super-diplomatic force when the sovereign happens to be a very beautiful young lady.

Of the luncheon I will not write, since it was not official, though there were about thirty guests. Adhering to the old-fashioned rule, I hold that hospitality lays a certain restraint upon publicity. Yet there are some memories which may be recalled without offense. The American minister's chair was at the right of the Grand Duchess, on whose delicate, sensitive face the strain of the last two years, and the sufferings of the poor among her people, had written thin lines of care and grief. She had never coveted a crown,—nor did she wear one except a circlet of pearls in her dark hair,—and I am sure she was glad when the close of the war permitted her to hand over the reins of rulership to her sister Charlotte, with Luxembourg independent, sovereign, and free to follow her natural sympathies with France. At the minister's right was the little Duchess Antoinette. It was probably her first appearance at such a feast, for she was still a mere child, with her long hair loose on her shoulders. Her announced engagement to that hardened ruffian, the ex-Crown Prince of Bavaria, in 1918, was a shock to every one of decent feelings. Now that the German surrender under the form of armistice has put this horrid engagement, with other grisly things, into "innocuous desuetude," it is pleasant to recall and reflect upon her present deliverance from that royal incubus.

After all, royalties are flesh and blood. But there is a difference between the clean and the unclean, which no crown can disguise.

The day following the luncheon I had an early dinner with M. Pescatore, one

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of the ablest members of the Luxembourg Parliament, at his country house, and went out at sunset with *Madame*, to hunt the deer in a wonderful beech-forest along the valley of the *Mamer*. She was a Belgian countess. Her hunting-dress made her look like Rosalind in the Forest of Arden, and she carried an effective little rifle. I took no gun, having passed the age when the killing of deer seems a pleasure. Hour after hour in the lingering twilight we roamed that enchanted woodland, among the smooth boles of the pillared beeches, under their high-arched roof of green, and treading lightly over the russet carpet of last year's fallen leaves. My spirited companion told me pitiful tales of things that she had seen, and knew by sure report from her relatives and friends in Belgium,—tales of the fierce and lewd realities of the German *Schrecklichkeit*,—things to make an honest man's blood hot within him.

Through the glimmering dusk, from thicket to thicket, the dim shapes of does and fawns flitted past us unharmed. Then a fine buck stood clearly outlined at the end of an open glade. The slender, eager huntress threw the rifle to her shoulder. A sharp crack echoed through the glade, and the buck leaped away untouched. The huntress turned a half-disappointed face to me. "A bad shot," she said, "but I *could* shoot better than that. In Belgium, *par exemple*, with a Prussian boar for mark!"

My last day in Luxembourg was spent with Meyrisch on the upper waters of the *Sure*. Lovelier than ever seemed that merry, tranquil stream on that day of alternate showers and sunshine. The river-guardian who kept me company was a strapping young *Luxembourgeois* who had served as a volunteer in the French army and come home with a broken leg and an unbroken spirit. In the forenoon the record says that I took forty-two trout, in the afternoon thirteen. Late that night Meyrisch made a feast at the *Hôtel Brasseur* in Luxembourg. The landlord and his wife were of the company. Their oldest boy was with the Belgian army near *Ypres*. The final toast we drank was this: God protect the boy and the Cause he fights for!

Other fishing-days in war-time I recall. Two weeks in Norway in July, 1916, when I made acquaintance with the big salmon of the river Evanger, and proved the superiority of fly-fishing to the debased sport of "harling." Two days on the Itchen, near Winchester, just after I got out of hospital in April, 1917, when my good friend G. E. M. Skues, president of the Fly-fishers' Club in London, showed me how to cast the dry fly so that two of those sophisticated Itchen trout were lured and landed. But I leave these things unchronicled, (having already run beyond the space assigned), and turn front-face and unabashed to meet and withstand the strictures of my severe and sour-complexioned reader, who has been following these lines with scornful impatience.

"Why," I hear him mutter, "does this foolish old writer talk about silly things like fishing while the world war was going on, and especially now that the great social problems of the New Era must be solved at once? He is a trifler, a hedonist, a man devoid of serious purpose and strenuous effort."

Well, friend, keep your bad opinion of me if it does you any good. Certainly it does me no harm. I hold by the advice of the Divine Master who told His disciples to go a-fishing, and said to them when they were weary, "come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." I remember the unconquerable French *poilus* whom I saw in their dugouts playing cards, and in the citadel of *Verdun* enjoying merry vaudeville shows. I recall the soldiers whom I saw deliberately fishing on the banks of the *Marne* and the *Meuse* while the guns roared round us. I remember Theodore Roosevelt, (no slacker), who whenever the chance came rejoiced to go a-hunting, and to tell about it afterward. I believe that the most serious men are not the most solemn. I believe that a normal human being needs relaxation and pleasure to keep him from strained nerves and a temper of fanatical insanity. I believe that the New Social State, whatever it may be, *will* not endure, nor be worth preserving, unless it has room within it for simple play, and pure fun, and uncommercial joy, and free, happy, wholesome recreation.

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Take that as a GUIDE-POST, if you will; and then let me make my personal confession of a fisherman's faith.

I choose the recreation of angling for four reasons. First, because I like it: second, because it does no harm to anybody: third, because it brings me in touch with Nature, and with all sorts and conditions of men: fourth, because it helps me to keep fit for work and duty. Selah!

THERE is a curious thing about liberty in England and America which distinguishes it from men's understanding of liberty in the rest of the world. It is, and for long has been, among the people of those countries, an end in itself.

The Spiritual Factor

In continental Europe the attainment of liberty has been the work of political enthusiasts whose programme involved opposition to the established *régime*. Liberty was a by-product, a transient necessity for the effecting of their purpose. Luther opposed the Pope and upheld the independence of the state, because the Pope in his time was less tractable than the prince. So also the Monarchomachi: they cared nothing for liberty as such. What they wanted was the right to practise their own religion in their own way, and the weapon with which they opposed the Pope was civil autocracy.

In England and in America—with the astonishing exception of Massachusetts in the seventeenth century—men have from earliest times felt a call to defend liberty, not from ulterior political motives, but because they were convinced that the only medium in which human nature can reach the noblest is the atmosphere of freedom.

The evil of poverty is not hunger and cold, but the lack of opportunity of nobility of life.

The spiritual conception of liberty is the only foundation on which it can permanently endure; for if it be used merely as a means to an end, then on the attainment of the end liberty vanishes. A horrible example of this is the Colony of Massachusetts in the grip of the seventeenth century hierarchy. Increase and Cotton Mather wanted freedom from control by the King so that they might, unhampered, burn wretched women, whip Quakers, and impose religious conformity. The education of character by liberty was something they knew nothing of and cared less.

The first eighty years of the nineteenth century was an era of freedom and self-help. The conviction that the less government the better was almost universal, and under the doctrine the nation waxed great and self-respecting. The duty of government, said Mill, was to secure as much liberty to each as was compatible with the liberty of all.

The twentieth century ushered in a change in sentiment. The abuses of the old system had become intolerable. The protectionists had succeeded in forcing the government to aid them in exploiting the consumers, and men everywhere were loath to undertake enterprises without a guarantee of government assistance. Special privileges in the forms of tariffs, subsidies, tax exemptions, exemptions from prosecution under the laws of the land, compensation acts, and many other laws were demanded and obtained by capitalists and laborers for their own benefit or the supposed benefit of classes of voters feared by the politicians.

As government aid has increased self-help has dwindled, aptly illustrating the old proverb that you cannot have more of the one without less of the other.

The war forced the issue of whether we should trade in our remaining liberty for further state control and assistance, or whether we should try to stop where we are. Curiously enough, Capital, the first to seize the government for its own ends, now cries to be unshackled; Labor, long neglected, yearns to sell its freedom for material advantage. Neither party is interested in liberty as a force in character moulding or as an end in itself.

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But I am.

I understand all about the inevitable benefits of collectivist legislation. I realize my industrial slavery will vanish with the advent of syndicalism, and that socialism will put dollars in my pocket. But what are these things going to do to the inside of my head?

Some Thoughts on Blue Skies and Brotherhood

I HAVE a friend who is always pairing peace and brotherhood, prosperity and democracy; when next I meet him I shall tell him about my experience in the broker's rooms. I always force myself to concrete examples taken from every-day life when arguing with this neighbor of mine; thus I throw into contrast his great generalizations. At bottom I think my friend is sound enough; I believe he is like the man mentioned in Ecclesiasticus, "that slippeth in his speech but not from his heart." Heaven knows he does slip in his speech, and that with a facility which stirs my wonder perhaps oftener than my indignation. For he is one of those men who feel it an obligation to take on, not only a current fashion, but all current fashions in politics and world views, and I marvel how he can entertain so many contradictory convictions without suffering any inner conflict; all the fighting goes on outside him and is furnished by those who, like myself, find saying so unhappily different from being so. He calls himself a "liberal," of course, and I am a genuine liberal, and that, as you know, is a situation far worse than when Greek meets Persian. For instance, he talks loudly about his pacifism. Now, as a matter of fact, I am a great deal more of a pacifist than he. I admire the eighteenth century and I spend my leisure hours with my small library and my small group of witty, pleasant friends, and I have not yet forgiven the Providence that could not work out its plans except by letting the Germans make a war which spoiled my evenings and forced my indulged mind to grapple with harsh, knotty problems concerning my country and the politics of the world. I was enjoying my peace so thoroughly that I am sure, had the decision been put up to me individually, I should have voted any price to maintain it.

My friend, however, feels no resentment about the war. On the contrary, I think he is distinctly grateful for it; it has given more force to his so-called arguments. He is always bidding me observe how war destroys democracy; how victory is to be bought only by putting ourselves under a despotism, giving up freedom of speech and freedom of business, and turning our sons over to be trained in militarism. War is destruction and hate and tyranny; it is only in peace and prosperity that democracy can work out its problems, and men serve and love their fellow men, and the world grow in grace toward the democratic ideal; therefore must we put an end to war forever—is it not, as I have said, astonishing? It is into the tangle of these assumptions that I am going to move my experience at the broker's office. This is what I have to tell my friend:

On my way to the office each morning I stop in at the broker's rooms, which are on the ground floor of the building wherein I spend the golden hours of the day at ungolden tasks. I do not have a large interest at the broker's house, and I know my manner betrays it to the other and more important patrons of the place; I seldom get up enough courage to sell anything, and what I have to sell, though it seems considerable to me, amounts to a trifling sum, as sums in brokers' offices go. So on days when the market is good I am extraordinarily embarrassed and slip out quickly. For on these days the men who are watching the board are cold and distant, and that not only to me but to each other. They are making money; everything is going well; Prosperity is stroking them with her warm fingers. Is it not odd that there is at that time no such word as "fellow man" among these happy fellows? There is no sympathy, no sharing of joy with joy, no congratulations; every one is for himself and himself fully.

I never have to look at the board to know how the market does; the moment I step into the room, the first man, with his air, apprises me. For, if he look up as I enter, if, though I do not know him, he speak a kind word of greeting, if the knot of men beyond him turn and open to receive me as a brother, a familiar, an equal, then I know it is a day of declining figures. When we are winning, we are our separate selves; when we are losing, we are all one, a timorous rabbit like myself on equal terms with the most renowned of plunging investors.

Now, of course, I could have drawn this generalization—that men appreciate their

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equalities and mutual interests in adversity and forget them in prosperity—from the war; the fine co-operation of the fighting days was a keen contrast to the disintegration that was the Paris conference. But my friend is always talking about "the lessons of the war," and what the war taught him is so frequently just the opposite of what it taught me, that often I wonder if he and I are talking about the same war. So I shall leave the past five years out of the conversation, and direct my friend's attention to farther history, where interpretation is less disputable. I think he will allow me that if the Bourbons had been good managers and had maintained peace and prosperity, there would never have been any one to listen to Jean Jacques and his talk of fraternity and equality—indeed, there would probably have been no Jean Jacques at all. How well those hard-eyed Germans understand the psychology of democracy! We like to say the Germans are stupid; belittle not thine enemy lest thou let down thyself! I remember a passage in which one of the most real of real politicians, the Prussian Doctor Gaigalat, discusses the possibility that Lithuania, where radicalism has always been strong, might some day be fired with a desire to set itself up as a republic. No, he said, Lithuania will never do that so long as Germany keeps her prosperous; democratic governments are built up only out of adversity.

I think I am able to tell you in advance that my friend will say if this is true, then it follows that you can preserve governments democratic only by continuing them under adversity—that is the sort of mind he has, and he will whip back to the beginning and say, just because it is not true, *therefore*, it is true that we must have peace and prosperity in order to work out the problems of democracy—dear me, the older I get, the more gingerly I am with "because" and "therefore," and the more frequently do I content myself with "and"!

Why do men like my friend make such difficult—and, let me suggest, ignoble—work of optimism? Hope and faith are not only easy but easy on lofty levels. I firmly believe we shall "work out the problems of democracy," but I do not feel any need to make the process contingent on peace and prosperity. Peace and prosperity may help or may hinder; at best they are only concomitants, however, not causes. It is nothing outside us but something which is in us, a certain high predilection for a particular way of living, that will impel us through the years to "work out democracy" without waiting on an opportunity of material conditions. Truth furnishes such excellent reasons, all ready-made and irrefutable, yet men like my friend spend their energies fabricating fallible ones!

### In Behalf of the Womanly Woman

AMONG phrases that infuriate, none is perhaps more potent than "the Womanly Woman." She went out with mid-Victorianism, together with unhygienically long skirts that swept the dust, and the tendency to faint at opportune moments. To the woman of to-day she is the object of impatient scorn—a helpless, selfish, useless ornament of an insipid and autocratic society. There is nothing attractive about her. To the man of to-day, however, she still preserves a certain charm. He knows that his sister is really a finer woman than the Lady Clares of Tennyson or Thackeray's Amelia; yet the average man would rather like Amelia if he knew her. Some men go even farther and frankly admit that for them the womanly woman is still an ideal. And if women of to-day were not so eagerly bent upon fulfilling that destiny of theirs which has been so long denied them, they might consider less impatiently the apparently perverted taste of so many men. It is not all selfishness and a sense of superiority that makes a man sometimes use the old-fashioned phrase, nor is the man himself necessarily old-fashioned; yet in the hatred of the womanly woman there is, one is forced to admit, the lingering result of many centuries of the arrogant superiority of one sex and the intellectual irresponsibility of the other. No wonder the phrase needs defense.

To-day there are, of course, many women that are neither fine nor clever, but, although I see many women, I see very few of these. They are not, whatever their virtues or their faults, womanly women. Of those whom I do see, almost all fall rather naturally into two groups, in each of which there is a distinct weakness—the fine women that lack grace, and the clever women that lack restraint. If grace is not a necessity in this serious old world, it is, at least, a joy. And among the big-hearted, honest, capable, distinguished women one knows, how many

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possess real grace? There is a reserve, a sense of haste before the business of life, a devotion to duty that kills much of the graciousness of social contact. It is as if these fine women had worked too hard to obtain their heritage and have not yet grown accustomed to it.

One meets clever women and many that affect cleverness. The latter are interesting until one finds them out, and even then they are tolerable because one *has* found them out. The former are often a delight and always a challenge. But among the clever women so many are really a little childish. Usually they vary the monotony of life by playing with the milder pleasures of men, and in the shape of their coats and the selection of their cigarettes they find a satisfaction of a sort that usually accompanies a new toy. However, they are not very gentle, and they are often arrogant and so sure of themselves as to be almost boastful. They like to attract attention, and if they do not swagger, at least they prance a little. It all comes as the accompaniment of fulness of life, a sense of freedom, a belief that they are playing a real part in the world. But here in America the restraint that comes of power is lacking.

Of course it is all because of the newness of woman's independence, the sudden sense of usefulness that the war proved; it is born, too, of unrest and the instability of this age. It is as easy to see its causes as to discover the faults themselves. Yet the fact remains that there are those that still hark back to the womanly woman. And the nation that knew her best and understood her too, was not, of course, the nineteenth century in England, but the fifteenth in Italy.

In that most enchanting of old books, "The Courtier" of Castiglione, she is described for us—not only as an ideal but as an embodiment. Each of the interlocutors had his ideal lady. Among them we know best Queen Isabella of Spain, of whom it seemed as if all her people—"lords, commons, men and women, poor and rich"—must agree that there had not been in their time on earth a brighter example of that which they most admired. She was a ruler, too—very much the head of the state—a fact which Christopher Columbus did not overlook. It was Giuliano de Medici who took issue with the previous speaker when he says that the same rules which are set for the courtier serve also for the lady. "I am of another mind," he says, "for while some qualities are common to both and as necessary to man as to woman, there are, nevertheless, some others that befit woman more than man, and some are befitting man to which she ought to be wholly a stranger.

"I wish the lady to have knowledge of letters, music, painting, and to know how to dance and make merry; accompanying the other precepts that have been taught the courtier with discreet modesty and with the giving of a good impression of herself." Giuliano says a great deal more about his ideal lady and what he would have her be and do, and very seriously he ends by giving it as his opinion that "beauty is more necessary to her than to the courtier, for in truth that woman lacks much that lacks beauty."

This plea for beauty touches the spring of truth. Isn't there danger that in making themselves intellectual equals and honest comrades, women may forget the spiritual comradeship that must be theirs unless human nature, the eternal, is to undergo a change? "Do you know," writes Castiglione, "that the origin of all the graceful exercises that give pleasure to the world is to be ascribed to none other than to women? Who learns to dance and caper gallantly for aught else than to please women? Who studies the sweetness of music for other cause than this? . . . Think how very many noble poems we should be deprived of, both in the Greek tongue and the Latin (a most unexpected argument for the obsolescent study of the classics), if women had been lightly esteemed by the poets."

There has been no time, not excepting the present, when women have had a greater influence in the political, intellectual, and social life of the time than in the society of the court of Urbino in the fifteenth century. The life that Castiglione describes gave real equality to men and women. Moreover, "The Courtier" was the book that in England, a few years later, Sir Philip Sidney carried in his pocket and shared with his sister, the incomparable Countess of Pembroke. In the England of Elizabeth there were women leaders as truly as in the England of to-day, and if Lady Astor thrills us by her wit and charm and wisdom, so did Lady Mary Sidney charm the poets and dramatists and courtiers of her day.

I am sure there is much to be said for the womanly woman.

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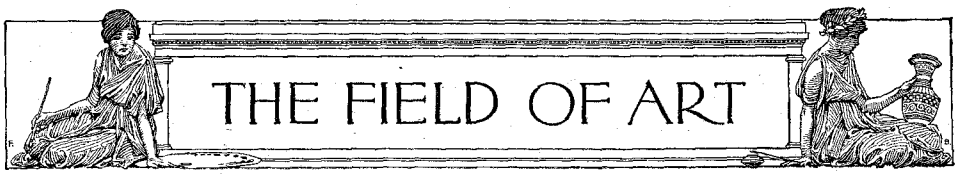


# WAYS AND THOUGHTS OF MODERN PAINTERS OF JAPAN

By Kojiro Tomita

STATESMEN the world over are absorbed in visions of universal peace; meanwhile, the artists of Japan are dreaming of an international art. To a skeptical onlooker, one seems about as remote a possibility as the other.

During a recent visit to my homeland, when I renewed relations with artist friends, I was interested to observe the ways and thoughts of painters of today in the Island Empire. More or less of the nature of gossip, these random notes may perchance furnish food for thought to brother-artists here.

Many wise men have said: "Art is universal." True. In art East and West have met, notwithstanding Kipling's oft-quoted lines! A few painters in Japan have brought about this union on silk by applying oil-colors, the product of the Occident, to ink paintings done in the manner of the Orient. Ridiculous as this may seem, it well illustrates an attempt to interweave two very divergent arts, and at the same time one recognizes in it the Japanese tendency to accept the new without sacrificing the old. More serious advocates of internationalism in art have studied the two styles of painting, devoting a few years to the brush of the old world and a few years to the palette of the new world; thus seeking to find a way, technically at least, to effect the assimilation of European realism by Asiatic idealism. But important discussions of this must be left to those art-critics and editors of art-periodicals whose number has increased rapidly of late in Japan. "Criticism is easy; art is difficult."

Has the reader by chance seen any of the attempts in oil by Japanese painters at home —the ambitious ones, I mean, who speak of Fra Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, El Greco, Turner, Millet, Manet, Monet, Degas, Cézanne, Homer, Sargent, and Zuloaga familiarly and in one breath, as if these masters were working in adjoining studios? Most of them, however, follow in the shadow of the Post-Impressionists, though some are converts even to the Cubists and the Futurists. Strictly speaking, with the exception of a few artists who have studied seriously in Europe and America, the acquaintance of the average Japanese artist with these painters of the West has so far at best been formed through printed reproductions of masterpieces, supplemented now and then by a small amount of reading-matter. Incidentally, I may say that not a few of the writers who discuss the merits of the great masters abovementioned, have never seen even one of their originals. These "critics"—may we not class them with those Western scholars who disseminate opinions on works by Wu Tao-tzŭ, Ma Yüan, Sesshū, Kōrin, and all the other famous artists of the East, which they have formed by studying worthless forgeries? Is it, then, to be wondered at that pictures in oil by these Japanese followers lack in depth and resemble printers' colors on cold paper? Their would-be Chavannes's are boneless, as their would-be Rodins are frameless! Such superficiality in a period of imitation is doubtless inevitable; yet one cannot forgive the adventurer who tries to introduce a nude—an angel or an Eve—into his picture in traditional Japanese style. What a reflection on an art according to whose ideals the human body is a subject unfit for pictorial expression! At this point my reader will perhaps think of the works of the Ukiyo-é designers—both color-prints and originals —in which semi-nude female figures frequently appear; but surely he will permit the writer to remind him of the undignified motives which called them into being.

The influence of the Western method of painting upon Japanese artists today is appalling, in spite of whole-hearted efforts



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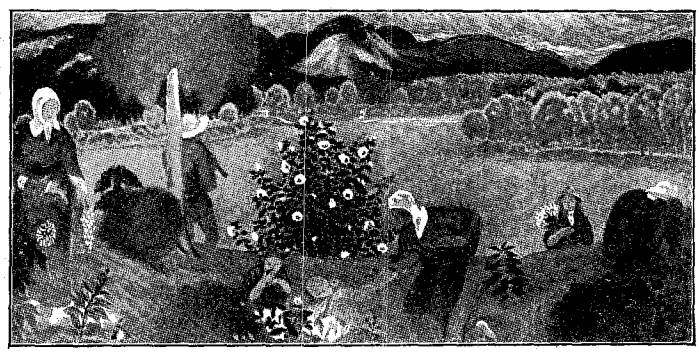
among certain artists to preserve, or rejuvenate, the time-honored native style. It is not uncommon to come upon a work executed with Japanese water-colors, which are limited in range of hue, depicting an object in the naturalistic manner, with a touch of chiaroscuro or of perspective. Indeed the Impressionists who drew much inspiration from Japanese artists like Kōrin and Hokusai, in the nineteenth century, are now in their turn inspiring a great many Japanese artists of the traditional schools—the decadent East versus the advanced West (?)! Furthermore, the ancient masters of Persia, India, China, and Italy are



The Hour of Rest. By Bankwa Nonagase.

supplying the Japanese with graphic themes. Consequently, a deplorable practice exists among second-rate Japanese artists of today which should be bared to the light, that it may be checked in its course. An illustration from a book or a reproduction of, say, an Indian miniature or an Italian altarpiece having come into his possession, the artist will conceal it jealously, and meantime will appropriate the idea, the composition, and the color-scheme, etc., without even an apology for his "new" creation! Even though the "oceans surround our island," one sees in his mind's eye the approach of the day when such impositions will receive their just punishment. That they exist at all is due to the unfamiliarity of the average Japanese with reproductions of works of art in foreign countries. The following incident will perhaps serve to explain what I mean. It concerns a wood-cut reproduction of a famous Chinese scroll-painting in a European museum, often attributed to Ku K'ai-chih, which disappeared from the library of a Japanese multimillionaire. The loss was reported to an official at the Bureau of Police, the association of the wealthy man's name with the case being sufficient to set the whole detective force agog. Upon the discovery of a copy of the reproduction in the office of a large importing house, a representative of the firm was compelled to appear at the Police Bureau to prove that this particular roll had been imported by his house directly from London. As proof he called the attention of the police to an entry in an up-to-date card file. It is rumored that the police demanded to see the old-style ledger, for to them the card system was still unheard of. Proof of its being other than the missing copy having at length been established, the police awoke to the fact that such a furor over one of many comparatively cheap reproductions—not a unique work of art as had been hastily assumed on account of its association with the name of a millionaire collector—was absurd. The copy that was lost is still at large, I am informed.

Thus to outwit others in conceiving a picture, in the treatment of it by appropriation rather than by the creation of their own brains, is the aim of some enterprising artists of today. The reason is perhaps clear when one reflects upon the multitude of followers in Japan of a profession so immaterialistic, who dwell as it were on a sort of superior plane. The struggle for wealth is there, nevertheless!

Never before in the history of Japanese art have such liberal prices been paid as now for paintings in Japan. The profiteers, the chief product of the World War, are taking pride in seeing their names attached to the power of money. The sum of ten thousand yen was sent by an owner of electric works as a fee to a very celebrated artist in Kyoto for a small painting of Fuji in a few brush strokes—a *kakemono* for the dowry of his daughter! An artist of repute paints pictures whose number of

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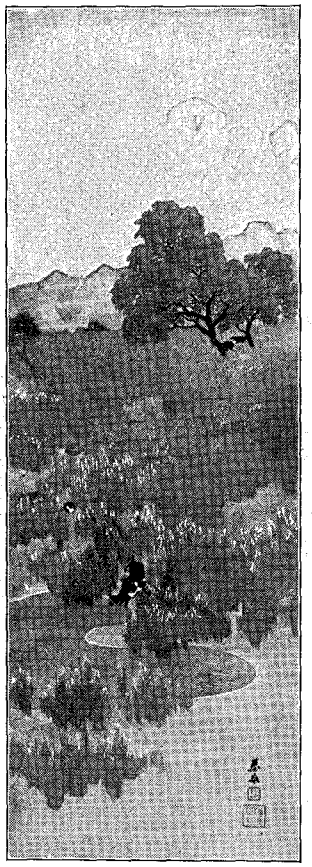
birds, for instance, vary according to the fee deposited: the larger the amount, the more brush-strokes. Such an artist retains a secretary-bookkeeper to supervise two bank-accounts—the one consisting of funds deposited at the time of application for a painting, to be transferred upon the completion of an order to the second account. If one wishes to have a painting executed by such an artist, he must be on good terms with the secretary-bookkeeper, whose "side income" is by no means small. There is a painter whose son acts in this capacity and who has become a collector of acknowledged standing; while the daughter-in-law of another devotes her time to receiving customers' orders for pictures.

A well-to-do picture-mounter in Japan is a dealer in pictures as well. If you were a young and promising Japanese artist you could not very well ignore the power of the picture-mounter. To all appearances a humble artisan, in reality a shrewd man of business, the mounter will call on you and, addressing you with the honorific term "Sensei," or "Master," will ask you to "give" him one or two of your productions, always remembering to place before the "Master" the scent of the almighty dollar. If you are already an accomplished artist, the paper-mounter will primarily have to fill the pocket of your secretary. A number of products will be thus "bestowed" by several artists, and when they are mounted, the mounter will hold an exhibition sale in a room of a large department store, or of an art club in a rich city, where the paintings may be exhibited without danger of loss on his investment. The artists have in this way a sort of free advertisement. Should you, not being an established painter, treat a mounter as you would like to, you will feel a cold breeze blowing upon you which comes from nowhere in particular. For an unknown artist this is, of course, an unfavorable light in which to appear before a wise public. The one sure means for an obscure artist to become famous overnight is to produce a work of sufficient merit to be passed by the critical jury of the Government Exhibition as worthy to be exhibited in the annual art exhibition held in Tokyo and Kyoto. One of my friends who has long struggled with poverty, last year sent two paintings to the jury with the hope that one at least would be accepted, not so much for the honor as for the gain of daily bread. Another friend testifies that as soon as his name was listed in the newspaper among those whose paintings were to be hung in the "Salon," several strangers, including a reporter, called on him and asked him to paint anything he might choose for a monetary return. "Most people criticise a picture through the ear and music through the eye." The Government Art Exhibition being comparable to the gate of the mint, admission at any means is desired by everybody. However, in fairness to the real masters and serious students, I must say that they are actuated solely by ambition and the spirit of competition.



Pasture in Summer. By Shunkyō Yamamoto.

A painter in Kyoto whose paintings had, year after year, been mercilessly rejected by the jury, journeyed to Tokyo and inspected the building in which the jury examined the pictures. Noting the peculiar lighting conditions there, he returned to his home-city, hired a room lighted similarly to the exhibition room, and there executed a picture which adorned the succeeding Government Exhibition. Such a passable picture was said to be in the *Bun-ten* style;

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that is, "the style of the Exhibition of the Department of Education." In 1906 the first national exhibition of art was held under the direction of the Minister of Education, and in spite of several revolts among the leaders, it continued to hold an exhibition year after year for thirteen consecutive years, under the popular name "*Bun-ten*." But, like many things, it survived too long, and it bred the "*Bun-ten*" type. So late last year the Japanese Government instituted the Teikoku Bijitsuin (the Imperial Academy of Art) for the purpose of putting new life into the national effort to promote the art of the country. The membership, with the exception of the president and the secretary, is limited to fifteen leading professional men—painters and sculptors. These men, appointed by the Emperor, are to hold council, mould the artistic efforts of the country, and supervise the National Exhibition. Appointment to membership is such a distinct honor that a recent appointee celebrated the occasion by spending well-nigh a fortune.

The popular painters in Japan are nowadays often better off than many business men. They may be called the war grandchildren; for the fortunes amassed by the profiteers are largely responsible for the prosperity in the art-world. Iron-mongers, ship-builders, and stockholders—all must disburse their newly acquired wealth. A painting, whether old or new, brings a large sum; so much so that a friend remarked to me: "Just think! Even my brother (he is a *sakê* brewer), who was always opposed to my following the painting profession, without telling me is collecting paintings." When I asked him if the brother enjoyed looking at the pictures, he said: "No. He is merely investing in them like everybody else."

Prosperous painters, young and old—there are many of them, too—are living wildly extravagant lives in pretentious studio-buildings and mansions. But the law of existence creates the unfortunate as well as the fortunate, and there are, accordingly, many who can barely keep the wolf from the door; but even these people have ways and means to dispose of their productions. For example, a few admirers (or maybe non-admirers) will form a club for the sake of promoting the financial status of poor artists. The supporters will issue account-books to those who wish to acquire pictures on the easy-payment plan. The picture, however, is not delivered until entirely paid for.

Another way for the second-rate artist to sell his pictures is to tour the country and seek the patronage of the unenlightened country folk. The usual method is to first prepare an album of reproductions of his work in half-tone or colortype. An agent will then visit the prospective district to announce the coming of the painter whose merit is evidenced by the printed album. Later the master himself will grace the town or village with his presence, always stopping at the best inn, and will graciously paint upon request, for no mean remuneration. Some painters migrate temporarily to the Hokkaidō when they find it impossible to make ends meet in the city. Obviously the colonists there have new homes to be adorned with works of art.

For the time being then at least the "forms" of Japanese art "have become formless in order to create new forms"; and it is to be hoped that the day is not very far distant when the artists who may now resent my somewhat caustic remarks will laugh at their one-time worldly ways and thoughts.

Kyoto Hills After the Rain. By Baisen Hirai.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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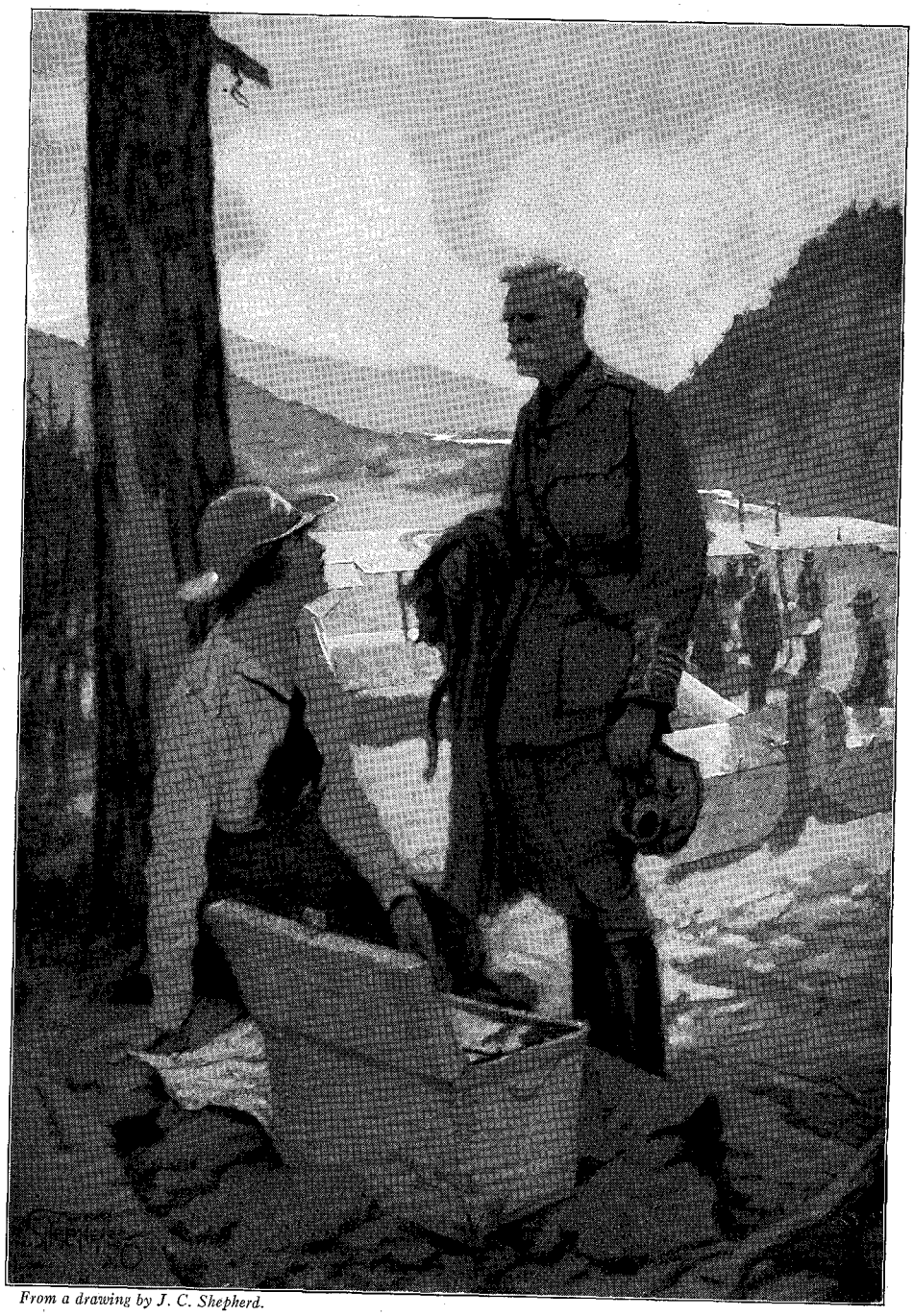

*From a drawing by J. C. Shepherd.*

"I BEG YOUR PARDON . . . I TOOK IT FOR GRANTED . . . THAT IT WAS AN UNCOMMONLY WELL-MANNERED BOY."—Page 131.

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